The Saturday Evening
POST
July 8, 1961 – 15¢

Shift in U.S. Leadership: WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER?

The Fleeting Fame of No-Hit Pitchers

By FRANK FRISCH

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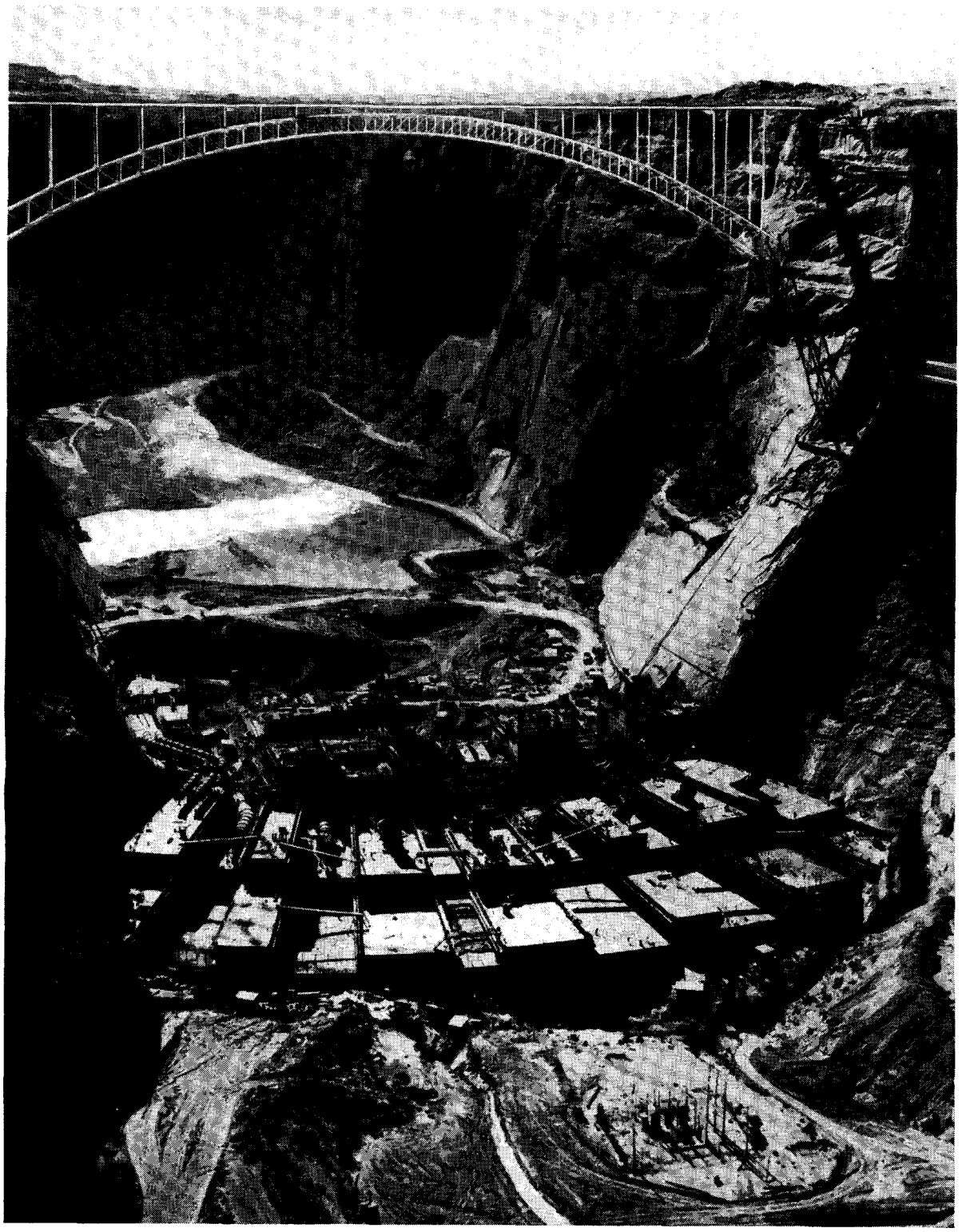
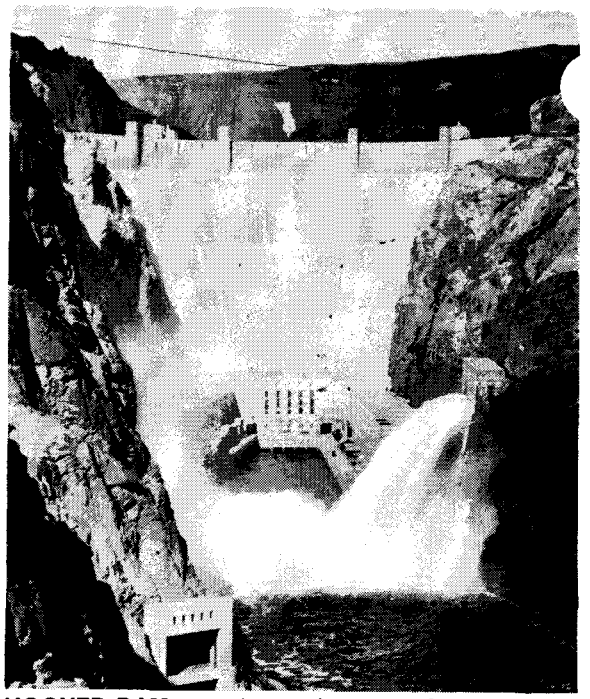
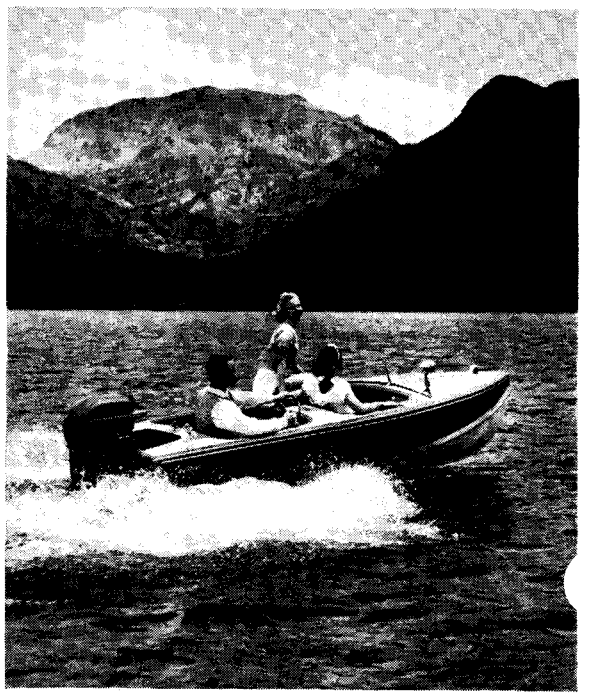


GLEN CANYON DAM, now under construction, will be world's fifth highest dam when completed in 1964.

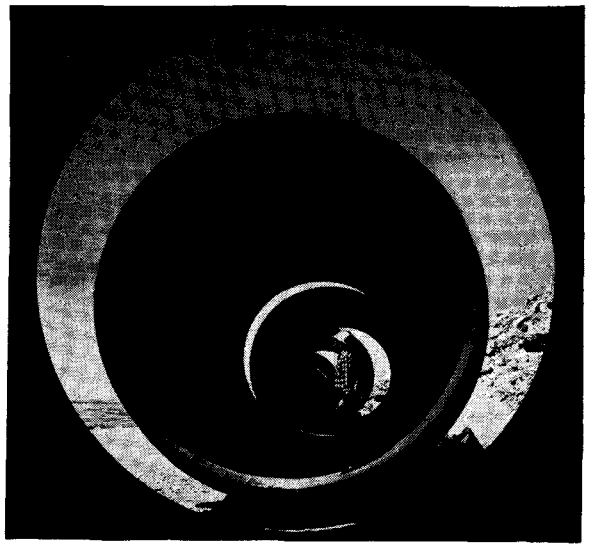


HOOVER DAM, now in service more than 25 years has demonstrated the lasting qualities of Nickel-containing metals in gates, valves, grout stops, and other metal components.



A 186-MILE LAKE to be formed by Glen Canyon Dam will provide a new water playland for vacationers from every part of the Country.

INCO NICKEL IN GLEN CANYON DAM WILL PLAY VITAL ROLE IN WATER CONSERVATION



Up from the floor of the Colorado River's Glen Canyon is now rising America's second highest dam. One of four units in the Colorado River Storage Project now underway by the Bureau of Reclamation, the Glen Canyon Dam will store up more than nine trillion gallons of water. It is the keystone in a water conservation system that will improve navigation on the Colorado, control floods, create water recreation facilities and bring about new economic growth for the West.

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◀ **EXPANSION JOINTS CLAD WITH NICKEL STAINLESS STEEL** are mounted on these 15-foot penstocks of Glen Canyon Dam. Critical components made of materials containing Inco Nickel insure long, trouble-free service for the centuries ahead.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

How do you like that? On Saturday afternoon—prime time at any golf club—comes the deluge. Well, that's par for the course, we suppose, and the course in this Ben Prins cover belongs to The Dunes Club of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. That wave in the background is a fringe of the Atlantic Ocean, not the crest of an oncoming flood. The three-wheeled vehicle under the umbrella is what is known as a caddy car, and its occupants are either fair-weather athletes scurrying toward the indoor recreation of the nineteenth hole, or spirited souls bent on challenging their fellow duffers to a game of motorized water polo. At any rate they're not slowing down at the putting green. The weather being what it is, they're probably less concerned about sinking putts than about sinking, period.

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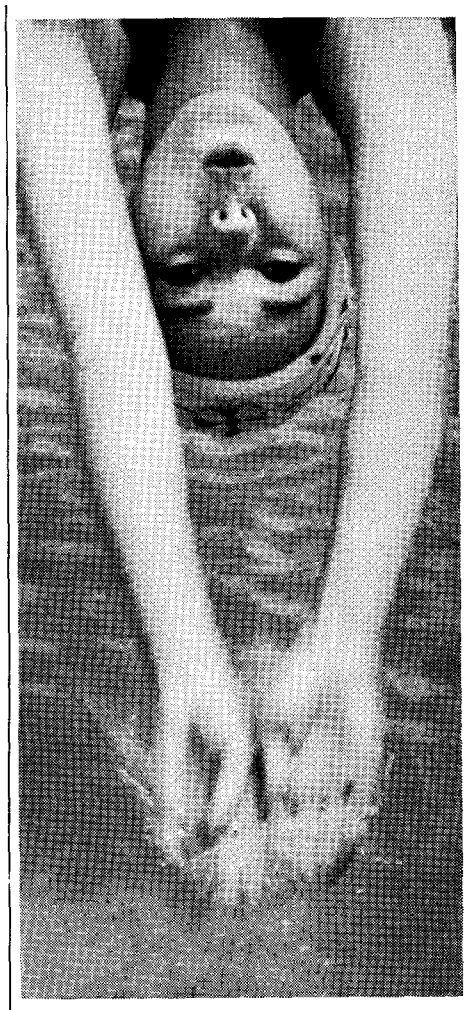

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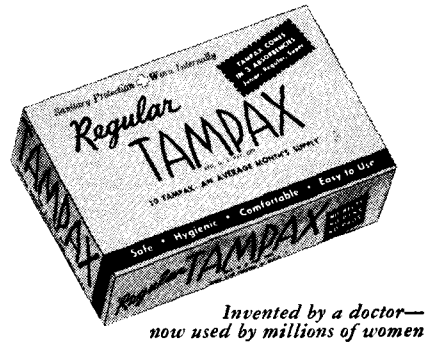

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Letters

TV: Cheers and Boos

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for TV MAKES HER TIRED [June 3]. It exhausts me too. Harriet Van Horne has expressed my exact sentiments about our TV mess. It gives me great pleasure to write this—my first fan letter—to an intelligent American lady in the hope that she can improve the situation. Three cheers for Harriet Van Horne!

ROSE G. ROSENFIELD
Baltimore, Md.

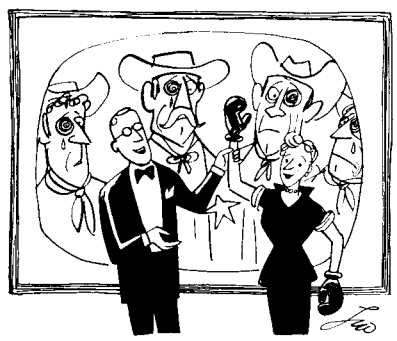
Dear Sirs:

TV could not possibly make Miss Van Horne as tired as she makes us. . . . We bought our TV set for entertainment, not to view and listen to eggheads!

HENRY DECKER
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

There are many of us who do not voice our objections by writing the networks or the producers when we are disturbed by so much violence on the TV screen. So it is a cause for rejoicing when



we find an articulate champion like Miss Van Horne speaking against this sad abuse of our so-called entertainment medium.

VIDA M. JONES
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Harriet Van Horne is an intellectual snob. . . . We all do not have college degrees, and most of us work physically to earn our keep. *Gunsmoke* may not be brain food, but it is a pleasant way of leaving cares of bills and children for a few minutes. The working class of people care nothing for Shakespeare and Leonard Bernstein. We don't understand it.

MRS. H. C. RUSHING
Dallas, Tex.

● *Irate TV lovers can find solace in Robert W. Sarnoff's July 1 article,* WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM TV?, *in which he came to the defense of the medium.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Hurrah for Harriet Van Horne and her tireless fight against TV trash and trivia! I am with her 100 per cent.

MRS. ERNEST SCHULER
Arcata, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your author states that the miserable programing would disappear if the public would flick the dials. How do the networks know if they have or not? . . . Have you ever known anyone who has been interviewed by a so-called rating service? I've never even heard of such a soul! How do the networks know but what there are many millions of households, like ours, which spend far more time listening to the better FM stations, having flicked the dials long ago? We watch TV, but discriminately.

VERONICA BIALIK
Menlo Park, Calif.

Thanks, But . . .

Dear Sirs:

One hesitates to look a gift horse in the teeth—particularly such a handsome one—but I feel obliged to correct certain errors in Stanley Frank's otherwise kind and generous story about me [TV MAKES HER TIRED, June 3]. First, the captions under the cowboy pictures are not mine. I made it clear in the column I wrote on TV's cowboy heroes that I was quoting Peter Lyon's essay in *American Heritage*.

Also, it is not accurate to say that I "spurn" the services of a maid when I have dinner guests. It is true that I do all the cooking, but Callie Lofton serves, tidies up and does all the kitchen chores. I never give a dinner party without Callie. That word "spurn" dismayed her.

Since I deplore the use of slang, particularly by women, I was somewhat taken aback to read, in quotes, such expressions as "lousy," "beef," "knock," "boy!" "pull mail," "stooge," "jerk," "flesh crawls," "fed up," etc., etc. These words I simply do not use. English is so rich and vivid—why use the commonplace?

But, oh dear, I am quibbling! Stanley Frank was a dear, and he was eminently fair. My husband says—errors aside—that it is a fair and decent piece. As ever, he is right.

HARRIET VAN HORNE
New York, N.Y.

● *We are pleased to publish Miss Van Horne's version, but author Frank stands his ground. "I had dinner at Miss Van Horne's," he says. "There were four guests. No maid. Miss Van Horne told me she never has a maid at her parties. As for the slangy quotes, they are accurate. Miss Van Horne also used 'phony,' 'junk' and 'my name is mud' and has even used the words 'lousy' and 'slob' in her column."* —*ED.*

Should Abortion Be Legalized?

Dear Sirs:

I am pleased to see an article admitting that abortion is so widely practiced [ABORTION, by John Bartlow Martin, May 20–June 3]. . . . By making legal abortions so hard to get, our lawmakers have created a very lucrative business for quacks and butchers. . . . It's high time that the United States quits listening to the bluenoses and moralists and faces facts.

ANTHONY K. REDDEN
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Why is it that abortion is referred to as murder only when the *mother* dies? Theological conclusions aside, how does any doctor actually presume to decide just when the fetus changes from a mass of cells to a human being?

FRANCIE MCAVOY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Abortion is a fact, was a fact, and shall always be a fact. Until it is legalized, this

(Continued on Page 6)

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TWO-DOOR? NO FROST? 9 TO 19 CU. FT.? NEW FEATURES? CHOOSE YOUR WIZARD NOW SALE-PRICED AT WESTERN AUTO!

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COMPLETELY FROSTLESS 13 Cu. Ft. WIZARD at the price of ordinary refrigerators

Now you can have real refrigerator luxury without paying a "luxury" price. This 2-door Wizard gives you the best in quality features at the lowest possible price. Imagine...no more messy defrosting. "True-Zero" freezing in big 122-lb. capacity freezer. "Jet Stream" cooling that circulates chilled air to all food storage areas. Get all this and more in a value that must be seen to be fully appreciated...*now* at your Western Auto Store!

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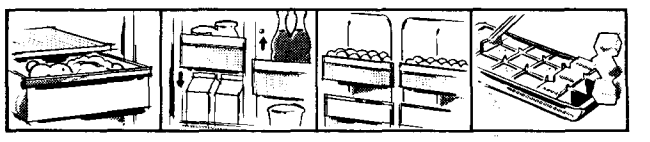

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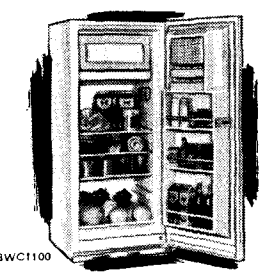

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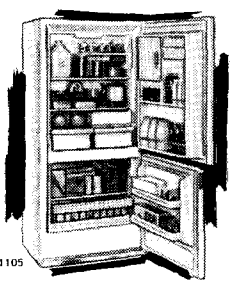
Wizard Spacette is just 24" wide. A great space-saver . . . now priced way down to save more money than ever before. See this value today!



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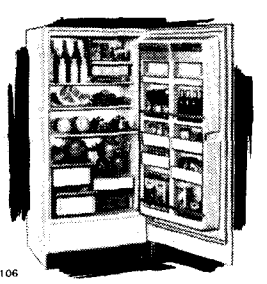
Wizard "Wonder-Mart" provides nearly 22 sq. ft. of fresh 'n frozen food storage space. Most capacity for your refrigerator-freezer dollar.



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13 cu. ft. Wizard "Freezer-Twin" is *all* refrigerator. Designed especially for the family having a separate freezer. Check the low price at W. A.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

detestable slaughter will continue, even flourish. To legalize is not to condone, as defined so clearly in Webster's, but, unfortunately, not in the public mind.

FRAN SCHAULIS
Amarillo, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

One immediate result of the elimination of all United States abortion restrictions would be that every child born would be wanted and loved.

C. J. HACKER
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I myself am a seventeen-year-old unwed mother. Although I was young, I never could have thought of abortion. I live at home with my son and am going to school to finish my high-school education, and it hasn't hurt my pride to face this. Why then do people fear such a thing and resort to abortion? . . . I sincerely hope many girls learn a few things from your articles. Thank you for writing them.

BETH SMITH
Tilton, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

I thought you and John Bartlow Martin might be interested in this clipping [below] from the May 30 *Richmond News Leader*.

JUDGE HENRY R. MILLER
Richmond, Va.

Man Is Charged With Prompting An Abortion

A 48-year-old man was arrested in a local hotel last night and charged with prompting an abortion.

A Police Court hearing on [illegible] of taking $600 from a prospective client — a North Carolina woman.

The woman talked to police in advance about the case. She said she had intended to receive an abortion, but was frightened off after reading a recent story in a national magazine on the subject.

Dear Sirs:

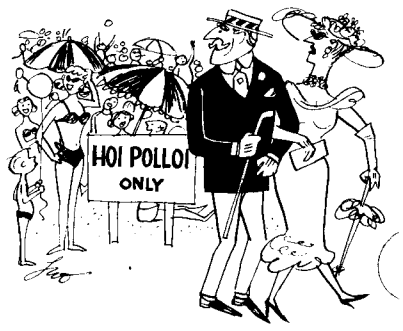
At seventeen and still in high school I found myself destitute and pregnant. Since I was from a poor family, there was no other alternative but to marry the man who was responsible. . . . I did not love him, yet society forced a marriage. I tried for seven years, but it did not work out, and I was with another child while obtaining a divorce. Later I received public aid for the support of my children due to his lack of support. All this has left an indelible mark on my personality I will never recover from, and to this day society in a small town will not let me forget my mistake. Would not a case like this warrant an abortion? I love my children very much, but if I had been able to obtain an abortion at that time I may have saved several liv[illegible] from sorrow as well as the state so[illegible] money.

NAME WITHHELD
Town Withheld, Calif.

Have "Riffraff" Ruined the Riviera?

Dear Sirs:

Poor, poor Toni Howard and her mournful bleating over the "less fortunate" who are invading the wealthy paradise of the Riviera [FAREWELL TO THE RIVIERA, June 3]. I can see little difference between her descriptions of



the shenanigans of the wealthy and those of lesser means.

Perhaps Miss Howard would be interested in establishing a new colony for the wealthy in space. Then she would be almost as far out as she is now—until the "poorer" ones build a space highway.

LINDA Z. ELLER
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Truly my heart bleeds for Toni Howard, who bewails the loss of "her Riviera" to the proletarian. . . . How fortunate she and others like her were to drink in all this beauty and solitude for so many years without intrusion from those who would dare to wish to drink too. How selfish and sad that she and others like her shudder with distaste at the thought of sharing this nectar with the common herd.

SHIRLEY WO[illegible]
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Sewer No More

Dear Sirs:

We agree with Mr. William D. Scott (LETTERS, May 20) that the Ohio River cover (Apr. 15) presented a charming scene. But we can't share his view that "the Ohio is now little more than a stinking open sewer."

Living as he does in Berkeley, Calif., Mr. Scott may not have been near the Ohio River in the last decade. . . . Today 95 per cent of the population living in the communities along the Ohio are operating or completing installation of sewage-treatment facilities; contrast this with less than 1 per cent who had such facilities in 1950! They have responded to the interstate crusade to keep filth out of the river—and taxed themselves at th[illegible] rate of about $100 per capita to do it.

EDWARD J. CLEARY, *Executive Director*
Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission
Cincinnati, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

13, 14, 15–Leo Matiz. • 16, 17–Don Almquist. • 18–Gene Lester. • 19–Gene Lester; Martin Company; Gene Lester. • 20, 21–Robert Jones. • 22, 23–Bill Shrout. • 24–Walter Skor. • 26, 27–Paris Match (Pictorial Parade). • 28–United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 29–Robert Jones. • 30, 31–Hal Roth. 32, 33–Fred Ludekens. • 37–Bernard D'Andrea. • 84–Davis Thomas; Ollie Atkins; Hans Roest; Max Miller.

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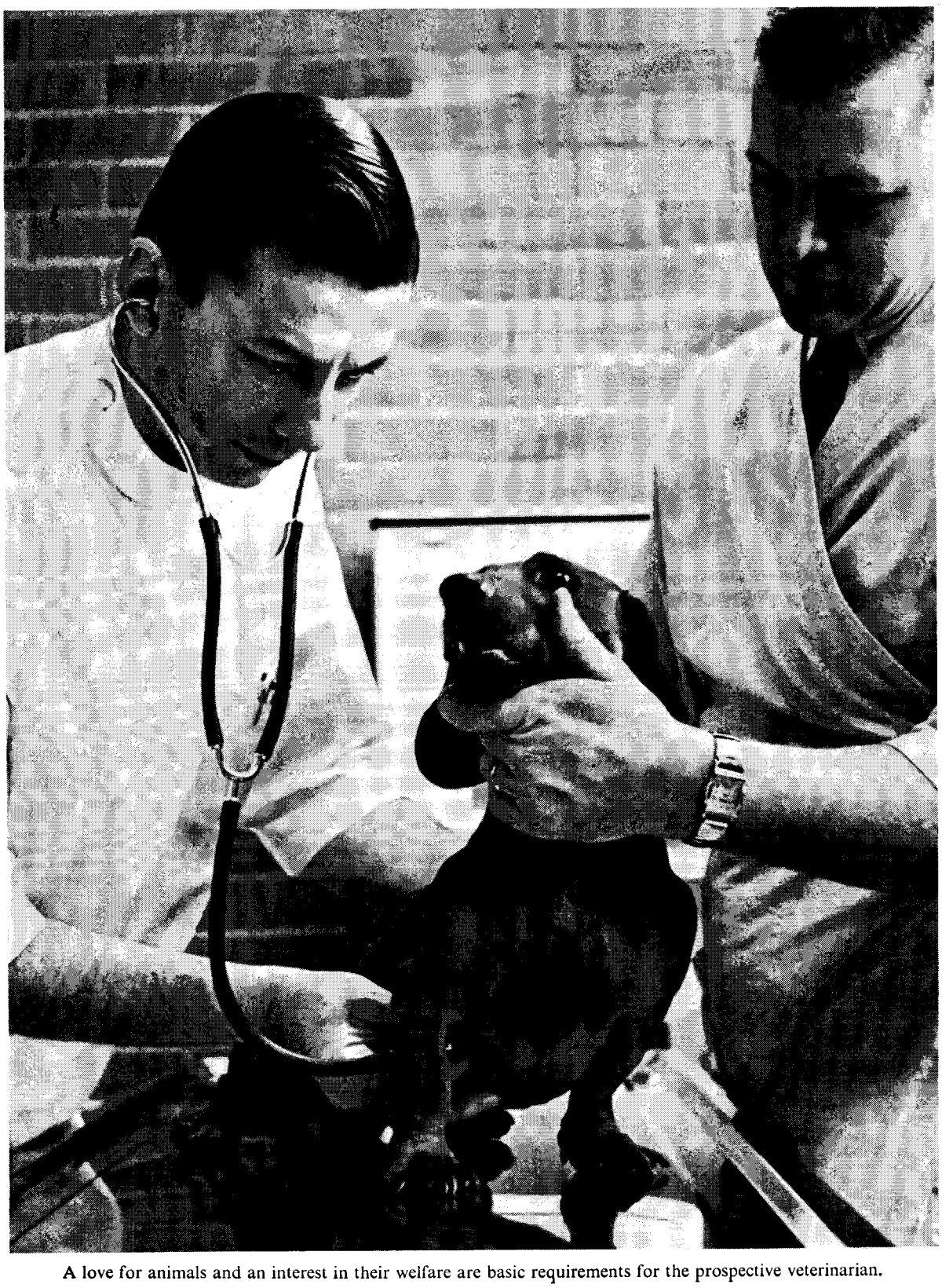
NEW YORK LIFE PRESENTS *the 47th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

Should your child be a Veterinarian?

by IVAL A. MERCHANT, D.V.M., Ph.D.

Dean, College of Veterinary Medicine, Iowa State University

as told to Philip Gustafson



A love for animals and an interest in their welfare are basic requirements for the prospective veterinarian.

IN THE little Dutch town of Pella, Iowa, some years ago, there was a boy who lived right next door to a veterinarian. This man was the boy's hero, and the two often rode together to treat farm animals.

Shortly after the boy finished high school, a terrible epidemic broke out among horses in Iowa. The disease was equine encephalomyelitis, or horse sleeping sickness, and many thousands of animals were fatally stricken. An effective vaccine had not yet been developed.

During the summer of that year, the boy worked on a nearby farm. The horses there soon contracted the sickness, but by the greatest good fortune and patient care, the skilled veterinarian managed to save them all. The boy was inspired. Determined to help prevent such destructive epidemics in the future, he enrolled for a degree of Doctor of Veterinary Medicine at Iowa State University where he studied in many of my classes.

That boy was Donald Van Houweling, now Assistant Administrator of the Agricultural Research Service in the United States Department of Agriculture. Today, he has a major responsibility for planning, coordinating and directing nation-wide control and eradication of animal diseases. His boyhood dream—helping to save millions of animal lives—has come true.

I have known any number of boys like Don who have been inspired by the example of a private veterinarian to go into the profession of veterinary medicine. Others have told me that they were moved to enter the profession by a love of animals, by a desire for the independence that private practice brings, or by the opportunity for satisfying their scientific curiosity through research.

Broad Opportunities

Today, few prospective students realize the almost limitless opportunities open to the qualified veterinarian in the challenging tasks of safeguarding public health, building up the livestock industry, and conducting research which extends even into the nuclear and space sciences.

There are now 21,000 veterinarians in the United States, but 35,000 will be needed by 1970 to service the livestock population required to feed a predicted 225 million people. Nine hundred veterinarians were graduated from 20 veterinary colleges in the United States and Canada last year, but within 10 years the annual need will be 1,500.

I would divide the opportunities for prospective veterinarians into six main categories: (1) Government Service, (2) Research, (3) Commercial Enterprise, (4) Military Service, (5) Education, (6) Private Practice.

Government Service: With unstinting private cooperation, government veterinarians have led the fight against livestock diseases. And with dramatic results.

They have eradicated contagious pleuro-pneumonia, which almost destroyed the U. S. cattle industry. They have cut cattle losses from Brucellosis (undulant fever in humans) by an estimated hundred million dollars. They have found a means of controlling hog cholera, which once threatened to ruin our swine industry, and current research is working toward the eradication of this disease. Over the years, government veterinarians have virtually wiped out the dread bovine tuberculosis, transmissible to humans, which produced so many of the hunchbacked people seen in years gone by.

Animal disease control is all the more important because more than 100 animal diseases are known to be transmissible to man.

Through the inspection of livestock and poultry coming from other nations, government veterinarians maintain a continuous alert against foreign animal disease. Within our borders, they protect public health by guarding against diseases transmissible through domestic supplies of meat, poultry, eggs and butter. In such assignments, opportunities for a young veterinarian are excellent in terms of security, achievement and salary—starting with $6,435 in a job rating of GS-9.

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Research: Great deeds are being performed by veterinarians in ever-widening fields of research. They are developing serums, vaccines and medicines that every year save new millions of human and animal lives. Their expert knowledge of animals is bringing them more and more into exciting new space and nuclear experiments. And many projects are in progress which promise great improvements in stock-raising procedures as well as high financial rewards for the investigators.

Commercial Enterprise: In one field of industry after another, new opportunities are presenting themselves. Veterinarians are in demand with pharmaceutical manufacturers in research, production, quality control and the sale of biological products. Others work with feed companies, some with the big meat packing houses. Some operate independently as consultants, while others have laboratories of their own.

In company assignments, starting salaries around $9,000 are not uncommon, and the top is ordinarily about $20,000 to $25,000. Earnings of the independents can also be high.

Military Service: Nearly 800 veterinarians have been attracted to the Armed Forces at the commissioned officer level. A veterinary graduate can start as a first lieutenant and rise to the rank of brigadier general. Armed forces veterinarians protect military personnel against animal-communicated diseases and provide medical care for animals under military supervision. Opportunities for travel are endless, for these military assignments are world-wide.

Teaching: In veterinary medicine, as in all sciences, the teacher is the cornerstone on whom progress rests, and there will always be a shortage of true teachers.

Teaching can offer security, cultural advantages, a chance to work with young people, and an added opportunity for research. At the universities, faculty members in veterinary medicine start at about $6,500. An outstanding man can earn about $15,000 when he becomes fully established.

All over the world, U. S. veterinarians are helping to start veterinary schools and laboratories. Their efforts make an important contribution towards helping the newer countries in the struggle against totalitarianism, for the building of animal resources is a vital step in the achievement of full prosperity and health.

Private Practice: Private practice continuously attracts the greatest number of our graduate veterinarians. There are any number of good reasons.

First and foremost, the private practitioner has the satisfaction of knowing that he is the front line of defense against disastrous animal disease. Secondly, he has the satisfaction of being his own boss, though he sometimes pays a high price for independence. For all too often, he has to make a tough decision without benefit of consultation—perhaps a baffling diagnosis in the middle of the night, with animal lives worth thousands hanging precariously in the balance.

Many veterinarians devote their careers to diagnosis and research—developing more effective disease control procedures and better animal production.

To handle struggling animals, as in taking an X-ray picture of this foal's leg, the veterinarian often needs considerable physical strength and agility.

The practicing veterinarian is usually active locally—in politics, school board affairs, clubs, lodges, or sports. More often than not, he becomes one of the most popular figures in town.

Private practice can provide security and a comfortable family life. Graduate veterinarians often go in with an established older man to get started and, in this case, the salary usually ranges from $5,500 to $6,500 plus bonus and expense allowances. For the private practitioner, an income of $15,000 or more is not uncommon, and may run considerably higher. One survey showed that $12,000 is about average.

Requirements for Success

To be happy and successful in veterinary medicine, your child should have the following characteristics:

A love for animals and an interest in their welfare. Results of a recent survey of 232 students in Iowa State University showed that the desire to work for and with animals was a factor influencing 91 per cent of those polled.

Excellent powers of observation. Animal patients can't talk. Therefore, diagnoses must be made from observable reactions and deviations from the normal health pattern.

An inquiring and studious mind. A veterinarian's schooling never ends. New drugs and techniques are constantly being developed and reported upon in professional journals and meetings.

Good health and physical stamina. Working days are long and calls must be made in all kinds of weather, at any hour of the day or night.

Strength. Because trained help may not be available on country calls, the general practitioner may have to handle large, struggling animals alone. By and large, such physical demands discourage women from becoming veterinarians, though there are nearly 300 women in the profession today, mostly in small-animal practice, research and teaching.

Education and Training

Formal education for veterinary medicine is similar to that for human medicine, the differences being due to the many species of animals studied. At least two years of the student's undergraduate study must be given to pre-veterinary requirements, which will include English, general and organic chemistry, mathematics, physics, biological sciences, and animal and poultry husbandry. The four years of professional study for the Doctor of Veterinary Medicine degree must include anatomy, physiology, biochemistry, pathology, bacteriology and immunology, parasitology, pharmacology, food hygiene, surgery, obstetrics, radiology and clinical work.

After graduation, the student must pass a state board examination before he can get a license to practice. Applicants for veterinary medicine should have good grades in high school and in pre-veterinary medicine, partly because enrollments are limited and partly because veterinary medicine is a very exacting profession.

The Future

Veterinarians, with government and private backing, have performed near-miracles in eliminating losses from animal diseases and parasites, but a great deal remains to be done. Census experts tell us that there will be 40 million more people in the United States by 1970, and these must be fed on not much more cultivable soil than we now have. Higher productivity and greater efficiency will be needed in livestock production if this is to be accomplished.

At the same time, veterinary medicine will have to further reduce losses from disease, which now approximate 25 per cent, if sufficient meat, eggs and milk are to be produced to maintain and improve our standard of living. Research on these and many other fronts must be enlarged to protect our rapidly growing populations, advance our space-age sciences and help make life more livable on all counts.

For tomorrow's veterinarian, the challenge is tremendous.

Information Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are similar articles on forty-six other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." Just drop a postcard to:

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As shown in the booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College" (free on request), the costs of a college education are now greater than ever. To help parents prepare in advance for this major expense, New York Life offers two special Educational Plans. They provide a systematic means to accumulate funds, and the added security of insurance on the life of the father. With either of these policies, you can be sure your child will have most or even all the money needed for college.

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Editorials

We Have Continued Too Long the Ban on Nuclear Tests

For months newspaper readers have been bored, if not exasperated, by headlines like: U.S. WILL MAKE FINAL EFFORT TO PERSUADE SOVIETS TO AGREE ON NUCLEAR TESTS BAN. This, with variations like WEST EASES STAND ON INSPECTION, stirred the imagination, but gave no evidence at any time that the Soviet leaders will agree to any test moratorium that we could accept. President Kennedy, after expressing disappointment over Khrushchev's adamant refusal at Vienna to make concessions on atomic testing or anything else, told a group of publishers that the U.S.A. should still work for an agreement. Since Vienna the President's position has again been challenged.

An agreement on any terms that we could safely accept appears unlikely. But, supposing we made an agreement, what would we have? A pledge that would bind us but not our adversaries? After all, it was Lenin, the Mumbo Jumbo of the Communist world, who said, after signing the 1918 Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with the Germans: "I don't mean to read it (the treaty) and I don't mean to fulfill it, except I am forced." Soviet contempt for treaties has formidable ideological support.

During his campaign President Kennedy said that, while he would "want to exhaust all reasonable opportunities to conclude an effective international agreement banning all tests—with effective international inspection and controls—" he would set "a reasonable but definite time limit within which to determine whether significant progress is being made." When the time limit had expired without any acceptable agreement being reached, Mr. Kennedy said that "the prompt resumption of underground tests . . . should then be *considered*."

It seems to us that it is time to lay it on the line. In its annual report for 1960 the Atomic Energy Commission mentioned its strong "responsibility to point out the risks to free-world supremacy in nuclear weapons—and the resultant threat to the free world—that are implicit in a continued unpoliced moratorium on weapons testing." Commissioner Robert E. Wilson in an address before the American Philosophical Society last November speculated as to the nature of the "amazing new weapon" mentioned by Khrushchev. Said Commissioner Wilson, "If that was a nuclear weapon, as seems probable, how could they know it was amazing unless they had tested it?"

In all probability the only way by which the Russians could be persuaded to accept an agreement on nuclear tests would be to offer so many concessions that, as the *Wall Street Journal* put it, "the Soviets will have what they want, and we will have an impressive-looking piece of paper."

There would be less concern about all this if the President's adviser on disarmament were somebody other than Prof. Jerome Wiesner of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In an article about Professor Wiesner in the *Saturday Review* last December, John Lear wrote that Professor Wiesner is "known to believe," among other things:

"That the United States Government is almost as much, if not as much, to blame as the Russian Government for blocking disarmament proposals."

Doctor Wiesner, in *Daedalus* (Fall issue, 1960), declared that "the West has always been suspicious of Soviet proposals and, furthermore, has generally been ultraconservative in the inspection requirements it places upon any system." On this point the AEC report says, "The Russian negotiators at Geneva have offered to permit only three 'on-site' inspections per year in their country for all unidentified seismic events. The United States position is that, in view of the fact that more than 100 locatable seismic events of greater than 4.75 magnitude occur each year in the Soviet Union, 20 per cent of these should be eligible for inspection (twenty inspections per year). In view of the Kremlin's virtual ultimatum on this subject, is this "ultraconservative," or just ordinary prudence?

The conclusion of the Atomic Energy Commission seems to us to be the right one: "The United States has expressed its willingness to forego weapons development which could be achieved through testing, if a treaty were attained that provides adequate means of detecting violations. It would be quite another matter, however, to continue indefinitely a self-imposed moratorium on the testing of nuclear weapons while the means of detecting violations does not exist."

It looks as if "indefinitely" were almost here!

The "Learning Process" Goes Right On Whether School Is in Session or Not

From most current discussion of education it would be assumed that, if it weren't for the complicated contributions of the educationists, nobody would ever learn anything. No credit must be given to chance. Nobody has solved the mystery of why some people develop curiosity about things, while others take for granted what they see, or think they see.

In his fascinating book *The Great North Road* (Macmillan) Frank Morley reports a conversation he had long ago with Lord (then Sir Ernest) Rutherford, the Cambridge scholar who isolated the proton. The conversation took place at the high table at Trinity College, Cambridge, where the then youthful Morley found himself placed next to Rutherford. The talk was about science and invention, including the fact that Whitehead, "the man who had improved the silo, had also invented the Whitehead torpedo." Mr. Morley recalls that at the moment when silence descended upon the room as the master was about to say grace, he took the occasion to ask Rutherford, "What started you off?" With the whole assemblage staring at the upstart, Mr. Morley reports that he "could have died."

However, Rutherford replied in a booming voice, "It's the best question I've heard in a long time and, what's more, I can tell you the answer. When I was a schoolboy in New Zealand they put me, in vacation, to minding sheep; and I had a stick and there was a pond, and the sheep were getting on all right, so I stuck the stick in the pond. When I stuck the stick in the pond, it was bent; when I pulled it out it was straight. Stuck it in again, bent; pulled it out again, straight. Well, made you think, didn't it?"

Millions of boys have observed this familiar phenomenon and let it go at that, just as millions of boys have written figures on blackboards without arriving at Einstein's fatal equation. But one boy wonders why a stick appears bent when thrust into a pond; another young man makes some unprecedented observations regarding the relation between time and space; and in a few years we have nuclear power at our disposal and are able to blow up half the world, or make atomic energy serve more useful ends, depending on how much human wisdom can be brought to bear on the question. The Role of the Unpredictable in the Learning Process sounds like a good title for a doctor's dissertation.

Incidentally, Mr. Morley's travels along the Great North Road produce other startling incidents from the scientific past. For example, Sir George Cayley's interest in flying and his frustration from the nonexistence in 1816 of a "sufficiently light first mover to propel such vehicles by waftage." He predicted that, when such a power source was invented, "mechanical aerial navigation would be at our command without further delay." For the time, however, Sir George had to content himself with gliding. In 1852 he managed to float his coachman on a glider for a distance of 500 yards, but the thing "came down with a smash," and the coachman, struggling out of the wreckage, said, "Please, Sir George. wish to give notice. I was hired drive and not to fly."

Unlike Lord Rutherford, Sir George did not live to see his predictions come off. His Yorkshire neighbors probably called him a crackpot. Question for educators: Are such pioneering men produced by courses in "co-operating with the group"?

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

FATHER DAN'S BIG ADVENTURE

How the daring Rev. Dan McLellan has helped rescue 1,000,000 Peruvian Indians from poverty.

By JAMES JOYCE DONAHUE

LIMA, PERU.

The old ones among the Quechua Indians, their faces weathered and leathery, remained impassive as the matador advanced to the center of the makeshift arena high in the Andes. Here and there a young Quechua, or a more excitable half-Spanish mestizo, nudged a companion, nodded derisively toward the bullfighter and snorted, "He is loco. He has had too much of the pisco to drink, perhaps? *El toro* surely will kill him."

The tall, slender, hollow-eyed man in the ring nervously licked a lip as he raised his cape in readiness. The bull was let out. It charged at once. Nimbly the matador side-stepped, then turned swiftly for the bull's recovery and second charge. Success again, but this time the lowered horns came dangerously close to grazing his side as the beast roared by. The tempo increased; the bull's rushes became more furious. His opponent spun around, stumbled and righted himself barely in time to lunge from the path of the onrushing brute. For swirling moments, the matador, with ever more frantic agility, continued to outwit the charging bull by the most precarious of margins.

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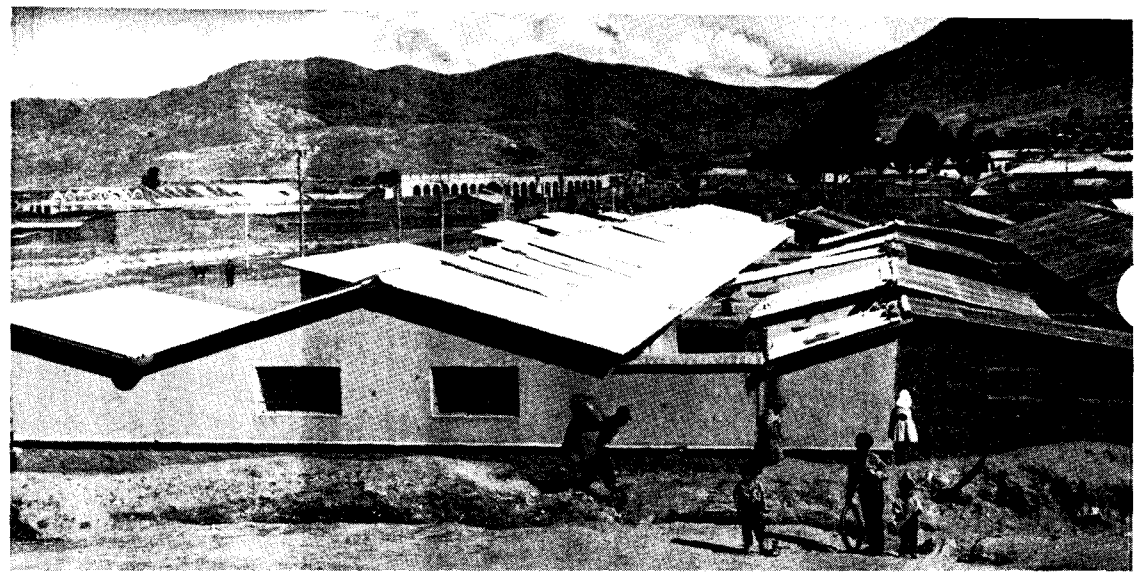

Modern housing developments, financed by the credit unions Father McLellan organized, are bringing a new standard of living to the backward, poverty-ridden Indians of Peru.

Photographs by Leo Matiz

Suddenly there rose from the crowd mounting cries of "*¡Ole! ¡Ole!*"

The old ones relaxed, turned to one another and nodded as if to say, "Yes, he may do."

Then it was all over, and the frustrated bull was driven back into his enclosure. It was not necessary for the matador to kill the bull to prove himself. Here in Peru it is common practice for matadors to fight bulls—by way of brushing up on their cape and foot work—and then allow the bulls to live to fight another day.

For a long interval the bullfighter stood fast in the ring. Then he slowly shuffled to the privacy of a shelter. There he sagged heavily against a mud wall and wished fervently that he did have a king-sized slug of pisco, that most potent Peruvian national drink, to put some fire into legs that seemed to have turned to mush.

Maryknoll Father Daniel B. McLellan—American ex-boxer, poet, magician, missionary extraordinary and now a slightly wobbly matador for a day—contented himself with a big sigh of relief. The priest had won another round in a battle that has captivated all of Peru.

Until that hour of truth in the Andes seven years ago, about as close as Father McLellan had ever come to a bull ring was reading Hemingway. Why, then, this apparently foolhardy act of bravado? As we shall see in following his story, Father McLellan's decision to risk the bull ring was simply part of a methodical, resolute campaign. It was and is a campaign to break through a time-encrusted shell of fear and suspicion and win the confidence of 1,000,000 destitute peoples in the mountainous Puno Department of Peru.

Orthodox blandishments had failed abysmally to persuade the Indians to let others help them, and thereby the country. They remained backward, distrustful and a severe drag on Peru's economic structure. Leaders among the country's non-Indians threw up their hands and flatly declared, "Forget the Indians. The whole thing is hopeless."

And so it was, until the balding, pug-nosed machinist's son came down from the towering American Rockies to the even more altitudinous Andes to capture not only the Indians' confidence but also their hearts—and, in an important sense, their pocketbooks as well.

Today as "Uncle Dan," Father McLellan is a living legend in the land of the Incas, where his achievements have been truly remarkable. With a combination of shrewdness, steel will, gentle heart and a predilection for sometimes rather unclerical derring-do, he has brought vigorous new life and hope to the inhabitants of the harsh, cruel, 12,500-foot-high altiplano of Peru.

Explaining how the Indians' credit union works, Father McLellan interests a prospective member.

A depositor, one of nearly 5000 members of the group formed by McLellan, shows off his passbook.

An Indian mother makes a deposit in her account. Until recently the Indians buried their savings.

He has, from rock-bottom scratch, engineered one of the most striking economic developments of our times—a co-operative effort that is having a profound effect on the entire economy of Peru. A United Nations committee has labeled it as the most significant self-help program in Peru's modern history.

In theory the priest's master project was simple enough—a credit union, the first in Peru.

"The plan is inoperable," scoffed the experts in the capital city of Lima. "The Indians of the altiplano are impossible. They cannot read. They know nothing of national affairs. They live unto themselves. They will not help; others have tried. They will scorn you. They keep their money in mattresses and buried in the ground. You will not dig it out."

The experts didn't dig Dan McLellan at all. After five years of relentless courtship, he succeeded in wooing twenty-three Indians who came up with the munificent sum of thirty dollars to form the San Juan Parish Credit Union in the city of Puno in 1955. The results have been electrifying.

Today the San Juan credit union has nearly 5000 members, with capital of $400,000. That's merely part of the story. The idea soon swept the country, under the guiding hand Father McLellan. By the end of 1960—in 195 he was named first national director of the Peru Credit Union League—he had been instrumental in creating 207 credit unions throughout the nation, with many more in the offing.

Millions of dollars in loans are extended annually by these unions. Thousands of once-downtrodden people are being gradually raised to economic stability and a more promising way of life. They have attained new housing, better farms, more sheep and cattle, new businesses, better medical attention, improved schooling and freedom from lifelong debts and their accompanying feelings of doubt, insecurity and hopelessness.

Equally important have been the psychological effects of instilling in the people a new feeling of responsibility. They are aware of being an integral and contributing part of t nation and have a burgeoning trust in the future. And this upheaval has become a forceful weapon against the spread of Communism in this fertile land.

(Continued on Page 69)

"Christian family life can hardly exist in a mud hut," says McLellan. Now rapidly replacing the huts are comfortable dwellings such as this one, bought with a credit-union loan.

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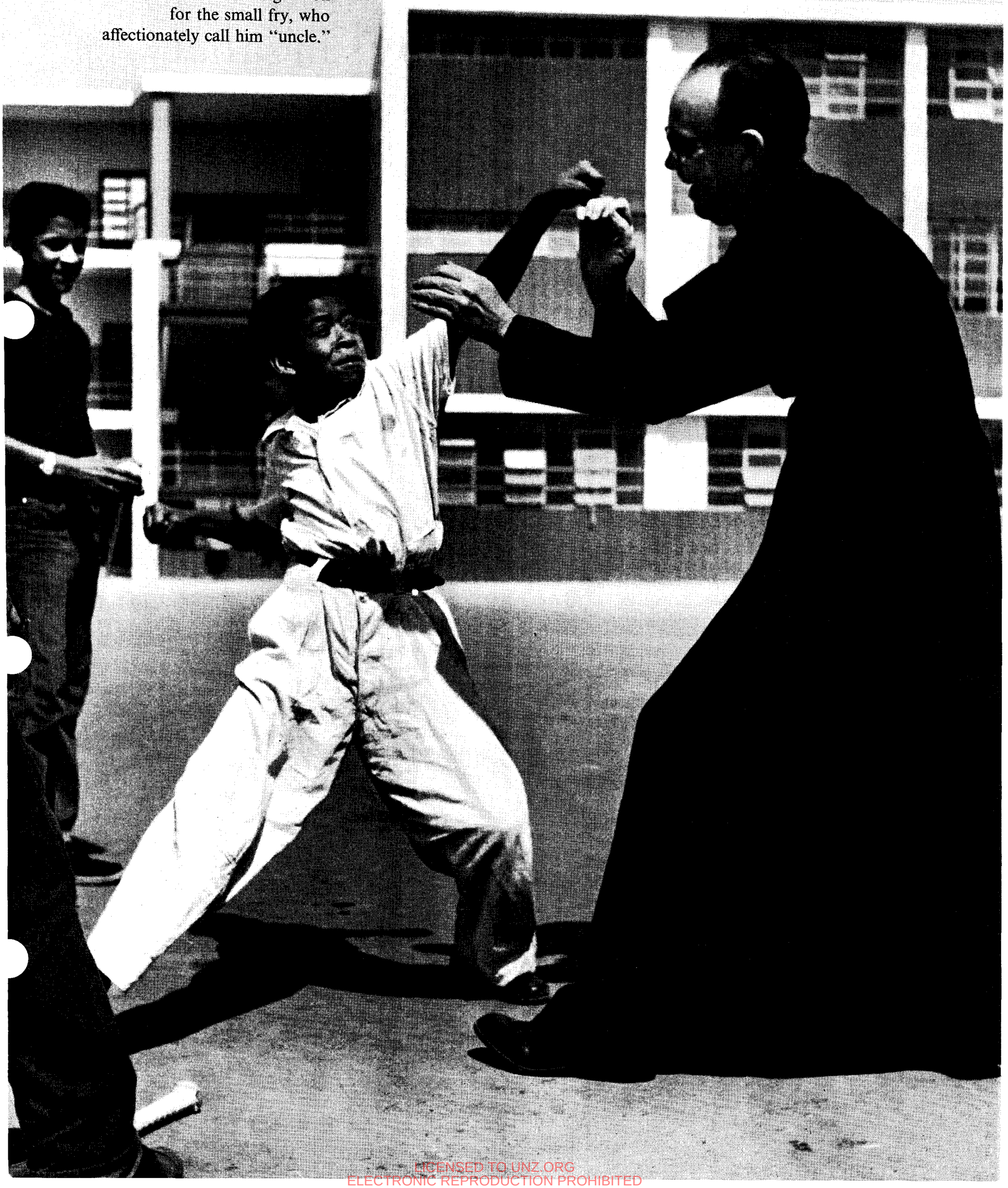
A boxer before he entered the priesthood, Father McLellan turned to bullfighting and soccer to win the Indians over. Below: A boxing lesson for the small fry, who affectionately call him "uncle."



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there are some things in a boy's life that money can't buy.

treasure on wheels

by prentiss combs

While Johnny was scrubbing the windshield the driver slid out of the big car and stretched. He was a short, squat man, with grizzled eyebrows that made his eyes seem fierce. In the middle of the stretch his eye caught the flame of red paint, the luster of lacquered wheel spokes and the dazzle of brass. He walked toward the ancient car parked behind the service station, putting down his feet as if the car might fade away if a foot jarred the ground.

Johnny watched him, working on the windshield by practiced feel. He felt pretty sure about the man, just from that respectful walk. But when he saw the reverent hand the man laid on the radiator, he was sure. He finished the windshield and then walked over.

He was a tall and skinny kid with eyes that looked through thick glasses. Everything about him was awkward and uncertain except his hands. They were dirty, knuckle-knocked and delicately curled, hanging at the ends of bony arms, hands that had a way with things mechanical which was just short of magic.

"I could start her up for you," he said, his soft voice making an offering out of it. The man turned from the immaculate car and looked at the boy and knew the extent of the offering.

"I would call that a privilege," he said with queer formality. Johnny adjusted spark and throttle and went around to crank.

One half turn of the crank to transform liquid to vapor, to feel his way into the engine, to compress with the vapor toward fiery life, to fly with the fire in the wires. One crank's half turn for that, and then one businesslike quarter turn. The ancient motor fired, stumbled and then ran smoothly as the man moved to become all sure hand at spark and throttle.

They stood listening to the velvet idle of the perfectly tuned motor. Some few men know an engine to be a work of art. Some rare men know an engine to be a piece of sculpture in steel, unique among all forms of art in that an engine possesses a kind of life, and a good mechanic is aware of what his labor means.

The man cut the motor and looked again at the gleaming perfection of the restored body, the pleated leather upholstery, the dignified crown of the unfurled top.

"Yours?" he asked.

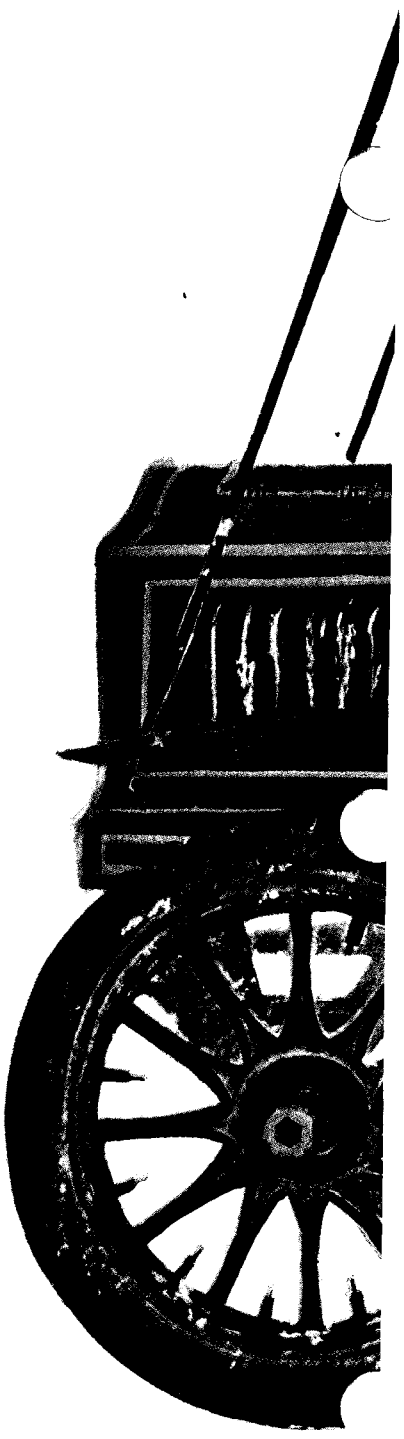
His?

Honesty made him hesitate. Ownership can be a vastly complex thing. For forty years the car had stood forgotten, suffering the slow ravages to which all untended things of beauty are vulnerable. Johnny had spent four years of his life re-creating a thing of live and proud beauty from the moldering object the car had become. His ownership was a sense which had grown as the car had grown beneath his hands, as he had scraped, sanded, burnished, painted and polished. It was a conviction which had firmed as he had machined missing parts, re-creating faithfully against an unfading vision held in his mind. On the day the vision and the car had merged into one splendorous image, his sense of ownership stood as bright and proud as the car itself, an ownership in no way related to drab rights possible to confer by means of dry document.

His?

The sun burned in the radiator brass, and Johnny moved his hand to place it with careless preciseness in that spot. "I restored her," he said. "I own her."

The man had a strong face, heavy and lined, with dark eyes looking out from under his gray brows with wary watchfulness. But the fire of pride in the boy's voice softened the hard lines in his face, and his eyes were no longer watchful. There was a thousand-to-one chance that the boy did not know what he had done, did not know what he possessed, but the boy and the car (Continued on Page 52)



Illustrated by Don Almquist

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"I'll give you
ten thousand
dollars for
The Empress,"
Mr. Rayburn said.

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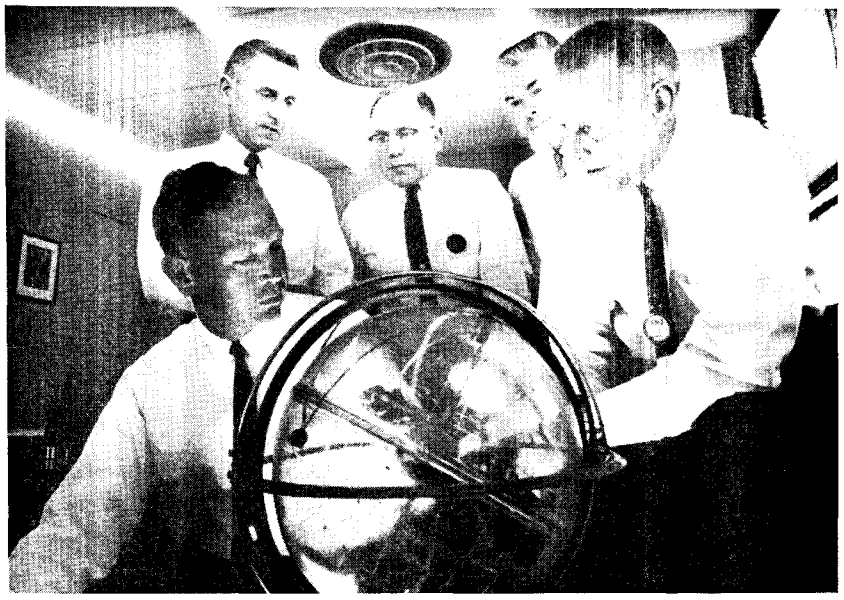

San Diego: Five top members of the brain trust which produced the Atlas ICBM: J. R. Dempsey (left), Dr. H. F. Dunholter, Mortimer Rosenbaum, Dr. R. C. Armstrong and K. J. Bossart. Dempsey calls "human ingenuity" the West's chief resource.

WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER?

Now, after three centuries, the cultural, political and scientific leadership of America may be shifting from the weary East to the dynamic land beyond the Mississippi.

By FRANK McCULLOCH

One morning in the summer of 1937 Alex Madonna, who was then seventeen, climbed into the cab of a battered "30" Model Best Caterpillar, pulled back the throttle and went rumbling down the side streets of San Luis Obispo, California. His destination was the old San Luis Obispo courthouse, a three-story brick-and-stone building destined that day for demolition. Around the courthouse a sizable crowd had gathered, drawn not only by the prospects of violence but by the excellent chance that the contractor would make a fool of himself.

The contractor was young Alex Madonna, ambitious, brash and thirty dollars in debt to his widowed mother for a Model T Ford truck with which he intended to go into the sand-and-gravel business. His bid on the courthouse job was $414, which was about one fifth of the next lowest offer and sufficiently ridiculous to have earned universal forewarnings of doom from his older competitors.

Alex clattered grandly up to the scene in a cloud of blue smoke, belched in prodigious quantities from the ailing innards of his ancient vehicle, and, ignoring the gibes of the onlookers, wheeled smartly to the rear of the courthouse. There stood a dilapidated and deserted brick-and-stone jail, also destined under terms of the contract for demolition.

(Continued on Page 46)

California road builder Alex Madonna. He parlayed a thirty-dollar loan into a $1,000,000-a-month business.

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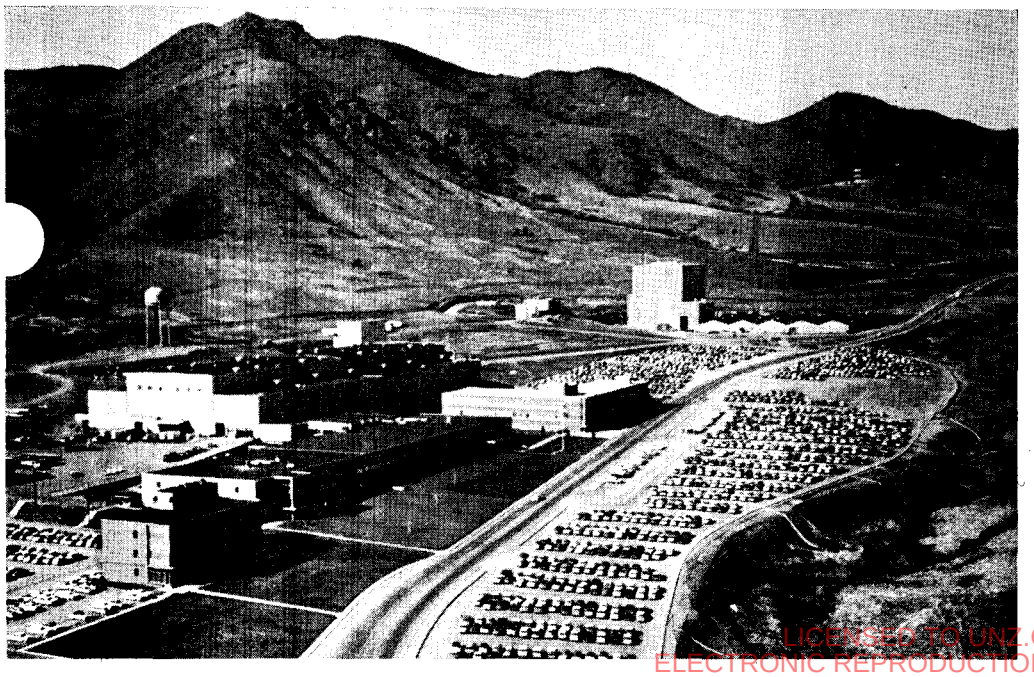
Sportswear being modeled in the Los Angeles salesroom of Catalina, Inc. U.S. styles in informal clothes are largely set in the easygoing atmosphere of Western living.

Denver: The Martin Company's 6853-acre Titan-missile factory, which has a $2,522,000 weekly payroll. Western plants manufacture components for every major missile in the U.S. defense arsenal.



Dean Roger Revelle of California's Scripps Institute of Oceanography (background), which will soon accommodate 20,000 students.

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From this night forward they would dance with wings on their feet—if they were willing to pay the price.

the HAUNTED DANCERS

By ARTHUR MAYSE

The holly crop paid off extra well last winter, so after Christmas we parked the kids with the grandparents and pointed our noses south, spending New Year's in San Francisco, then dropping down to Los Angeles and putting in at Vegas on the way home. Our second night there we managed to snag a table at the Twin Palms, a high-class spot that featured a dance team called The Belancas. Even though what stepping Vera and I do is pretty well confined to Chellan Golf and Country Club, we appreciate good dancing when we see it, and I tell you those Belancas were a lot better than just good.

They were into their third number—a tango, but not the kind we learned at Miss Harper's School of the Dance—when Vera said to me, "Jim, I know that girl!"

"Honey," I said, "the closest you've been to the Latins is Nick Servos's tamale parlor on Front Street. You couldn't know her."

"I couldn't," Vera said, "but I do." She had set her daiquiri down and was leaning forward with both hands clasping the new evening bag I'd given her, this being a sort of anniversary for us. "Let me think." Her voice climbed, as it does when she's excited. "Yes, of course! Jim, that's Nancy Drummond. You remember her—the gawky girl who used to live with her rich old aunt." Vera was speaking so loudly now that people had begun to stare. I shushed her, but it did no good. "And that boy is from Chellan too. Oh, dear, what was his name ——"

"Hopper," I told her. "Hopper MacCutcheon." The sideburns and slicked-back hair and fancy Spanish getup changed his looks; but Vera, by golly, was right. This was the big, clumsy strawhead we'd nicknamed Clodhopper at school, shortening it to Hopper after he beat up several of us, me included.

I looked around for our waitress, feeling the need of a bracer. "Vera," I said to my wife, "there's something almighty funny about this."

"More than funny," Vera said. "It's—it's fantastic. Nan Drummond was the only girl ever to be dropped from Miss Harper's dance classes. Why, Jim, she was absolutely hopeless! She couldn't do a simple Rocking Chair without tumbling over her feet."

"She could now, you bet!" I muttered, watching those two in their cone of golden light while I did some remembering on my own account. The one time Hopper MacCutcheon had shown up at a high-school dance—stag, of course—Vera made the mistake of feeling sorry for him and let him stomp her through a slow fox trot. She had to junk her new gold sandals and was lame for a week.

The band lit into a red-hot *rumba*. The way that pair handled it made you want to hop on a chair and holler, '*Ole!*' I waited till they spun close to our table, then pushed my voice under the music. "Hopper," I said. "Hey, Hopper."

For a minute I thought we must, after all, be wrong. But next time around, the girl gave us a quick little smile and the tall fair-haired guy winked at me.

They ran off hand in hand, the spot tagging them. Although I hadn't succeeded in catching the waitress, she showed up with a fresh daiquiri for Vera and a double rye for me.

"Compliments of The Belancas," she told us in a tone that made it plain our rating had gone up a good few points, "and they ask may they join you at your table, Mr. Avery."

"Tell them we'd be honored," I said, and meant it.

They showed in about five minutes, in street clothes. I had a queer feeling that they'd shed some sort of magic (Continued on Page 79)

Illustrated by Robert Jones

"How sweet," she said, "to be a *jeune fille* once more in a pretty, white frock and a warm, mortal body."

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Using a hydraulic lift, Lora Keister helps her husband, Tom, into the family car. Tom can ride to work each day, but Lora must do the driving.

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By Baird Keister

WE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH TRAGIC ILLNESS

Our family for nearly forty years escaped the experience of deep tragedy. We had the normal quota of worries, most of them incident to the task of raising and educating a son and a daughter on a teacher's meager income. These frustrations fade into insignificance, however, when compared to the events of the past three years. In the autumn of 1958, within a period of five days, our son Tom, then thirty-one years old, and his wife, Lora, parents of two small boys, were both stricken with polio.

I was called from my classroom at Arkansas State College, where I am an associate professor of mathematics, in mid-morning of a fine October day to receive the news by telephone from Mr. Ogden Hall, a close friend of Tom. Ogden explained that Tom had not called immediately when Lora became ill, because he thought he could give a more definite report a little later. When Tom himself was stricken, he had left the boys with friends and entered the Baton Rouge General Hospital, twenty-five miles from their home in Livingston, Louisiana. It did not appear that the disease would be crippling to either of them, but there would be a period of hospitalization.

About all I knew of polio was that in some cases it left its victims with no perceptible disability, but it could also result in virtually complete and permanent paralysis or even death. I wanted so desperately to believe we were confronted with a situation requiring only temporary adjustments that I accepted without misgiving the rather optimistic report I had received. Our part in meeting the emergency was obviously to bring Jerry and Mark, aged five and three, to stay with us for the present. Emma, my wife, could remain at home to prepare for them while I drove to Louisiana to get them.

I left home at noon, spent a restless night in a motel and completed the 430-mile trip the next morning. Dr. William M. Luikart, the physician attending Tom and Lora, was not only a competent medical man but conveyed a warm personal concern which meant a great deal to all of us in the difficult months to follow. However, there was no way to soften the impact of his report. Lora's condition was satisfactory; in fact, there was good reason to expect that she would recover with little or no permanent damage. But Tom had grown steadily worse. There could be no definite (Continued on Page 77)

A FATHER TELLS WHAT HAPPENED AFTER BOTH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, THEMSELVES THE PARENTS OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN, WERE STRICKEN BY CRIPPLING POLIO.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

Above: Author Keister with his wife Emma, their son Tom and grandsons Jerry (left) and Mark. The senior Keisters took care of the boys during Tom and Lora's long illness.

Above: Happily crowded by boys and dogs, Tom takes a drink of water with Lora's help. Her own bout with polio has given Lora a poignant understanding of Tom's handicap.

Above: A special splint enables Tom, a forestry statistician, to operate a calculating machine. Below: Eating lunch with Tom in his office is a daily ritual for Lora, Mark and Jerry.

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MISUNDERSTANDING

A Short Story

By H. E. BATES

Colonel Gracie, who had decided to boil two new-laid eggs for lunch for himself, came into the kitchen from the garden and laid his Panama hat on top of the stove, put the eggs into it and then, after some moments of blissful concentration, looked to see if they were cooking.

Presently he sensed that something was vaguely wrong about all this and began to search for a saucepan. Having found it, a small blue enamel one much blackened by fire, he gazed at it with intent inquiry for some moments, half made a gesture as if to put it on his head and then decided to drop the eggs into it, without benefit of water. In the course of doing this he twice dipped the sleeve of his white duck jacket into a dish of raspberry jam, originally put out on the kitchen table for breakfast. The jam dish was, in fact, a candlestick in pewter, the candle part of which had broken away.

Soon the colonel, in the process of making himself some toast, found himself wondering what day it was. He couldn't be sure. He knew the month was July, although the calendar hanging by the side of the stove actually said it was September, but that of course didn't help much about the day. He guessed it might be Tuesday; but you never really knew when you lived alone, and didn't take a paper. Still, it helped sometimes to know whether it was Tuesday or Sunday, just in case he ran short of tobacco and walked all the way to the village shop only to find it closed.

Was it Tuesday? The days were normally fixed quite clearly in his mind by a system of coloration. Tuesday was a most distinct shade of raspberry rose. Thursday was brown, and Sunday a pleasant yellow, that particularly bright gold you got in sunflowers. Today seemed, he thought, rather a dark green, much more like a Wednesday. It was most important to differentiate, because if it were really Wednesday it would be not the slightest use his walking down to the shop to get stamps after lunch, since Wednesday was early-closing day.

There was nothing for it, he told himself, but to semaphore his friend, Miss Wilkinson. With a piece of toast in his hand he set about finding his signaling flags, which he always kept in a cupboard under the stairs. As he stooped to unlatch the cupboard door, a skein of onions left over from the previous winter dropped from a fragile string on the wall and fell on his neck without alarming him visibly.

One of the flags was bright yellow, the other an agreeable shade of medium blue. Experience had shown that these two colors showed up far better than all others (Continued on Page 70)

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OUR NEW SUPER-ROAD SYSTEM

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

A *Post* editor reports on the controversial 41,000-mile Interstate Highway System—where it goes, how fast it is being built, and how it will change the lives and habits of countless Americans.

The largest single construction project that man has ever undertaken can hardly fail to alter, in some degree, all of our lives. The big task is building a National System of Interstate and Defense Highways, now in its fifth year of a sixteen-year schedule. Eleven years from now all parts of our forty-eight conterminous states will have been placed on what amounts to a single high-speed ultrasafe road. Any American anywhere will be able to reach this road quickly and thereafter drive to any other area with hitherto unknown speed and comfort.

With rare exceptions the future traveler will progress along one-way strips of pavement three or more lanes wide, separated from opposing traffic by medians as wide as a normal street. He will meet no traffic lights, cross no intersections, and by far the greater part of his travel will be free of tolls.

The National System of Interstate and Defense Highways, roughly a quarter of which is already in use, is a nationwide network of 41,000 miles. It will connect Houlton, Maine, with the Mexican border below San Diego, California. It will bring together Miami and the Canadian border above Bellingham, Washington. It will stop and perhaps reverse the rotting of cities, change and enlarge recreational patterns and induce business and industrial migrations. It will generate new businesses and communities by the hundreds. It will damage others temporarily, and it will permanently shrink one roadside form of small-business opportunity. (Continued on Page 81)

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"Let us talk of the Emperor," Victor Hugo used to say in the drear days of the 1860's. "It will do us good."

In the drear days of the 1960's it may do good to talk of Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle. After the abortive revolts in Cuba and Algeria, he emerges as the leading statesman in the West, if not the world. And he has at all times been a most curious figure, the subject of wildly divergent personal estimates.

"The man of destiny," Churchill called him, and later, "The Constable of France." "The necessary man, or rather the only possible man," was Léon Blum's verdict. "A new kind of man—the liberal hero," André Malraux asserted. But to Stalin he was "not complicated." Roosevelt found him "essentially an egotist." Former French President Vincent Auriol, and many others, likened him to Hitler. "To me," wrote his friend Emmanuel d'Astier, "he remains a mystery."

It is easy to see why. A child of the urban, industrial North, born in 1890 amidst the clang of machines in Lille, reared in the bustle of Paris, devotee of a mechanized army and a modernized France, de Gaulle was equally a product of traditional France, heir to a literary tradition, schooled in the legends of a glorious history, at home in the mysteries, abstractions and absolutes of a medieval religion. A proper bourgeois who first met his wife "by arrangement" at an art gallery and who once proposed to her a Canadian idyl—"I will catch fish and you will cook them"—he spent his most

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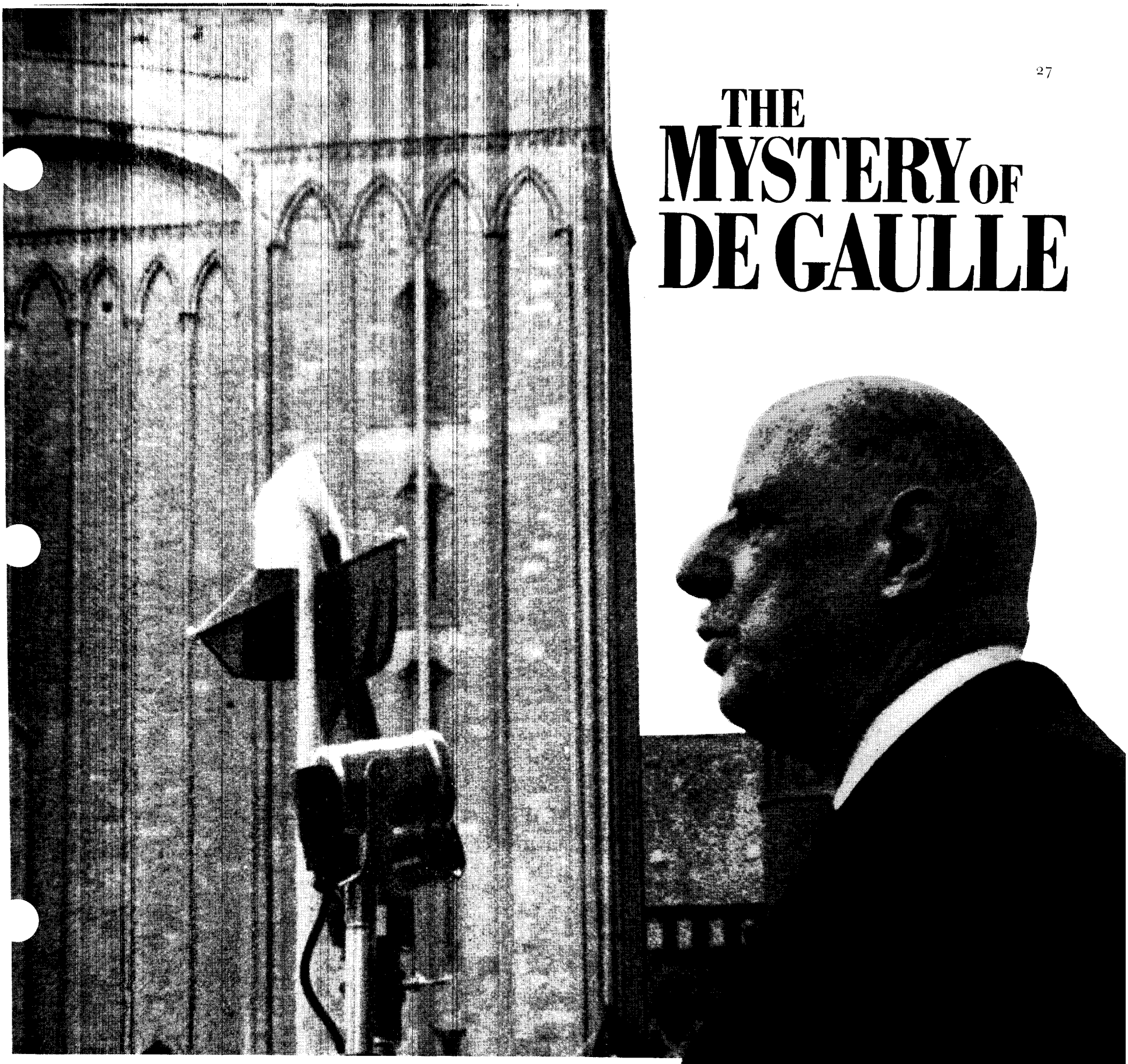
THE MYSTERY OF DE GAULLE



BY JOSEPH KRAFT

A journalist's revealing portrait of the paradoxical soldier-statesman who rules France with an iron hand.

formative period in that academy of sour revolutionaries: a prison camp.

A soldier in an army contemptuous of intellectuals, and even of articulation, he scribbled as the veriest professor, producing between the ages of thirty-four and forty-nine, four different books. A general, he fought virtually without troops, winning struggles by intrigue and maneuver. An ally, he specialized in unilateral action. An apostle of national unity, he stirred dissension in every quarter. A conquering hero, he cast away power at a moment of grave crisis. A political leader, he headed a party which he called a rally, but which became a rout. Retired, he was as active politically as any minister. An imperialist, he came (Continued on Page 56)

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Remember Don Black and Bobo Holloman? They bear witness to

The Fleeting Fame of NO-HIT PITCHERS

By FRANK FRISCH, as told to Arch Murray

Crazy," said Warren Spahn on the night of last April twenty-eighth, after he had pitched the second no-hit game of his career, shutting out the San Francisco Giants for his Milwaukee Braves, 1–0. "Here I go fifteen years before I get a no-hitter," the National League's forty-year-old wonder added, referring to his first no-hitter, a 4–0 victory over the Phillies on September sixteenth, of last year. "That should be enough for anyone. But in less than one year I've done it again. Crazy—but wonderful."

Spahn's remarks seem to me to point up my theme song: No-hitters don't mean a thing. The biggest left-handed winner in National League history had been pitching for the Boston and Milwaukee Braves almost a full sixteen years before he put a hitless game into the records. Yet over the span of those years pitchers not even approaching his class achieved no-hitters.

Spahn's no-hitter last April was the 148th pitched in the big leagues. (The first one is credited to Joseph E. Borden, of the Philadelphia club in the National Association on July 28, 1875.) Yet of all those 148 only ten were by pitchers now in baseball's Hall of Fame. Cy Young pitched three and Carl Hubbell, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Ted Lyons and Dazzy Vance, one each. Bob Feller—a cinch to make the Hall of Fame at next year's election—had three.

But some of the greatest pitchers who ever lived never pitched a no-hitter. Among them were Grover Cleveland Alexander, Lefty Grove, Art Nehf, Lefty Gomez, Red Ruffing, Dizzy Dean, Paul Derringer, Bucky Walters, Hal Newhouser, Vic Raschi and Johnny Sain.

Sure, no-hitters are dramatic. The build-up in the late innings is exciting for fans and players alike. They are a great thrill for the pitcher himself. But as a measuring rod of a pitcher's stature I say they are strictly worthless. You could argue that Bob Feller's three no-hitters prove how great he was. But far more convincing is the fact that he pitched twelve one-hitters.

So many things can happen in a ball game that luck has to be the final denominator. I made 2880 hits during my stay in the big leagues with the Giants and Cards and there's only one I wish I hadn't got. That was the one that robbed Jess Petty, the slick old Brooklyn southpaw, of a no-hitter one day at the Polo Grounds. It was a high fly ball about fifty feet out in right center. Any one of three men could have caught the ball—the second baseman, center fielder (Continued on Page 55)

Cy Young, one of the few no-hit pitchers in baseball's Hall of Fame. From 1890 to 1911 he won 507 games; three were no-hitters.

October 8, 1956: Don Larsen won fame and a hug from Yogi Berra when he pitched the only perfect game in World Series history.

Milwaukee's Warren Spahn celebrating his no-hit victory over the Giants last April. It was his second no-hitter in seven months.

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"Why, I've got a *dog* who can drink more than you can," he said.

the dog with a hollow leg

a short story by KEN W. PURDY

Man gets up around his sixties," my Uncle Martin said to me, "he ought to cultivate moderation. Shouldn't lose his temper so often. Eat less. Drink less. Particularly drink less. No man getting along for seventy can drink as much as he used to. No man. No dog, either, comes to that."

He held his glass of bourbon to the firelight and squinted through it. I didn't say anything. I wanted to think for a minute before I spoke, lest I be trapped into some outrageous display of ignorance or stupidity or both. I could recognize one of Uncle Martin's gambits when I heard it. He was a tricky old man. I wouldn't say he was a habitual liar, but I suspected that he came pretty close to the edge sometimes.

"I didn't know it was a problem for most dogs," I said cautiously.

"Lots you don't know, boy," Uncle Martin said. "Just for example, what would you think if you went into a man's house on a day he expected company and saw him take a half-full bottle of whisky to the kitchen sink and run water into it right up to the top? You'd think he was a pretty low fellow, wouldn't you? Well, wouldn't you?"

I admitted it.

"You'd be wrong!" Uncle Martin said. "Dead wrong! Fact of the matter is, in the case I'm thinking of, the man was doing a kindly, considerate thing, the act of a gentleman."

"Most people wouldn't think so," I said.

"The snap judgment is the bane of civilization," Uncle Martin said. "Let me tell you about this fella who was watering the whisky."

"Go ahead," I said. "I'd be glad to hear about it."

"Also you can't get *out* of hearing about it," Uncle Martin said. "Sit down and stop wiggling around.

"This is a young fella I'm thinking about," Uncle Martin said. "He might be thirty-five, thirty-six, name of Jerry Brainerd. You don't know him, and how I know him doesn't matter. I went around to see him one night—he had some other people coming too—and when I walked in the back way, there he was like I told you, running water into this whisky.

"Well, I said, 'Beg your pardon,' and tried to look away and back out and pretend I hadn't seen what he was doing, like you would if you saw a man jimmying open a poor box or something. But he was brazen as could be.

"'Hello, Martin,' he says. 'Come on in and have a chair. I'm just fixing up a couple bottles of whisky.'

"'I can see you are,' I said. I suppose I must have sounded a little on the prim side, though I wasn't trying to. But that's a terrible thing to see. Terrible.

(Continued on Page 64)

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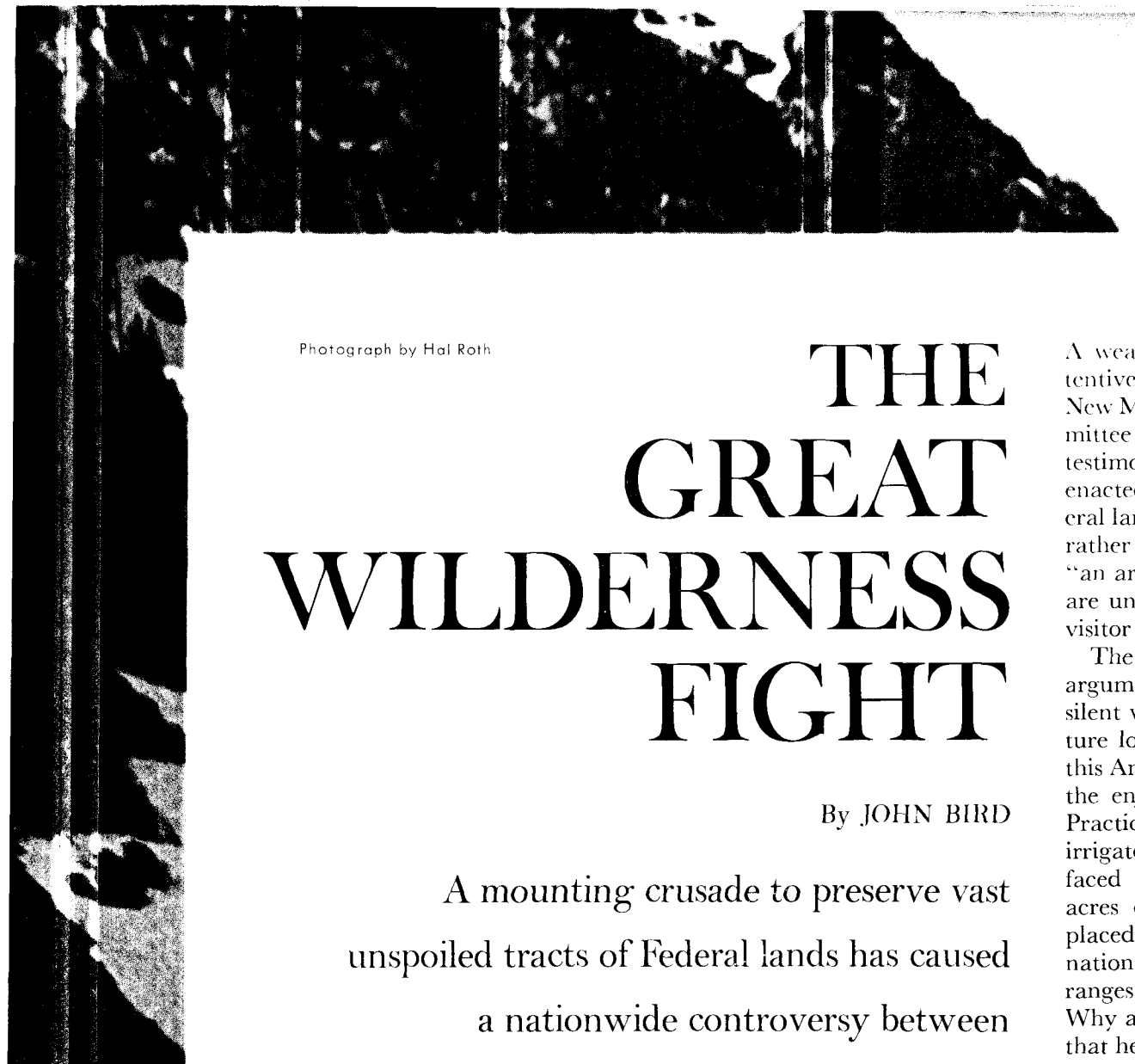

Photograph by Hal Roth

THE GREAT WILDERNESS FIGHT

By JOHN BIRD

A mounting crusade to preserve vast unspoiled tracts of Federal lands has caused a nationwide controversy between fervent conservationists and commercial interests. A *Post* editor reports.

A weathered old Indian was one of the most attentive listeners at a public hearing in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the United States Senate's Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs was gathering testimony. Under discussion was a bill which, if enacted, would permanently set aside certain Federal lands as part of a national wilderness system. In rather poetic language the bill defined wilderness as "an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammeled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain."

The testimony at Albuquerque that day was more argumentative than lyrical. All day the Indian sat silent while a string of witnesses had their say. Nature lovers urged that large, still-wild samples "of this American earth" should be preserved intact for the enjoyment of present and future generations. Practical-minded lumbermen, oil drillers, miners, irrigators and electric-power developers grew red-faced as they pointed out that many millions of acres of publicly owned land already had been placed off limits for commercial exploitation in our national parks, national wildlife refuges and game ranges and in certain parts of our national forests. Why a new law? And one hardy pioneer confessed that he was deeply puzzled by the whole idea. "I've fought the wilderness all my life," he said. "Why try to keep it?"

As the hearing drew toward its close, the old Indian rose and said (Continued on Page 73)

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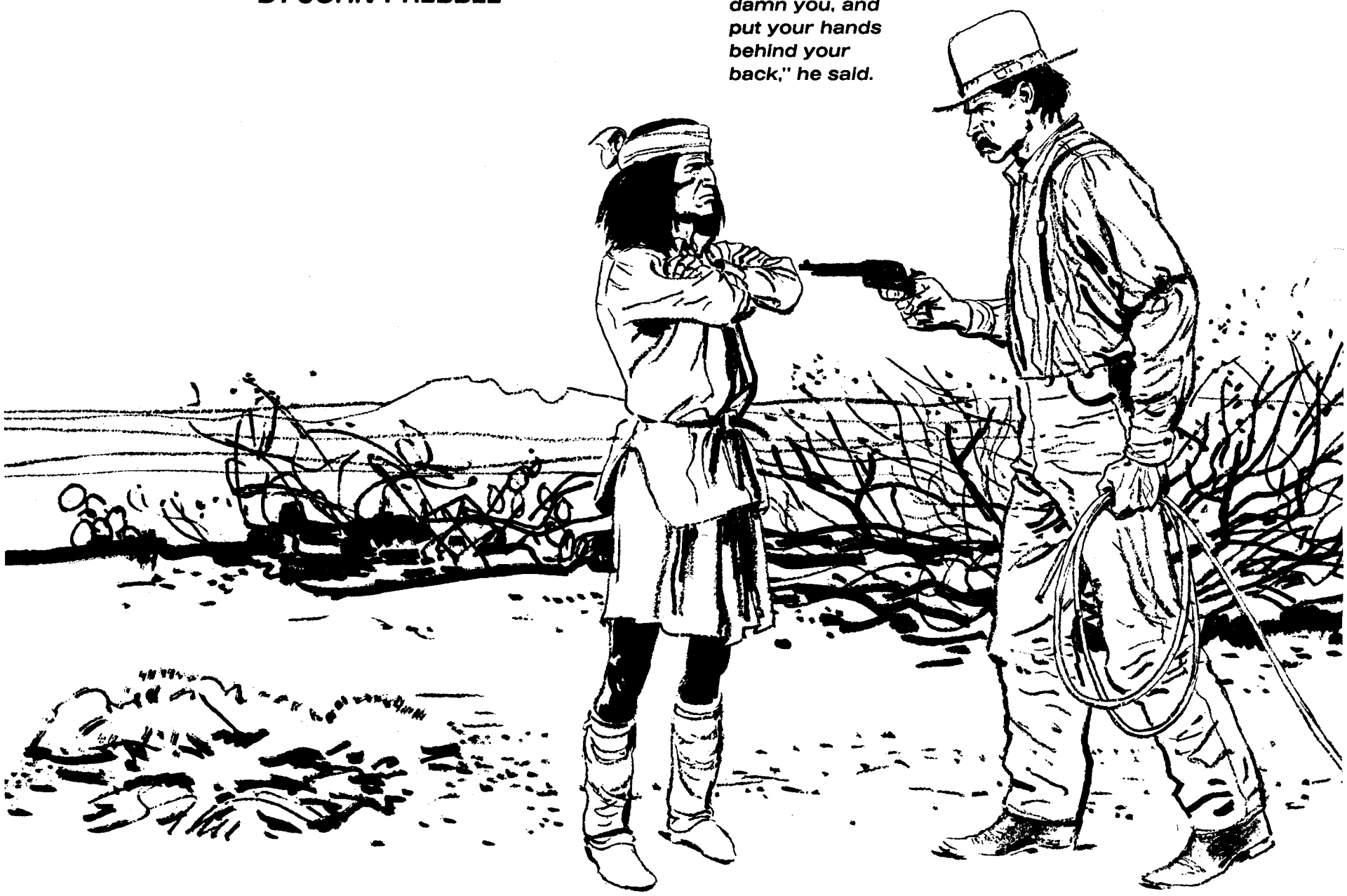
They were bound to have their vengeance, regardless of innocence or guilt.

A TOWN NAMED HATE

BY JOHN PREBBLE

Twelve years had passed since peace had been made with the Apaches. But dust, loneliness, failure and the scorching desert sun kept the hatred of the men of Salt Flats alive. There was Boyd, the saloon owner, whose wife had been slaughtered. And Harvey, the storekeeper, whose son had been butchered. And there were others. Sitting there day after day in the hot, listless, forgotten town, they talked and hated and wondered if the day would ever come when they would finally have their revenge.

The day came. Keno, an old prospector, rode into town and told them that he had seen three Apaches kill rancher Matt Bowyer, his wife and his children.



"Turn around, damn you, and put your hands behind your back," he said.

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At the town meeting that night fifty men and women heard a drunken Boyd shout, "The Book says an eye for an eye. . . ." And they were ready and willing.

But the following morning, only Jason Fletcher, the town constable, Boyd and a traveling salesman rode to the Bowyer ranch. All the others cowered behind drawn curtains. As Boyd's daughter Martha watched the three of them ride off, she wondered if Keno's charges were true.

CONCLUSION

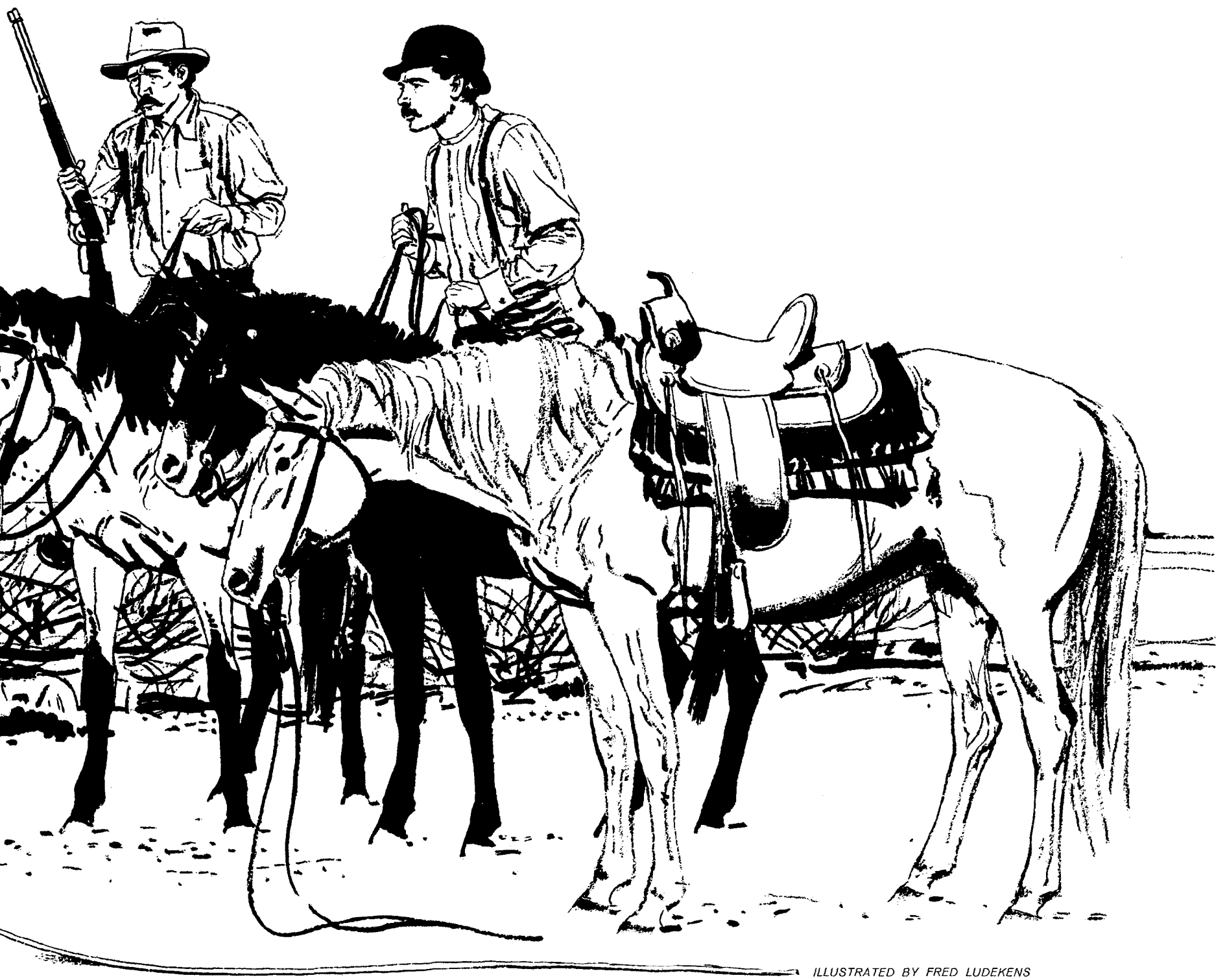
It was a long way to the sheep pastures. First came the desert floor on which Salt Flats stood like a skeleton of sun-whitened wood; then the rise of raddled hills, stippled with viper cactus and Spanish bayonet; and above them, still to come, the high valleys rich with blue-spiked grama grass. The drummer had not known there was such country, nor yet how long it could take a man to cross it. Before noon the loping stride of the mule had galled his thighs and knotted his back with pain. No one spoke; the heat was dry in their mouths. The only time there was talk was when the drummer asked Fletcher how far they had to go. Fletcher looked from the shadow of his hat and smiled a little.

"Twenty, thirty miles—maybe more."

"That far? How close is the Bowyers' place?"

"Twenty, thirty miles—maybe more."

"We won't get back today?" *(Continued on Page 59)*



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

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Post Scripts

Summer Place

The Watts are at their ten-room shack
On salty Buzzards Bay.
Since June the Murphys have enjoyed
Their pseudo-Swiss chalet.

The Angneys, Briggs and Bumps are at
Their breezy lakeside lodges.
The Cooks are at their country house—
So are the Henry Hodges.

We, too, are at our summer place—
We've really had some balls here.
But here's our gripe: We also spend
Our winters, springs and falls here!

ELEANOR S. J. RYDBERG

If You'll Take My Advice, Young Lady. . . .

When he asks if you can cook,
Don't be altogether candid.
Look, you've got him on the hook;
Don't you want to get him landed?

KAY NELSON

My Toddlers

They may not *need* their naps—but, brother,
Does mother!

RUTH CHADWICK

Office Male—on Tape

"Steno, George Hess dictating on file number C-17. . . . Can't read the rest of it—should be written in ink instead of pencil. Anyway, it's the one concerning the people whose name we can never pronounce or spell. Give the usual heading, and state:

Gentlemen: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Regarding your letter of. . . . Seem to be several letters from them here, so get the date from the most recent one. . . . Please be advised that we are in complete accord with your findings, period. Ahhhhhhhhh, new paragraph.

We, ahhhhhhhhh, are arranging. . . *Buzz-z-z-z* Hess speaking. . . . Yeah, C.W.! By gosh, long time no see. . . . Oh, fine, just fine. . . . Yeah, they're fine too. And yours? . . . Good idea, twelve-thirty's O.K. with me. Fine. See you then. . . . Norma, don't let me forget a luncheon date with C.W. today. Now, where were we—ahhhhhhh, new paragraph.

We would like to arrange a meeting with you or, ahhhhhhhhh, a representative of your company—with a capital C—at your earliest convenience. By the way, steno, make carbon copies of this to go to their branch offices. I don't know where they are, somewhere back East. Now, let's see—ahhhhhhhhhh. . . . Hi, Ralph, borrow a smoke? . . . Thanks. Hey, did you hear the one about the monkey who. . . . Oh! Pretty good, huh? Ahhhhhhhhhh, period and paragraph.

We have had several contacts with your client—comma—Mr. . . . You can find the correct spelling on their correspondence to us, not ours to them. . . . Comma—but he is very adamant. No, strike that out and start over after the comma. But he is unwilling to, ahhhhhhhhhhhh—ahhhhhhhhh. What's the word I'm trying to say? Ahhhhhhhhhh—co-operate with us. We would appreciate it if you would contact Mr. Whatchamaycallit and, ahhhhhhhhh, convince him that, ahhhhhhhh, his signature would in no way, ahhhhhhhhhhhh. . . . Gosh, it's ten o'clock. No wonder I'm having a caffeine fit. . . . Let's go. Steno, this is to be continued later —— No, wait a minute! Cancel the whole damn' thing. . . . I can't dictate before coffee!"

KIT FLANNERY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Homeowner's Lament

By the time it's paid for
From attic to basement,
Everything in it
Needs replacement!

PENNY PENNINGTON

"It could be worse. Suppose they had given you *three* weeks?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How to add 15 VEGETABLES to your summer sandwich lunch

Green vegetables! Yellow vegetables! Prize garden-good vegetables. There are fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . all in a wonderful, appetizing broth made from fine lean beef. This is the kind of soup that makes lunch extra-good and nourishing . . . that makes any sandwich a delicious hot meal. This is the kind of soup that helps to balance *any* meal that is "vegetable-poor." Have it often. Have it soon. Like all Campbell's Soups, it's ready to sip and spoon just 4 minutes after you open the Campbell can!

6 ways to help balance "vegetable-poor" meals

1. Campbell's Chicken Gumbo
2. Campbell's Italian-Style Minestrone
3. Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup
4. Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup
5. Campbell's Vegetable Soup
6. Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup

Have you had your soup today? Campbell's (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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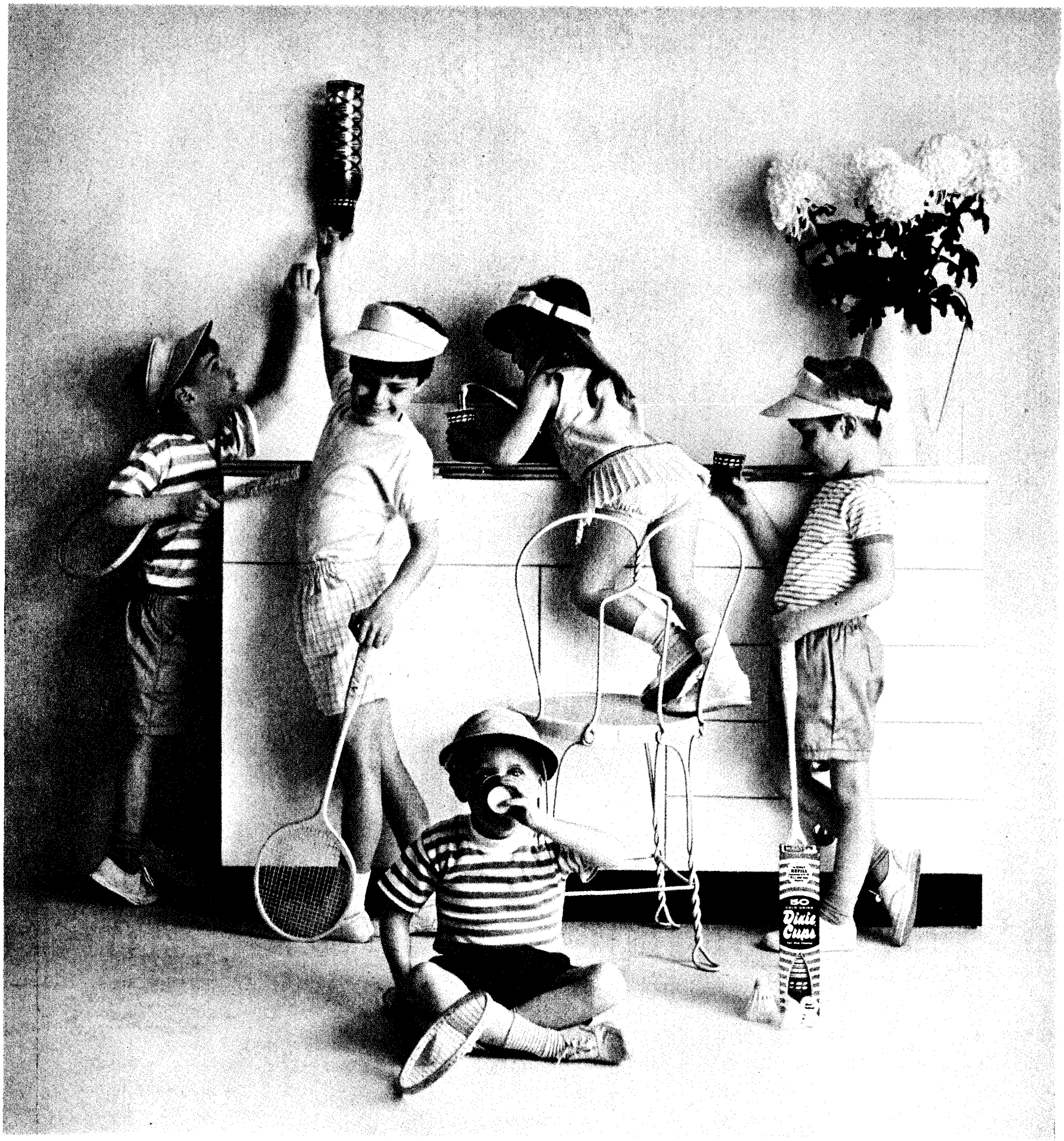

Kids serve themselves; less work for you with a Dixie® Cup Dispenser.

Now your sink doesn't fill up with glasses. Instead of constant dish-washing, you have time for other tasks. And, the children can't catch colds from re-using other kids' glasses. Refills available everywhere.

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The killer had struck once. Who would be his next victim?

passage to danger

BY EDWIN LANHAM

"Pip and I came down here to cruise the Florida Keys with you, Jack, but you've turned an innocent voyage into a dark intrigue. Why?" Scott Chapman, a vacationing New York publisher, and his eight-year-old son were Jack Adams's guests on the yacht *Cormorant* when Jack embarked hulking Bahama Gibson and a wispy Cuban named Pérez. Pérez was smuggling a money-stuffed satchel into Cuba on a secret mission for millionaire rancher Bart Leroy.

Scott's brother Mike, a pilot also working for Leroy, flew Pérez from Key Largo to a Cuban rendezvous which turned into an ambush. A Havana radio broadcast reported Pérez killed and a manhunt under way for Mike.

When the *Cormorant* moored at Vaca Key, Bahama Gibson offered to teach Pip how to skin-dive in a tidal pool. Pip donned the scuba equipment and ducked beneath the water. Suddenly Bahama's huge hands bore him down. The boy panicked and snatched the mouthpiece away. He felt his lungs bursting and knew that he was drowning.

III

Pip was suddenly hoisted high, his head above water, his body bent double over Bahama's powerful forearm as the air tank was wrenched from his shoulders. Then Bahama's big hand beat his back below the shoulder blades, and Bahama's anxious voice said, "Hey now, Pip, what's the matter? O.K., Pip? O.K.?"

The boy coughed and gasped for air and spat out water and phlegm and at last drew a quivering breath into his lungs, then coughed violently again. His eyes were watering, and his nose was running, and he thought of the blowfish he had caught in Caesar Creek that had puffed itself up so incredibly oversize. He felt puffed and swollen, too, but he was breathing now.

© 1961 by Edwin Lanham

Bahama carried him to the beach and set him on his feet. "What's the matter, Pip—you panic? I saw you jerk the mouthpiece out."

Pip backed away, feeling weak in his arms and legs. He gasped, "I couldn't breathe."

"You panicked, boy," Bahama said. "See, the regulator valve is working O.K. See, I get air."

"No, it didn't work," Pip said. His heart still pounded with fear, and he moved back and sat on a low stone retaining wall.

"You gave me one big scare, Pip," Bahama said. "All of a sudden I saw your face under water and your mouth open and no air hose, and I was scared. I pulled you out quick. You O.K. now?"

Pip nodded. He still breathed gaspingly and he felt too weak in the knees to stand up.

"Maybe that outlet valve stuck," Bahama said. "That could be it, sure. This here tank rolled around plenty coming down from Lauderdale, I bet, and put that valve on the fritz. That *Crown and Anchor*, she rolls like a barrel."

"You were holding me down there," Pip said in a voice that held a childish note of injury. "I couldn't get loose."

"Sure I held you down. You got no weight belt, Pip, that's why. I felt you kick and I thought you was kicking to get down, so I pushed you some more. I'm sorry, shipmate."

A voice called, "Is anything wrong?" and Pip looked up and saw Barbara Hopkins standing by the huge anchor, under a palmetto. She wore shorts and a yeoman's jacket and carried her camera in its case. A long-visored swordfisherman's cap shaded her face, but Pip saw the anxious expression of her eyes and managed a brave, wan smile.

"We had a little trouble," Bahama said, with a grin like a ripe tomato. "Pip said he wasn't getting no air. It happens like that sometimes, miss. People get so they can't breathe at all. Or maybe it was this valve stuck."

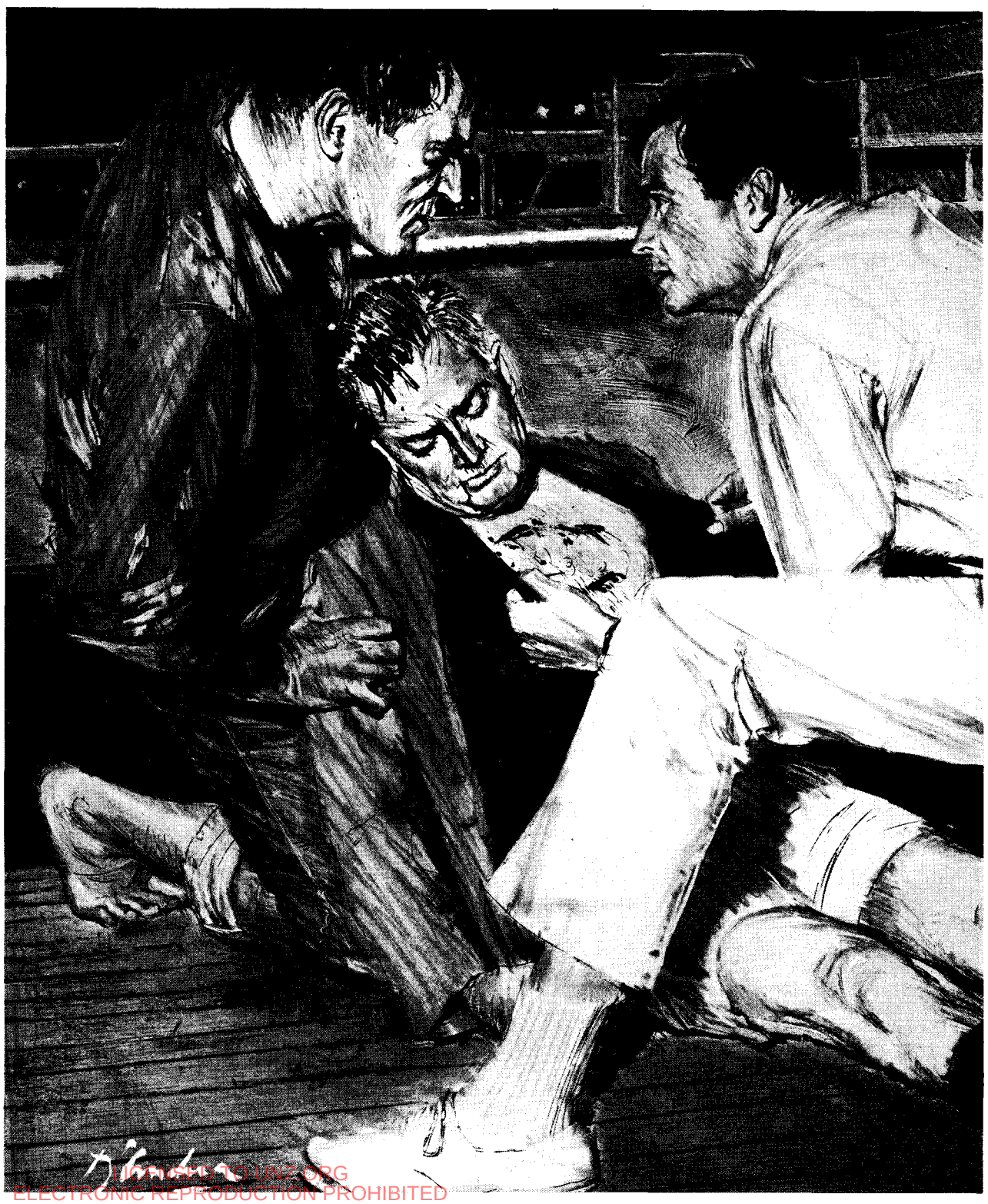
Barbara looked down at Pip's pale face and watery, pink-rimmed eyes, then jumped down to the beach and put an arm around him. "Darling, are you all right?"

"He just swallowed a little water," Bahama said. "He got panicky and yanked his mouthpiece out."

"I think you'd better go aboard and lie down, Pip," Barbara said gently. "I'll bet you feel awful."

"Better if he tries again," Bahama said, "then he won't be scared next time. . . . What do you say, Pip?" (Continued on Page 38)

"He's been stabbed," Scott said. "I think he's dead."



HATHITRUST.ORG
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"I say no," Barbara said with a crisp protectiveness that admitted no arguments. "He's just a little boy. He doesn't have to prove anything to you or me or himself or anybody else."

She put out her hand, and Pip grasped it, clung to it as they climbed the sloping bank. Barbara squeezed Pip's hand and asked, "Is your father aboard?"

"Please don't tell him," Pip said. "He'd think I was a crybaby."

"You weren't a crybaby," Barbara said firmly. "It was a perfectly natural reaction. You're a boy, not a fish."

"It was because Mr. Bahama held me down that I got so scared," Pip said.

"Held you down?" Barbara stopped and faced Bahama.

"Because he didn't have no weight belt, miss," Bahama said. He fell in step beside Pip as they started on again, then said, "I better go with you and get my gear off that boat, Pip."

Pip looked up. "Are you leaving, Mr. Bahama?"

"Sure," Bahama said. "Cruise is over for me. I go home."

"Where do you live?"

"I got a room in the house of my cousin in Key West where I stay," Bahama said. "But I don't stay much, Pip. Wintertime I go out as mate of a fishing boat here on Vaca Key. Summertime I go to the Bahamas or, used to be, Havana. Summer is the best time to fish for them Cuban black marlin."

"Then I guess we won't see you any more," Pip said, with an odd note in his voice that was half anxiety, half regret.

"Oh, sure, you'll see me, Pip. Don't you worry."

Sam Edwards, the captain of the *Crown & Anchor*, was walking on the dock near the *Cormorant*, a stocky man with graying hair and wary eyes in a set, unsmiling face. He touched his cap and asked, "Any luck today, Miss Hopkins?"

"No, it wasn't our day."

"That's too bad. Mr. Leroy don't like to get skunked." The captain gave Bahama a cold look. "Did Mr. Leroy say you could use that scuba kit?"

"Did Mr. Leroy tell you to check up on me?" Bahama said. "You run your boat, Sam; don't you try and run me."

Jack Adams had gone ashore, and Scott was sitting on the bridge deck with Pip's transistor radio in his hand when he saw Barbara. He got quickly to his feet and met her as she stepped aboard amidships. She waited until Pip and Bahama had gone into the deckhouse before she said in a low voice, "We heard the radio report out there. I had no idea Mike was off on such a reckless adventure."

"I'm trying to get a news broadcast."

As he thumbed the dial, Bahama's voice came up to them from below, where he was saying to Pip, "That Cap'n Edwards, he don't like me much, Pip. I know him too long a time. Many years ago he used to chase me, shoot his guns and make a big noise."

"He shot guns at you?" Pip's incredulous voice said.

"He was in the Coast Guard, Pip," Bahama said. "He had command of a patrol boat out of Key West. Oh, that was a long time ago. But Spanish Inez, she had it fixed up with him. He never caught no boat of hers, you bet. That's why they threw him out."

Scott had tuned in a news program, but it was national news. He met Barbara's gray eyes as he listened, a long, anxious exchange, but neither spoke. Below, Bahama was saying, "After that, he run rum, too, like me." He came on deck, carrying a small seabag, half full, on his shoulder, and the scuba kit in one hand.

A voice on the radio was saying: "More about the plane shot down in Cuba this morning. Havana authorities say it was piloted by an American adventurer named Max Chaplin, but he has not been captured, and there is no verification that an American flew the plane. His companion, Captain Pérez, who was shot and killed, was a Cuban active in counterrevolutionary activities."

Scott said grimly, "I wonder where they got that name."

"They don't have it right, at least," Barbara said. "If they knew he was Bart Leroy's private pilot, they'd make big propaganda out of it."

"Where is Leroy?"

"He and Carl stopped at the dockmaster's office to make a telephone call."

He met her eyes. "Tell me, does he know you lied to him about that night in Fort Lauderdale?"

She shrugged. "I doubt it."

"There was an ambush waiting for Mike in Cuba. That means somebody informed. Somebody betrayed him."

"And you think ——" she began incredulously, then shook her head firmly. "Oh, no, that's out of the question. Just because Mike was out one night with Flora and they had a couple of drinks? Bart isn't a fiend, Scott."

"He operates in secret and sinister ways," Scott said. "It would be in character to get revenge this way."

"Control yourself, please," she said. "Here he comes."

Bart Leroy was approaching with Carl Norwood, both wearing shorts and sneakers, and Leroy a huge straw hat that shaded all his face. His eyes looked dark and shining and were fixed on Scott's face as Scott stepped up to the dock.

Leroy said at once, "I feel like hell about this, Mr. Chapman. I never thought there would be any real risk in this trip." He put his hand on Scott's elbow, and his fingers pressed sympathetically. "Planes have been hopping in and out of there for a long time, you know, and damned few have been caught."

"But this trip was different," Scott said. "There were soldiers waiting. They were tipped off."

"Yes, there was obviously a leak," Leroy said.

"But who knew about the flight except you and Bahama and Jack?" Scott said and nodded toward Carl Norwood. "And you."

"And the fellow in Cuba," Carl said.

"They gave out the name of the pilot in Havana as Max Chaplin," Scott said. "Where did they get any name at all? Max Chaplin is the kind of garbling that could have resulted from telephoned information, it seems to me."

"I agree," Bart Leroy said. "But my aim in life has always been to go ahead. The damage is done, so let's not get sidetracked on the question of whys and wherefores." He showed an unexpected smile, boyish and apologetic. "Barbara gave me quite a lecture this morning, and I'm standing here to say that I'm sorry if I've given you any cause for resentment. I behaved impetuously and I'm sorry."

Scott glanced at Barbara, who gave him an unsmiling wink.

"I think we should bury the hatchet," Leroy said. "The important thing is to get that boy out of Cuba, so let's concentrate on that. The one contact we have is the man who was to meet Pérez in his car, and Bahama says he's a man we can trust."

Now that he stood face to face with Bart Leroy and heard his assured voice, Scott had become unsure. The magnetism of the man was such that he dissipated doubts, but Scott reminded himself that Barbara had said Leroy had a smile to charm snakes.

"This is my thinking on it," Leroy said. "The man was supposed to be waiting there on the highway, but he must have spotted the ambush and driven on a mile or so, where he tried to warn off the plane. There's just an outside chance that he picked Mike up. How else could the boy disappear so completely? Why haven't they caught him?"

"That makes good sense," Carl Norwood said. "I think there's every reason to hope, Mr. Chapman."

Bart Leroy gave his nephew an impatient glance and went on, "It's fairly open country thereabouts—a little scrub growth and palm trees, but no real cover. I don't see how else Mike could have got clean away. So it's up to Bahama Gibson. He set the meeting up. He knows that fellow in Cuba, and we'll hope to get word through him. Bahama has a cousin in Key West who does business with a Havana firm, and that's our contact. A routine call will come from that firm, but they have a prearranged code. It will be easy to pass on the information."

"And then what?"

"I have a plan," Leroy said. "I'm trying to get a call through to Havana. Where is that fat scoundrel?"

"Bahama? He went aboard your yacht."

"Well, I want him to get down to Key West right away. . . . Come on, Carl."

Bart Leroy nodded and walked on. In the oversized straw sombrero, he cast a shadow like a noxious toadstool, Scott thought, but he tried to dispel his suspicions. Without Bart Leroy he would have no hope at all.

"Coming, Barb?" Carl Norwood asked.

"No, I want a word with Mr. Chapman."

"See you aboard, then," he said and trotted to catch up with his uncle.

Pip appeared in the cockpit and called, "Dad, I'm too hungry to just lie down. When do we eat?"

"Right now," Scott said.

"Is Barb coming too?"

Scott smiled. "I wish she would."

Barbara glanced toward the Leroy yacht, hesitated, then smiled at Pip and said, "I'd love it, but I have to change first."

As they walked on toward the *Crown & Anchor*, Scott took her elbow and said in a low voice, "There's only Jack and Bahama and Carl Norwood and Bart Leroy. Nobody else knew."

"You can't keep a secret aboard a yacht," she said. "Don't you think the steward listens in on everything? And he's a Cuban. Who knows where his political sympathies lie? Also there's Captain Edwards and the cook and a couple of deck hands. Probably the crew's quarters was buzzing with gossip about this flight, and the news leaked out to somebody who was favorable to the government in Cuba."

"Yes, that's possible," he said.

"And also, Flora wasn't involved with your brother," she said. "I know that for a fact."

"I didn't think she was," Scott said. "But the question is what did Bart Leroy think?"

"Mike just isn't a guy you take very seriously," she said. "He's sociable and good fun, but he's not the kind women pick for a mad affair, now is he? He's so open and honest—he'd give it away."

"I wouldn't know about that," he said.

"Well, neither would I," she said and grinned at him. "Except by instinct. And another thing, to dispose of it once and for all—if Flora were going to make a complete fool of herself, it wouldn't be over Mike. It would be over somebody like Jack Adams. After all, she knew him even before she married Bart."

"But wait a minute," he said. "Just a couple of days ago in Lauderdale you told me I ought to warn Mike to watch his step. You thought then he was involved with Flora."

"I know different now," she said. "Just take my word for it."

She went quickly up the gangplank, and as Scott waited on the dock, Carl Norwood opened a mahogany door on the promenade deck and beckoned to him. Scott went aboard, and at the door Bart Leroy's voice called, "Please come in, Mr. Chapman."

The door opened from the promenade deck into the main saloon of the yacht, a large rectangular cabin elaborately furnished and decorated with several of Flora Leroy's paintings fearlessly competing with an original Winslow Homer water color of tropical sand and water. Bart Leroy sat on a sofa, still in his shorts and sneakers, and in a (*Continued on Page 40*)

"Well, that's getting off to a swell start!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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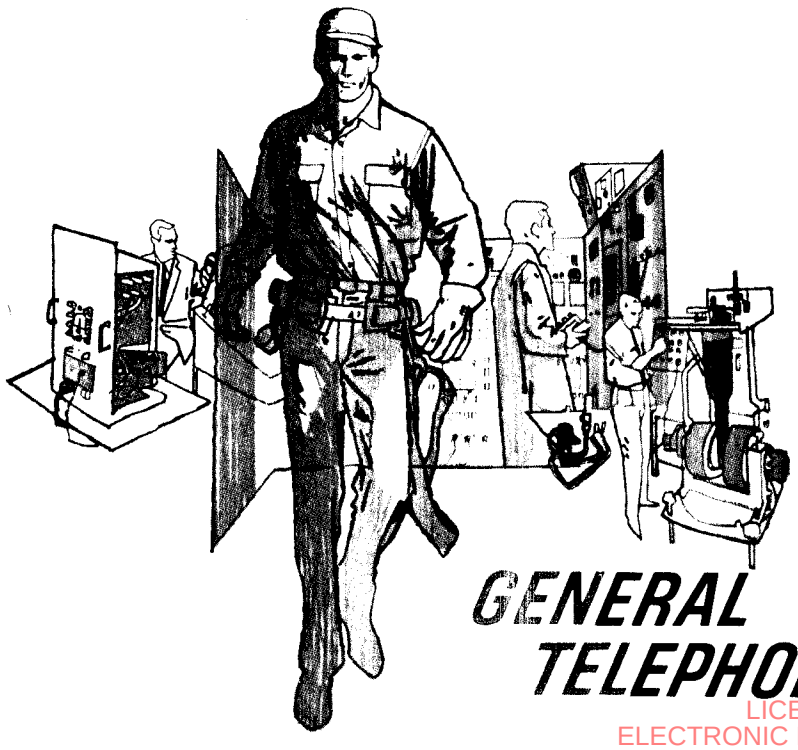
For details on industrial and research sites in Southern California, write Industrial Development Department, General Telephone Co. of Calif., Santa Monica, Calif.

Making science feel at home in California



On the Palos Verdes peninsula, in Southern California, Gen Tel is contributing to the development of "the perfect place to think."

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(*Continued from Page 38*) chair nearby Flora sat with her legs crossed, one foot swinging with the lashing rhythm of a cat's tail in anger. Her face looked flushed and moist, and there was a Martini in her hand.

"We were just talking about Mike, Mr. Chapman," she said. "I've been in tears about it. I think it was terrible of Bart to send him over there."

"I thank God he's still alive, and not shot down like Pérez," Scott said.

"I thought the flight would be routine," Leroy said. "Believe me, I'm as stunned by this as you are."

"I just wish you wouldn't mix in politics over there," Flora said. "Those Latins are so turbulent. I never could understand them, except their music."

"He wasn't mixing in politics, Flora," Carl Norwood said reprovingly. "Actually he was making a fine, grand gesture—trying to save a man's life."

"And jeopardizing two lives," Flora said. "Was it worth it?"

"They knew the risks they were taking," Leroy said. "And they knew the reason. They were all for it, both of them. I think Mr. Chapman is aware that no pressure was needed or intended. Mike has a great love of adventure."

The steward brought another glass for Scott, but he shook his head and waited until José had gone again, waited and watched him out of sight. Flora said, with a nervous, tinkling laugh, "Please don't look at poor José like that. He didn't do it. Anybody who can make a Martini like José is an angel in every way. And he's been with Bart for . . . how long is it, darling?"

"He came to work for me when he was eighteen—the son of one of my hands in Cuba," Bart said. "That was seven years ago. I trust José completely."

"But politics is a powerful force," Scott said. "And this is revolution in Cuba. I think we must examine all possible motives and get to the bottom of this."

"Please, let's talk about something else," Flora said. "This is just too hard on everybody, and it gets us nowhere. . . . Mr. Chapman, please have just one Martini. It will buck you up, believe me."

Scott was tense in every muscle and he felt a bitter resentment toward this shallow, egotistical woman who wrote bad books and painted mediocre pictures and drank too much and thought, apparently, only of herself. "My son is waiting for his lunch," he said. "I'd better go."

"Bahama is on his way to Key West," Bart Leroy said. "We should hear by evening surely."

"That fat Conch can't even bait a hook properly," Flora said slurringly. "I don't understand why you place any confidence in a creature like that."

"He's a shrewd and resourceful man," Bart said. "Also, he knows Cuba."

"Yes, the dregs of it," she said. "Oh, I know the places he used to take you in the old days in Havana. Personally I wouldn't trust him from here to the Fanny Keys out there." She swept one hand toward the two small islands close inshore.

"He's our one hope right now," Scott said. "We've no choice but to trust him."

"Oh," Flora said and added in a changed voice, "of course. Well, probably in this situation he's just the man you need."

Scott turned abruptly away, but as he stepped out onto the promenade deck, he heard quick steps behind him. Flora caught his arm, and her eyes met his contritely. "Oh, please understand," she said. "I really adore that brother of yours. He's just a wonderful guy, and I know he'll come home safe."

"He must, Mrs. Leroy," Scott said and gently disengaged himself, seeing Barbara waiting at the gangplank.

Barbara had changed into a pale blue dress and wore a straw gondolier's hat pushed up from her forehead; it made her look quite young and innocent, except for the mature directness of her gaze, the pensive and sympathetic set of her lips. There was something receptive in her nature that made Scott want to unburden himself, and he said as they walked along the pier, "That sister of yours puzzles me. She blows hot and cold, and nothing seems to touch her deeply."

She made a groaning noise and said, "Now, look, I don't want to disappoint Pip, but if you're going to keep on probing like this, let's call the whole thing off."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was only thinking that you were right—she doesn't seem to give a damn about Mike one way or the other."

"My sister has troubles enough of her own," she said. "Try a little understanding instead of all this probing analysis. Flora is a miserably unhappy woman, and that's the main reason I'm down here—to cheer her up. I'm trying to get her to go back north—take a vacation from Bart and this empty, frustrated life she leads down here." She waved her hand as Pip came to meet them. "Are we going to have a pleasant lunch, with no more probing?"

"All right," he said.

"Then come on," she said and called cheerfully to Pip, "I know where we can get some terrific lime pie."

Nothing makes the younger generation settle down faster than a still younger generation showing up.

DAN BENNETT

They walked a path among palm trees to the main street of the town, which was a wide stretch of the Overseas Highway lined with motels and restaurants. Barbara led them past a lime tree in fruit to the door of a restaurant where, she said, she had dined the night before with Carl Norwood, and they sat by a window, looking out over the water.

Barbara and Pip carried on an animated conversation. Scott had rarely known Pip to be so voluble, and with him Barbara was companionable and gay. Pip discovered that she knew all about the Knight Day School because she had photographed a boy who went there. She could not remember his name, but gave a thumbnail sketch of his character and appearance that delighted Pip, who said the boy was named Binx Burns and was a class ahead of him.

"You sure know Binx," he said admiringly.

"I spent a lot of time with him, Pip," she said. "I always try to get my subjects to talk their heads off."

Scott said, "I can see you have a way with them. Ever thought of making up a book on kids?"

"You mean that cute-caption type of thing?" she said. "No, I like my kids to stand on their own, as people. Why?"

"Well, I'm a publisher," he said.

"You turned down Flora's book," she said. "It would be murder if you brought out something of mine."

"She's jealous?"

"She's the older sister," Barbara said and smiled. "But maybe I'm the jealous one. Flora could draw and paint, and I couldn't, so I got myself a little magic box and I've been happy ever since."

"How long ago was that?"

"Oh, years and years. When I was twelve or so I had my darkroom and I spent every penny of my allowance and my baby-sitting money on equipment. And now I have everything I want. Nothing elaborate, of course. I don't ever want to do work on a wholesale scale. I shoot the kids in their homes, usually, and I give hours to each job."

Scott smiled. "All I was working up to was will we see you in New York?"

"Yes, Barb, how about it?" Pip said.

"Sure you'll see me, Pip," she said. "All you have to do is dial my number."

"And you'll be there?" Scott asked.

"Be there?" She looked surprised. "Of course." She inspected his face. "Oh, I see, somebody has been talking."

"Well, I did hear rumors."

She frowned and said crossly, "I'm getting very tired of Bart." She turned abruptly to Pip. "Finished your lunch, honey? Maybe we'd better go."

They walked back to the marina. Jack was aboard, hosing down the decks with fresh water, and after Barbara had gone on to the *Crown & Anchor*, Scott sent Pip below for his nap. Jack stowed the hose in the lazaret in the cockpit and joined Scott on the bridge deck. They sat together in the shade of the canopy. All seemed quiet aboard the Leroy yacht, and Scott felt nervous and irritable.

"Those are complex people aboard that yacht," Scott said. "I feel an atmosphere there that gags my throat. You've known them a long time, of course, particularly Flora. What makes them tick?"

"Flora isn't really complex," Jack said. "She's a friendly, outgiving girl by nature. I met her several years ago back in New York when she was doing some free-lance work for an agency where I had a job. She wanted desperately to be a painter then, but the poor girl is one of those with a pound of ambition and an ounce of talent."

"You knew her well?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"And then Bart Leroy came along?"

Jack showed a profile that was all angles, sharp and set. "Yes, he was visiting in New York and met her at some party. Flora knew a lot of important people in New York—ravishing blondes generally do."

"So that's how you happened to know Leroy—through her?"

"One day she flashed his ring," Jack said. "I'll admit it hit me between the eyes. There's no use hiding it. Here I am, thirty years old and not married yet. Now you know the reason."

"And when you came to Florida, here they were?" Scott asked.

Jack showed a quick, forced smile. "I'm planning to clear out of here after this cruise. I think I'll head north up the waterway and find a base on Long Island Sound, get busy at something up there."

"It's tough," Scott said. "I'm sorry."

"You don't know how tough," Jack said. "But maybe you do, at that. It's the same situation with Barbara, I guess."

"She's a nice, refreshing kid," Scott said. "But as you said, I'm too late on the scene. I'm thirty and I have an eight-year-old kid."

"But she's crazy about Pip," Jack said. "She'd be wonderful for him."

Scott nodded. "She would, indeed."

"You know," Jack said softly, "if you got that girl out of that situation, Flora would be grateful."

"She doesn't care for Carl?"

"It isn't Carl so much—it's Bart. She'd just as soon keep Barbara out of his orbit. Carl is a nice-enough guy for a yes man, but he's not exactly a tower of strength. He brings out the maternal in women." He nodded toward the *Crown & Anchor*. "Here he comes now."

Carl Norwood was approaching briskly along the pier. From nearby he lifted one hand in a quick, imperious gesture and said, "I have news for you guys."

He jumped nimbly aboard, the sun bright on his tanned, oval face, his intense eyes shadowed. "Bart got that call through to Havana, and it's all set, once we hear from Bahama Gibson," he said. "Bart talked to a good friend of his friend in Cuba, a yachtsman and fisherman he can rely on. He has a fast sports fisherman berthed in Kawama Lagoon, near Varadero Beach. Do you know that area, Mr. Chapman?"

Scott shook his head. "I've never been to Cuba."

"It's about sixty miles from Havana and not far from where Mike cracked up," Carl said. "If Mike can be put aboard that boat, we can get him out. It's our one chance, with the police watching the airports and the steamships. Bart talked to his friend and told him he had a big blue marlin on today and lost him. He said he wanted that fish real bad and he was planning to try again just west of Cay Sal Bank to see if he could pick him up. He told the guy he'd send word when he was going out. That *Habanero*'s boat makes thirty-two knots, and with the Gulf Stream in his favor he can run out there in a couple of hours. You and Jack can meet him there off Cay Sal Bank."

"But how will Mike get in touch?" Scott asked.

"When that call comes through from Cuba—once we hear word about Mike—the rest will be easy," Carl said. "He'll be put aboard that boat, don't worry."

"Then we'd better top off the gas tanks," Jack said. "We'll be ready, Carl."

They slipped the lines and eased the *Cormorant* down to the fuel dock, where both tanks were filled. Beside the dockmaster's office there was a telephone booth in the open, and Scott counted up his change. Bart Leroy had apologized and implied that he had abandoned his threatened plan to buy into Smith and Chapman, but Scott did not trust the man. Also, there was an unresolved issue between himself and Tom Smith. Tom had dodged his telephone call yesterday, and Scott was deeply disappointed.

He put through a call to Smith and Chapman in New York, and when Tom Smith came on, his cheerful voice held no restraints as he cried, "Say, Scott, I've been trying to get hold of you. I called Lauderdale. I had the marine operator trying to raise you on ship-to-shore. My secretary said you called me."

"To ask if you got a call from Bart Leroy," Scott said.

"Oh, you know about that? Yes, I had a call from a Miami lawyer named Bradley. I thought he was some crackpot at first, but he said he was acting for Mr. Bart Leroy—like he was the right-hand man of Jove—and he offered me a small fortune for my shares. So I looked Leroy up and found he's really loaded. But what goes on? What's his big interest in our little firm?"

"What did you tell him, Tom?"

"I told him I'd have to talk it over with you, of course, and you know what he did? He called back in an hour and said he wanted an immediate decision and he upped the ante." Tom gave a soft, embarrassed laugh. "I'll admit I was tempted and I took a little walk in the park, but I called him back last night and told him no soap. No amount of money would buy me another partner like you, Scott, and I told him that."

"Tom, that makes me feel pretty good," Scott said.

"We've got what we both want, I figure," Tom said emotionally. "What the hell is money compared to that?"

Scott was grinning as he stepped out of the telephone (*Continued on Page 44*)

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(*Continued from Page 40*) booth and helped Jack take the *Cormorant* back to her berth. Tom's reassurances had relieved his tension somewhat, but only for the length of a grin. The problem of Mike still oppressed him, and his nerves were on edge as the hours of the afternoon dragged on and no word came.

Scott went swimming with Pip after the boy's nap, and he was perched on a small float anchored in the middle of the pond when he saw bright yellow in the sunlight as Barbara came from the *Crown & Anchor*. She swam with a brisk flutter kick out to the float. As she pulled herself up beside Scott, he asked, "Any news?"

"Not yet. Bart and Carl are standing by, waiting for that call. Bart seems very optimistic, though. Every hour that passes improves the odds, he says."

Scott nodded glumly and watched Pip climb over the embankment and down to the shore of the bay, looking for shells. Barbara was kicking her heels in the water, her tanned legs wet and shining.

"You're getting a real Florida tan," he said. "How long have you been here?"

"I came for just a week, but it's been nearly two so far."

"How long are you staying on?"

"Until I get this thing settled," she said.

"Well, that's up to you, isn't it?"

"Up to me?" She turned her head in surprise. "No, it's up to Flora. I can't get her to say yes or no. She's afraid Bart would be angry if she went away even for a week."

"Oh, I misunderstood," Scott said.

"You know something," she said. "You're probing again."

"Sorry," he said.

"Why don't you just ask me straight out?" she said.

"All right. Are you planning to marry Carl Norwood?"

"I don't know," she said.

Scott laughed softly.

"You don't like Carl, do you?" she asked.

"I hardly know him."

"What you see is a careful, efficient and rather servile young man," she said. "Right?"

"I hadn't really thought about it," he said.

"But what you should see is tragedy," she said. "Carl wanted to be a doctor. He was in premed school, but Bart lured him away. That's his specialty—molding people into something they never wanted to be. I think it's a tragic thing to lose your sense of mission, and Carl had it, he really did. I mean what is it that makes your life worth while? Not just money or luxury. Poor Carl gives the impression of being well adjusted, but of course he's not. Maybe he even fools himself. I suppose when you've made a bad mistake, you hide it from yourself."

"What mistake?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Going to work for Bart, of course."

Scott nodded. "I imagine it would have been hard to say no."

"Yes, he was awed and impressed and, of course, he jumped at the chance. Even now Bart shines like a big sun for Carl, but all he has ever had from Bart is promises and a private secretary's salary—no big opportunities, not even responsibilities. Think what it does to a man to squirm under a very big thumb every day of his life."

"But as you said, he seems well adjusted," Scott said.

"He doesn't show what he feels," she said. "He keeps up a good front."

"What do you want him to do—chuck the whole thing?"

"I want him to find himself, that's all," she said. "Poor guy, he's trapped. It all started when he was just a boy and spent his summers on Bart's fabulous Crown Ranch. Naturally all that turned his head, and even now he doesn't know—he still can't see it—that the situation won't change, that all Bart wants is to control people."

She broke off, gave him a quick glance and kicked her heels again, splashing water. After a moment, he asked gently, "How does it stand now? Are you two engaged?"

"How could we be?" she said. "I mean, if we were, would I be talking like this?"

"I don't know. You're very direct, I think—very open in your thoughts and actions."

"Is that bad?"

"I think it's very, very good," he said.

"I've heard of people who went to medical school even in their forties," she said. "It's not too late. But maybe he wouldn't want to go through that grind now. I think it's beastly the way Bart warps people." She slid suddenly into the water and flipped over and swam a few strokes, then turned on her back and called, "Any more questions?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you think you can lick Bart Leroy all by yourself?"

"Maybe not," she said, "but I'm like you. I don't grovel."

She swam on to the beach and picked up her towel. Watching her walk on toward the *Crown & Anchor*, he thought that if she really loved Carl Norwood, she would go ahead and marry him, sink or swim. And if she did, Bart Leroy would break her spirit too—not all at once, but with his technique of attrition. Leroy was like a witch doctor who lined his walls with shrunken heads, Scott thought, and he felt a sense of determination. He would not stand by and let her marry into that chamber of horrors aboard the *Crown & Anchor*. Not if he could help it.

He called to Pip, and they went aboard to shower and change. Later they sat in the cockpit as evening came on, and twice before dinner Jack inquired aboard the *Crown & Anchor*, but no word had come from Key West. They ate aboard, and Pip insisted on washing the dishes unaided afterward; and in the dusk they were all in the cockpit when Carl Norwood came from the Leroy yacht with Barbara on one arm and Flora on the other. They paused on the dock, and Flora called, "We thought we'd go listen to some good jazz. Any candidates? It might cheer us up."

Jack glanced at Scott, who nodded and said, "You go, Jack. I'll stand by here in case word comes."

"If it does come, Bart will send word to us," Flora said.

"But we don't want to leave you alone, Scott," Barbara said. "That isn't right."

"Pip and I have a lot to talk about," he said. "Go ahead. Have fun."

After they had gone, Scott sat in the cockpit with Pip, and they watched the darkness come and the starry night. Scott tried to make up for two days of neglect, and they talked long and sharingly about Florida and boats and fishing and about Bahama Gibson, and Pip said, "I guess Mr. Bahama has gone away for good, hasn't he?"

"No, we'll be seeing him again."

"On the boat?"

"No, he won't be cruising with us."

"That's good," Pip said.

"Say, I thought you liked him."

"I guess I like him all right," Pip said, watching his father's face in the glow of light from the stateroom behind them. "But, dad, if he comes around again I wish you'd kind of stick around more."

"Hey, what's this?" Scott said. "You sound as if you're scared of him. Has he done anything, said anything?"

"No, I guess not, really," Pip said. "I mean it's all my fault, I guess."

A voice called from the dock, "Anybody aboard?"

Standing up, Scott saw the glint of light on horn-rimmed glasses, saw a short, round-faced man with a narrow-brimmed straw hat pushed back on his head. "I'm looking for a man named Chapman," the man said. "I asked aboard the Leroy yacht, and a fellow sent me over here."

"My name is Chapman," Scott said and stepped up on the dock.

"I'm a private investigator, Mr. Chapman, and I was checking something out. You were at Key Largo last night, I understand, and then you came back here this morning?"

"Yes," Scott said. "Why?"

The man smiled. "I guess you didn't happen to make a quick detour to Cuba."

"I've never been to Cuba in my life," Scott said, aware now that the man had mistaken him for Mike. "Why are you interested?"

"I've been checking the airports and I found you put down at Key Largo last night," the detective said. "I work out of Miami and I do jobs for a registered agent of the Cuban Government. I've been working on what happened over near Matanzas this morning. They shot down a plane and killed one guy, but the other got away. The point is, that plane burned up, and we don't know what the were carrying. We knew it was heade over there and we want to know why."

"How did you know it was headed there?"

"Our client got a telephone call, and the reason I came to see you was the name he got was Max Chaplin. That's pretty close to your name, so I checked. Max Chaplin—Mike Chapman, you see. And you had put down at Key Largo, took off at dawn. We haven't been able to get a line on any Max Chaplin, and neither has the Border Patrol."

"Sorry I can't help," Scott said.

"It's kind of a puzzling case," the detective said. "The guy they shot was carrying a padlocked bag, and when they opened it up, they found it was empty."

"Empty!" Scott said.

"Not exactly empty, no. There was a Miami telephone directory in it."

Scott backed away and leaned against a pile. The flush of emotion he felt left him suddenly dripping with sweat. Bart had sent no money. He had sent an empty suitcase. That explained why the key had not worked; Bart had not wanted that suitcase opened by anyone. He had known the soldiers would be waiting and he had sent no money into ambush. Two human lives, yes, but not his fifty thousand pesos.

"I tried to see Mr. Leroy, but they wouldn't let me aboard," the detective said. "And by the way, where is that plane you had at Key Largo? I checked the airport here and no record of it. It took off yesterday and it never returned. That's why I figured it was the plane downed over in Cuba."

"It was needed up at Mr. Leroy's Crown Ranch," Scott said. "They use it for pasture-hopping up there."

He turned on his heel and walked away toward the *Crown & Anchor*. His anger walked before him, almost apart from him. He was unsteady and bumped against the handrail of the gangplank and he was aware of a voice saying, "Are you all right, Mr. Chapman?"

He looked up and saw the captain of the *Crown & Anchor* on the promenade deck and he cried out, "Where's Leroy?"

"He went ashore," Edwards said. "He wanted to locate Mr. Norwood."

Scott rested a moment against the handrail, his eyes closed, then he turned and started back to the *Cormorant*, breathing more easily now, feeling a return of control and a deep shock at what had been revealed of himself. He heard Pip calling, "Hey, dad, where are you?"

"Coming, Pip," he said and stepped aboard.

"I'm in bed," Pip said. "Aren't you going to say good night?"

Scott went below. The boy lay in his bunk, his hair very red against the pillow, and Scott quickly turned off the light to hide his own face. He took the boy's hand and squeezed it, and Pip's fingers clung tenaciously; he sighed in the darkness. The boy lay holding Scott's hand for a long time, and Scott did not draw away until the small fingers were limp in his palm. By then his own nerves had quieted, and the consuming urge to violence was gone, but a great anger still smoldered. When Pip was deep in sleep, he went up again to the dock.

The nightmare had incubated and was born that night. It came in the shape of a barracuda, with a long, undershot jaw and tremendous, spikelike teeth, and it hovered in a milky distance, then shot forward and circled him with a flip of an anchor-shaped tail. It was black as ink in the milkiness, and (*Continued on Page 46*)

"What would you recommend for a young executive on the way down?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 44*) Pip cried out his father's name and tried to run, but his arms and legs thrashed in lime jelly. The barracuda came around again, and he saw that its eyes were shaped like huge numeral 8's and glowed like naked light bulbs, and he knew they must be Spanish pieces of eight, and then he saw it was Bahama's face the barracuda had and he heard Bahama's voice shouting like the thunder, "Drown, little fish."

Pip's own strangled cry awakened him, and he jumped out of bed, his heart beating wildly. He called out, "Dad!" and looked into the cockpit, saw it was empty in the starlight.

Behind him he heard a noise from the direction of the deckhouse, and a voice called, "Pip, is that you?"

His voice was frantic. "Who's that?"

"It's me, Bahama."

"What do you want?" Pip backed up into the cockpit.

"I'm looking for your dad," Bahama's voice said out of the darkness. "He's not aboard, huh?"

"He's here," Pip said. "He's here close by."

"I'll look along the dock, then," Bahama said. "You go back to sleep, boy."

Pip heard Bahama's heavy footsteps as he climbed to the dock and he shrank back into his stateroom, climbed into his bunk. Suddenly he sat erect again. He had heard a loud splashing noise and he strained his ears. A shout came from the direction of the *Crown & Anchor*—the cry of "Man overboard"—and he heard a commotion in the water.

He moved to the cockpit and saw dark shapes in the water and then behind him he heard the quick beat of feet on the pier, the sound of a man running toward him through the night, and his father's voice called, "Pip!"

"I'm here," Pip shouted.

He saw a dark form spring from the afterdeck of the *Crown & Anchor* and heard another splash. Scott jumped into the cockpit. "Where did the shouting come from, Pip?"

"There in the water," Pip said. "I see people."

Scott leaned over the *Cormorant*'s taffrail and called, "Somebody in trouble?"

A labored voice called from the water, "I got him. Give me a hand, and let's get him aboard."

"Who is it?"

Another voice said, "I think it's Bart Leroy."

An aluminum boarding ladder was stowed on the bridge deck beside the dinghy, and Scott hooked it onto the rail. He recognized Sam Edwards in the water below, puffing mightily as he caught hold of the ladder and tried to hoist a dark figure aboard. But there was someone else—Carl Norwood. Scott reached down to help, caught a limp arm, and he and the captain brought Bart Leroy aboard. Carl came up the ladder after Edwards, wearing only pajama pants.

"What happened?" Scott asked.

"I heard the captain yell and I jumped in," Carl said. "That's all I know."

"I was in my cabin up there aft of the pilothouse and I heard this big splash," Sam Edwards said. "I threw a life belt in and then I jumped. Is he unconscious? I think he must have hit his head."

"How did he happen to fall?" Carl asked.

"You got me, Mr. Norwood."

"Pip, turn on a light below," Scott said.

Pip ran down the steps to the cabin, and the captain leaned out over the stern and used a boat hook to retrieve the life belt. He dropped it on the deck as a light came on in the stateroom. Scott cried out, "Say, there's blood on my hand!"

"Hey, on me, too," the captain said. "On my pants."

Scott knelt beside Bart Leroy, saw the white mask of his face and starlight glinting on his open eyes. A dark stain was spreading on his wet shirt; and Scott, fumbling with the buttons, uncovered a steady ooze of blood and the dark and ugly slits of knife wounds. He glanced up. "He's been stabbed. I think he's dead."

"Oh, God," Carl Norwood said in a tone of moaning shock. "Are you sure? No, he can't be dead."

"Look at those eyes," Edwards said.

Scott asked, "Didn't anybody see what happened?"

"I just heard that splash and then I saw him in the water," Edwards said.

There was the sound of running feet on the dock, and Jack came up—was it from the direction of the *Crown & Anchor?* Scott straightened with a troubled frown. Others were coming—José, the steward, a deck hand, people from the other boats and Barbara, wearing a terry-cloth beach robe over her pajamas. Floodlights overhead suddenly bathed the scene in glaring light, and a voice blared on the loudspeaker, "Is something wrong out there? Any help needed?"

Sam Edwards shouted, "There's a dead man here."

Jack jumped aboard. "Don't tell me that's Bart."

"Yes," Carl Norwood said. "Stabbed to death and thrown into the water. Murdered. Jack, you hear that? Murdered!"

Scott climbed to the dock and made his way to Barbara. She caught his hand and whispered, "Is it Bart, Scott?"

"Knifed," he said. "Did you hear anything, see anything?"

"No, I was sound asleep, and the shouting waked me up."

"Where is Flora?"

"I don't know. I left her ashore with Jack—oh, an hour ago. Bart came to fetch Carl, and I left with them—went aboard and turned in."

"Hey, Mr. Chapman," a voice called and there, shuffling under the floodligh with his Panama hat pushed back on his head and moving in a quick, loose-kneed jog, was Bahama Gibson. He pushed his way to Scott's side and said, "All over I looked for you. We got to hurry."

"What?" Scott said. "Why?"

"Everything is fixed," Bahama said. "Your brother Mike will be off North Elbow Cay at dawn. We got a long run and we better start."

Jack and Captain Edwards had carried Bart Leroy up to the dock, and the dockmaster, in pajamas and bathrobe, was bending over him. The dockmaster got slowly to his feet, looked around him and said portentously, "I'm calling the sheriff. This is murder."

Bahama looked down with no show of emotion at the dead face of Bart Leroy and said in a simple, matter-of-fact tone, "So somebody finally killed him." He whistled softly. "This is bad business, Mr. Chapman."

In the shock of what had happened Scott had hardly assimilated the new about Mike, but now it came to him with a great sense of release. Mike was all right. They were going to get him safely out of Cuba.

He looked down once more at the dead face of Bart Leroy and thought that whether or not he had betrayed Mike, Bart had kept his promise, and then he knew that he must have been wrong. Bart lay here dead—murdered. He could not have been the Judas.

TO BE CONTINUED

Will the West Take Over? (Continued from Page 18)

Pausing not at all, looking to neither right nor left, Alex drove his machine squarely into the jail's front door. There was a splintering crash and a rending of metal and mortar, and jail and Caterpillar stood shuddering in momentary tableau. But it was the steel which prevailed and the jail which gave way, and most of the front wall suddenly collapsed. An hour later, to the astonishment of the crowd, the rubble had been bulldozed into a rough ramp leading to a third-floor courthouse window. Up this path they charged, the Caterpillar furiously spewing debris from beneath its treads and Alex, bouncing like a cork in a tempest, holding desperately to the controls. They smashed the window dead center; again a shuddering of masonry and machine; once more the machine prevailed.

As they burst through the wall and onto the third floor of the courthouse, Alex was struck by a sudden, if tardy, doubt: *If this doesn't hold, it's going to be one helluva drop.* But hold it did, and he rumbled busily about, knocking the walls outward into the courtyard and thanking his lucky stars for the old Caterpillar's sturdy cab when the roof collapsed thunderously but harmlessly about him. Then he clanked down a broad stairway to the second floor and repeated the whole thing.

By midafternoon the job was done, and Alex, dust-grimed, half deaf but vindicated, bulldozed the debris into neat piles, from which, by evening, bemused and admiring townsfolk had purchased $1600 worth of used brick.

Thus was launched a career which has seen Alex Madonna become one of California's biggest road builders and head of a complex of other enterprises grossing more than $1,000,000 a month and permitting him such niceties in life as membership in the exclusive Kenya Safari Club in Africa and ownership of 120 horses, four buffaloes and a zebra.

Today Madonna is neither particularly proud of nor embarrassed by his brash entry into the world of commerce. "It seemed like the best way to get the job done, so that's the way I did it," he shrugs. "If it came up again today, I'd probably tackle it pretty much the same way."

But in 1961 he is far more interested in building things than in tearing them down. "The whole West is exploding," he says. "It's not just a matter of growth—it's also a matter of new people and new ideas. I get a feeling that we're all moving toward something big. To get there, we need more of everything—schools and houses and bridges and roads, the works. To be a part of that, even a little part, is a wonderful thing."

Symbolized by Alex Madonna's story are qualities which are the very essence of the fastest-growing, fastest-moving area in the United States. This is the Far West, and its vigor, its relish of adventure, its mystic faith in its own future are, more profoundly than ever before, shaping the course and destiny of the entire nation. The consequences of this shift in national balances constitute a remarkable phenomenon.

It might be called the continental tilt.

A convenient way to appreciate its implications is to visualize the United States as a teeter-totter. It is evident that, since the Republic's founding, one end has been held firmly on the ground by the weight of the Eastern Seaboard. Now that end is in the air and, although the board is not yet in balance, before the end of the century it could be. Thereafter, inevitably, inexorably, it will tilt toward the West. Not in the manner contemplated by the late Frank Lloyd Wright when he tartly conjectured that if the Eastern Seaboard were to be jacked up a few inches, everything loose would roll into Southern California. But more in the manner envisioned by a Westerner who, entangled in the language and nuances of manifest destiny, finally blurted to his Manhattan audience, "What I really mean to say is that we're going to run you guys."

In 1961 the tilt finds as many expressions as there are expressions of man's energy and ingenuity. It is millions of feet of motion-picture and television film being made in Hollywood, and it is the rumble of a Minuteman-booster test setting farmlands aquiver near Brigham City, Utah. It is the clatter of hammers and saws in numberless low- or no-down-payment subdivisions, and it is the measured cadences of the Mormon Choir singing Easter services over a national television network from Salt Lake City. It is the delighted response of first-time visitors to Disneyland, and it is atomic scientists at Jackass Flat, Nevada, testing nuclear engines for space vehicles. It is the harsh discord of steel bits biting into ancient canyon walls where the Glen Canyon and Flaming Gorge dams will tame and conserve the waters of the Green and Colorado rivers, and it is the soft gleam of a Mark Tobey painting in the living room of a Seattle home. It is more than 2,000,000 fans turning out to root in a single season for the Los Angeles Dodgers, and it is associates of the Fund for the Republic grappling in Santa Barbara with the problem of how democratic institutions can survive the sledgehammer blows of a scientific revolution. It is a lavishly staged *Folies Bergère* on the Las Vegas Strip, and it is three Atlas missiles, their warheads in place, gleaming white and deadly on their pads beside the Pacific. It is freeways pushing toward far horizons, the San Francisco Symphony reviving *Girl of the Golden West*, the smell of barbecued meat hanging heavy in the city's evening air and a Basque sheepherder making his camp in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. It is all these things and many, many more. It is good, and it is bad and, above all, it is vital.

For it is fed and sustained not only by the 28,000,000 persons who now call themselves Westerners but by the thousands of newcomers who join them every day. This westward surge of population is the greatest noncoercive migration in the history of man and has, as economist Charles L. Hamman of the Stanford Research Institute has described it, "a certain quality of inevitability about it which we have come to believe, if not fully explain."

The statistics of the great migration are staggering. More people—2,964,000—moved to California alone between 1950 and 1960 than came to the United States from the rest of the world. In 1961 each day sees some 1100 (*Continued on Page 49*)

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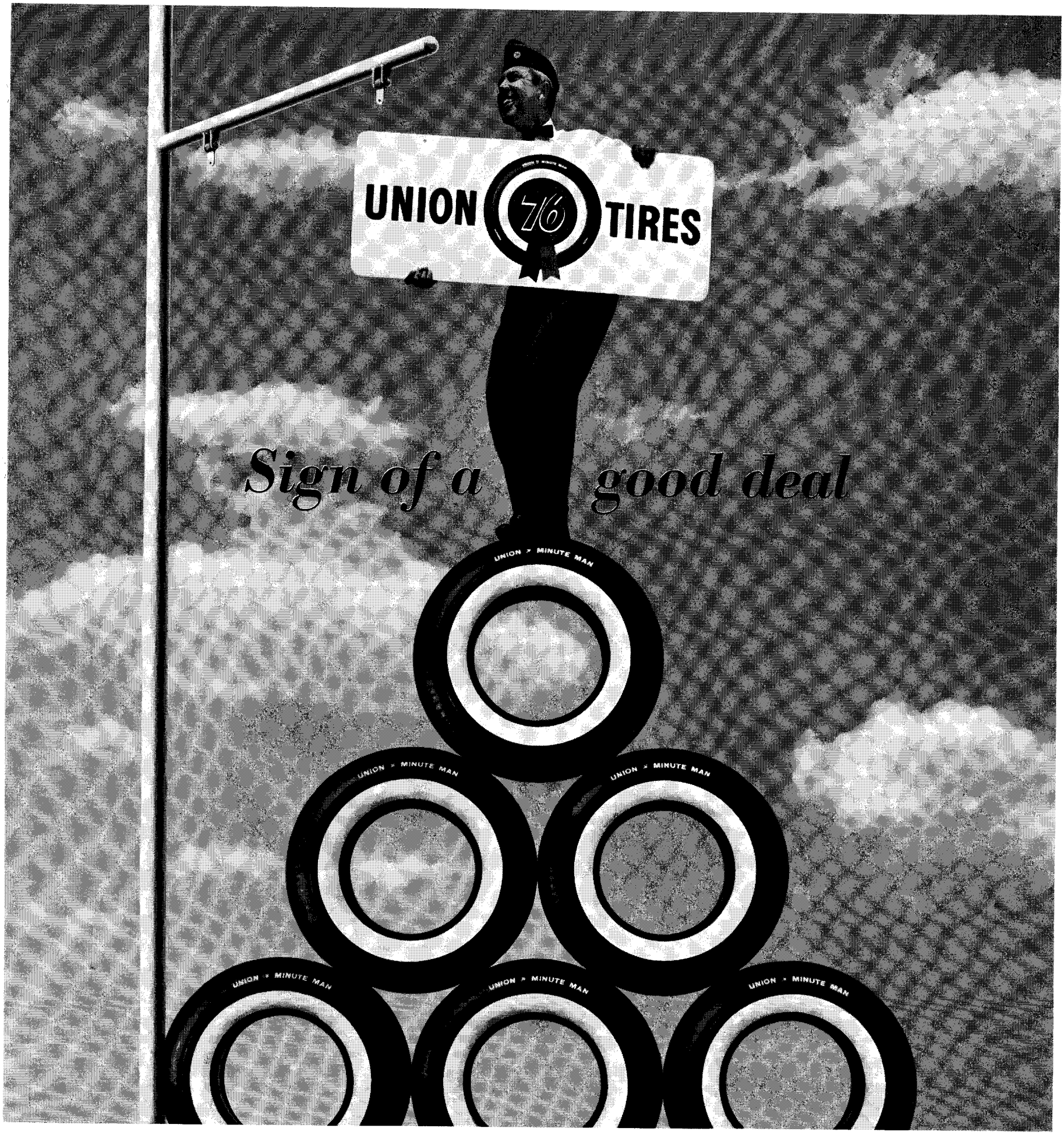

No money down puts them on your car today. Longest terms ever—up to 15 months to pay.

Look what the Minute Man is up to now. Wherever you see this new sign, you'll be able to find the first tire fine enough to wear the Union Oil name.

1. Just sign your name and a new Minute Man tire is yours on approved credit. No money down. Take up to 15 months to pay. You don't even need a credit card. The company you trust trusts you.

2. You get two guarantees:

A guarantee against road hazards—cuts, fabric breaks, blowouts—except for repairable punctures. (Limited to original owner for number of months specified.)

A guarantee against any defects in workmanship and material during the life of the original tread and within specified warranty period.

3. You have a complete choice of fresh tires designed to give you The Finest combination of safety, mileage, and economy.

4. You deal with the man who knows you and your car: your neighborhood Union Oil dealer. He installs the tire free, and stands behind it with thoughtful Minute Man service. Why shop around? See the man at the sign of the 76.

First tire fine enough to wear the Union Oil name

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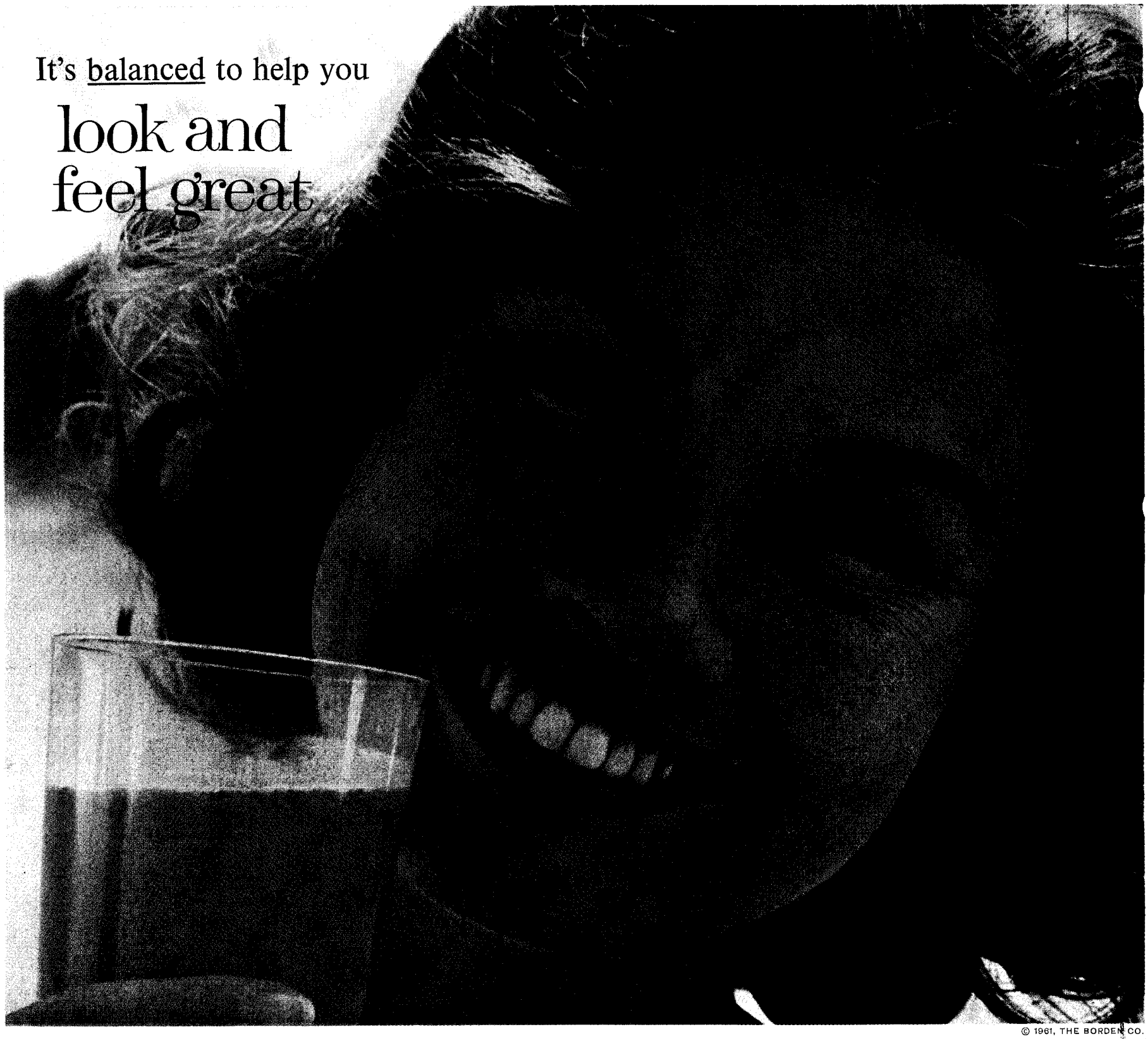
It's balanced to help you

look and feel great



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Borden's **ready diet**™ ... happiest tasting diet drink

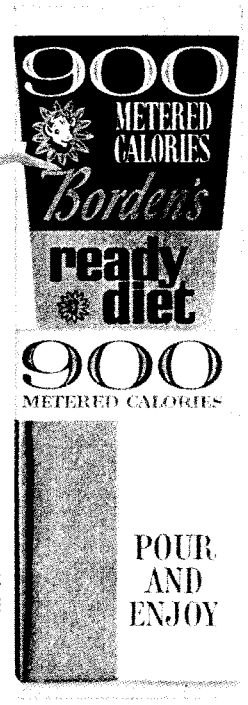
What do you want in a calorie-cutting drink? Vitality protected . . . taste rewarded. You want Borden's **ready diet**, 900 calories of balanced protein, carbohydrate, fat.

In proportion, in quality, this balance offers a plus to dieters. It insures proper metabolism of excess body fat. At the same time it promotes a regulated rate of absorption to help you feel satisfied.

And **ready diet** contains only complete protein, which is equal nutritionally to a much larger amount of mixed protein.

Taste the difference! So rich flavored, creamy smooth. It refreshes your determination to stick to your diet. No wonder thousands favor this dairy fresh drink.

Use as your doctor advises so program fits your health and reducing needs.



PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVORS.

Look for the special gold carton AT YOUR STORE OR DOOR

Borden's **ready diet** is not available in some communities where this publication may be distributed. ™Trademark of The Borden Co.

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(*Continued from Page 46*) Easterners or Southerners or Midwesterners put the kids and dogs into the family station wagon, wave good-by to the old folks and the old ways of doing things and head west. By 1963—August 27, 1963, to be exact—California, say the statisticians, will have taken over from New York as the nation's most populous state; by the turn of the century, one United States citizen out of every nine will be a Californian and one out of four a Westerner.

There are implications and opportunities presented by this massive population shift which have not escaped Western politicians. Consider the case of Lee Ackerman, who at the age of thirty-nine was struck by the notion that he would like to become governor of Arizona. This would not have been notable were it not for two things: (1) Democrat Ackerman gave incumbent Gov. Paul Fannin enough of a tussle in 1960 to persuade a lot of Arizonans that, although he lost the first round, he'll realize his ambition and be elected Arizona's governor in 1962; (2) fifteen years ago, he was a resident of Boston, not Arizona. It was, as a matter of fact, as an emissary of good will for the New England governors' conference that Ackerman first came upon Phoenix. This was in the summer of 1946, and good Harvardman Ackerman had been hired by the New Englanders to go abroad in the land in search of both tourists and new industry. Dutifully, he visited forty-two of the forty-eight state capitals, "but when I got to Phoenix, I looked at my wife, and I said, 'Honey, this is it.' She thought about thirty seconds about the snow and the ice and the tire chains and the fuel bills that were coming up back in Boston again that winter, and she agreed." Since that fateful day, Ackerman has been, successively, a cub reporter, public-relations executive, real-estate dealer—he and his colleagues once controlled more than 1,000,000 acres of Arizona land—and investment counselor. All these combined to make him not only a gubernatorial candidate but a millionaire.

"Where else on earth," he marvels, "could this have happened?"

Very few other places indeed, which is one of the principal reasons that last year's Democratic National Convention was awarded to Los Angeles over the concerted and totally ineffective opposition of the big-city professionals of the East and Midwest. A week or so after the Los Angeles convention had ended, Republicans assembled in Chicago named a Westerner, Richard Nixon, as their presidential nominee. His subsequent narrow defeat has done little or nothing to dissuade Westerners from the conviction that one of their own will occupy the White House within the present decade.

Even more spectacular evidence of the West's growing political muscle may be seen in the congressional reapportionment necessitated by the 1960 census. Their population growth will bring the thirteen Western states ten new House of Representative seats, eight in California alone. And since these seats must be taken from the East, the Midwest and the South the net change of twenty seats represents the most significant power shift in recent congressional history.

Such statistics are matters of open delight to most Western political figures, but many find more satisfaction in modern-day reiterations of Frederick Jackson Turner's hypothesis that political creativeness and initiative lie most frequently with the frontier. Among these visionaries is C. Girard Davidson, Louisiana-born Democratic national committeeman from Oregon. "The New West," he says in his soft drawl, "has a tremendous role to play in supplying the vision and inspiration that America so badly needs. This is the newest, freshest area in the entire Western World, and out of it has come a way of life in which work, play, culture, the arts, research and learning all combine to bring the 'good life' within the reach of most. The New West was richly endowed by nature with the natural resources and space to provide the revitalization of America."

Space, from an Arizona desert to a San Fernando Valley back yard, has always been one of the West's principal attractions. As for natural resources, they have included metals, timber, rich soil, 90 per cent of the nation's hydroelectric potential and incomparable weather. But the resource whose development is being emphasized in 1961 is likely to contribute more to the steepening of the continental tilt than all the others combined. J. Raymon Dempsey, boss of the nation's Atlas ICBM program, explains it this way: "The West has always lacked the basic coal and steel resources of areas like Pittsburgh or Chicago. So it devoted its energy to developing something better—human ingenuity. If you want to live in this kind of a climate and in this kind of an environment, you've got to accomplish it with your brain. It's awfully tough to make a living by shoveling coal in San Diego."

At thirty-nine Dempsey is a prototype of another new breed of western adventurers—those whose technological competence and intellectual daring have brought them to the crest of the tidal wave called the scientific revolution. Six years ago the soaringly modern, $40,000,000 Convair Astronautics plant that Dempsey bosses near San Diego did not even exist; eight years ago Dempsey himself was a junior officer in the United States Air Force; nine years ago the Atlas was only an unproven concept. That it has since become the work horse of the United States missile-and-space program has been described by several scientists as "a miracle of achievement," an accolade from which Dempsey professes to take less satisfaction than from the fact that he is undoubtedly the only man alive to have put an Atlas in orbit and lowered his golf handicap by ten strokes all in one year.

The balance of scientific influence and power in the United States, it has frequently been said, shifted to the West with the development of the H-bomb, followed, as it was, by the massive western-based ballistic-missiles and space programs. Manufacturer for years of more than 90 per cent of the nation's transport aircraft, the West now designs and builds all or major parts of every United States missile of any consequence. Simultaneously, its engineers and scientists are at work on such space vehicles of tomorrow as Centaur, Saturn and Nova. The cradle of American rocketry, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, is located in Pasadena, California, and only a few miles away, in El Segundo and Inglewood, is located Aerospace Corporation, scientific and technical adviser for all the Air Force's ballistic-missile programs. In such an atmosphere, such "think factories" as Rand Corporation of Santa Monica, General Electric's TEMPO group at Santa Barbara and United Aircraft Company's United Technology Corporation, at Menlo Park, California, have thrived and played significant roles in the shaping of United States military, foreign and domestic policies.

The tremendous reliance the nation's traditional decision makers, both in and out of government, must place on the highly specialized skills and knowledge of such men and institutions can only increase as our technology grows more and more complex. "There is no doubt," says Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, the scholarly president of California Institute of Technology, "that the foreign and military postures of the United States are determined in very large degree by the strength and number of our technologies. There is equally little doubt that scientists of the Western United States are leading in the development of a very large number of those technologies." A little nervously—for the philosophic and practical implications of this new relationship are enormous—the executive vice president of a major airframe company adds, "It isn't correct to say that Western scientists and engineers are making more and more national policy decisions, but it is correct that they are creating environments in which certain decisions are inevitable."

Fortunately these environment creators include some of the greatest names in the world of science, names like DuBridge, Beadle, Anderson, Pauling, Pickering, Von Karman, Feynman, Gell-Mann, Lederberg, Kornberg, Bloch, Shockley, Seaborg, Stanley, Segrè, Chamberlain, Giauque, McMillan, Revelle, Teller and Urey. In California alone, there are sixteen winners of the highest of all scientific awards, the Nobel prize, and 138 members of the blue-ribbon National Academy of Sciences. By way of bringing the figures into perspective, New York, the second most richly endowed state, has six Nobel laureates and 106 academy members.

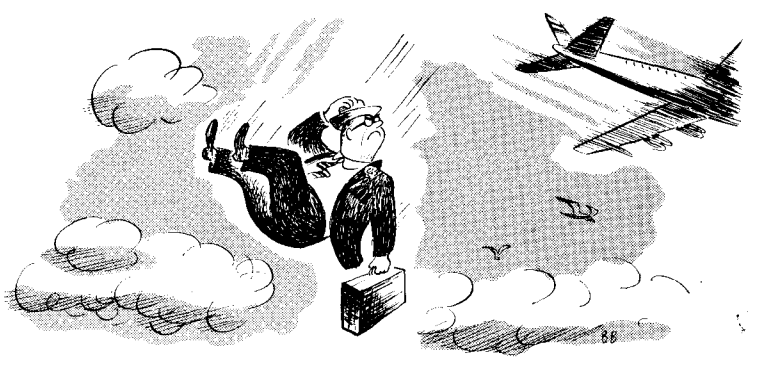
The existence of this reservoir of intellectual capacity, along with a swiftly growing number of equally distinguished thinkers in other fields, has created what Cal Tech's DuBridge describes as a critical, or self-sustaining, mass. Originally, explains DuBridge, scientists came to the West mostly because of its fine natural climate. "But in recent years, the intellectual climate has become at least as much of an attraction as the natural. The more top people who come, the more there are who are tempted to follow. The process has thus become self-sustaining."

It was essentially this consideration, agrees Dr. Jonas E. Salk, inventor of the polio serum which bears his name, that led to his decision to establish a new basic research institute near San Diego. Salk will lead a team of University of Pittsburgh biology and medical researchers westward sometime next year. The site for the $3,000,000 center was selected, says Salk, because "it is clear the institute, although self-governing, would thrive best in the vicinity of, and with strong intellectual affiliation with, a major university." This was a reference to the nearby Scripps Institution of Oceanography and its swiftly progressing conversion into the seventh campus of the University of California.

The man who heads Scripps and has been the key man in its conversion has the temerity to be certain that he and his colleagues, starting from scratch, will fashion one of the world's finest universities in less than a generation. Temerous this may be, but it is also typical, both of the West and of Roger Revelle.

The towering, rough-hewn Revelle, one of the free world's finest oceanographers, regards his role as a scientist-administrator as one of the highest of all possible adventures. He sees, within a decade or so, a student body of 20,000 of the West's brightest graduate and undergraduate students, a campus second to none for both its natural and architectural beauty, and a faculty of the world's greatest teachers, scholars and scientists. "Nothing becomes a university so well as its age," Revelle confesses, "but like an old tree, an old university is limited in terms of growth and potentials. We are young, so we will not be bound by those limitations."

Oceanographer Revelle refuses to take seriously the charge that western educational institutions are in danger of overemphasizing science and technology at the expense of other values. "Science," he rumbles, "is the art of our times. It is, after all, primarily concerned with finding out about man and (*Continued on Page 51*)



The Perfect Squelch

The plane was ten minutes behind schedule, and Joe, always an irritable traveler, was breaking new records. Each time the stewardess passed, he barked out criticisms: "How am I supposed to keep my appointment if you don't get there on time? . . . Why do you print schedules if you're going to ignore them? . . . Does this line ever operate on schedule?"

Swallowing an increasing urge to slay Joe, the stewardess did her best to soothe him, but each time it was more of an effort.

"Well, stewardess," Joe finally demanded, "did we make up time on that last stop? Are we on schedule now?"

"No, sir," the stewardess said, managing a thin smile. "But I'd be happy to let *you* off on schedule."

D. C. Howard Jr.

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MARKETING PUZZLE

WITH A SURE-FIRE SOLUTION

If you're an advertiser and your puzzle is piecing the selectivity and impact of magazines into a regional advertising picture, Ladies' Home Journal's new Regional Edition Marketing Plan provides a sure-fire solution.

Now you can advertise in any one or combination of *seven* regional editions of the Journal.

The price is low—examples: $3,110 buys a full page, black and white, covering all of New England. $3,690 buys the edition covering the five Southwestern states.

Results are measurable—Journal regions closely correspond to standard marketing areas.

And your sales potential is fantastic—Journal readers have 25% more to spend than the average; and one out of every two women spending in top stores everywhere is a Journal reader.

Which is why regional advertisers looking for a bigger piece of the market find the best solution is in a regional piece of Ladies' Home Journal.

WHEN THE JOURNAL SPEAKS—WOMEN LISTEN

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(*Continued from Page 49*) his environment. And it requires of its practitioners precisely the same qualities as art does of its: a seeing eye, a sensitivity, an imagination and one helluva lot of work. The worst that can be said of the West is that it was, typically, the first area in the United States to appreciate that."

"One helluva lot of work" is, undeniably, the all but inescapable prospect of every educator in the West. No other region has accepted so completely a responsibility to make tax-supported higher education available to its youth. This alone might create enrollment problems; when the population explosion in the West is added to the picture, the problems become monumental. Except for the fact that they are larger than those of any other state, the problems in California are typical. Three out of four of all California high-school graduates go on to some kind of higher learning, against a national average of less than 50 per cent. As a consequence, by 1975, California's college enrollment will be a staggering 661,000. Even the $2,150,000,000 which will be spent on education in California this year shrinks before that prospect, as does the $370,000,000 which will be spent for new buildings on the University of California at Los Angeles campus alone in the next seventeen years.

Already the biggest university on earth with seven established campuses and 45,000 full-time students, the University of California will, as the continental tilt continues to pour bright-eyed and eager youngsters through its numerous gates, necessarily grow apace. This is an awesome challenge, acknowledges its president, Dr. Clark Kerr, but one that cannot and should not be avoided. "Those who suggest," says Kerr, "that the university has a choice to make between increase in quantity and maintenance of quality are simply not facing the facts and the obligations which lie before us today. There is no such choice available. We will inevitably have quantity. With wise and careful planning, we can have quality too, but this requires that we recognize and accept the hard facts of growth and the kinds of action demanded by these facts. Effective growth is seldom accomplished easily and is often accomplished painfully."

A start on such a program has, as a matter of fact, already been made, and once again the West has set the pace for the rest of the nation. A committee headed by Dr. Arthur G. Coons, president of Occidental College in Los Angeles, gave California's enrollment problems more than a year of study, from which evolved a tripartite plan that may provide many of the answers. Approved by the 1960 legislature, it provides for the admission of the top 12 per cent of each year's high-school graduating classes to the University of California, the next 33 per cent to the state colleges, and for all others who want to continue their education to the state's junior colleges. By 1970, if all works according to the Coons plan, between eighty and ninety junior colleges, sixteen state colleges and ten or eleven university campuses will be operating as integral parts of the tax-supported whole. Thus no California high-school graduate will be denied a serious chance to acquire a higher education, and no junior-college graduate who has proved himself capable of more advanced work will be denied a chance for that. It is a program that led Chief Justice Earl Warren, home for a visit, to observe that "this is now only a plan, a dream, but dreams about future education have a way of becoming reality in California."

This is all a part, contends Roger Revelle, of a remarkable but little noted phenomenon: "California is in the process of becoming a country." A country emerges, he explains, "when an area develops a culture which is its own and which is typical of most of its people. Look around you."

Those who heed Revelle's admonition may first note all the old stereotypes. Hollywood is still Hollywood, with the added distinction, or burden, of 90 per cent of the nation's television production. Sports-clothes fashions are still set largely in the West, and the land that brought the supermarket, freeways and auto-based living to full flower still encourages their proliferation. Two out of three ranch-style homes in two out of three suburbs still seem to have sports cars in their garages and barbecues in their back yards.

But beyond the stereotypes there is a quickening of the cultural pulse, a broadening of the cultural base—a condition which once led a Denver editor, Palmer Hoyt, to observe slyly that his home town "has more culture per square head than any other city in the U. S." While this may be slightly hyperbolic, the vigor of the Western quest for culture is undeniable. "When you swing a cat by the tail in the cultural world of the West," observes architect John Detlie of Los Angeles, "you get action. When you swing one in the East, all you do is arouse the cat lovers." As a former member of the governor's art council of Washington, first body of its kind in the United States, Detlie speaks from first-hand experience.

What is evolving, however, is not a regional culture in the usual sense of the phrase. Instead, as novelist-historian Wallace Stegner wrote, "In a prosperous country, we are more prosperous than most; in an urban country, more urban than most; in a gadget-happy country, more addicted to gadgets; in a tasteless country, more tasteless; in a creative country, more energetically creative; in an optimistic society, more optimistic; in an anxious society, more anxious. Contribute regionally to the national culture? We *are* the national culture, at its most energetic end."

The reaching for far horizons is far from confined to Western culture seekers. Five years ago, Sam Rubinstein, a Seattle fisheries operator, knew nothing about the plywood business and less about Okinawa. Now he directs the operations of the biggest plywood plant—in fact, with 500 employees, the biggest industrial plant—on that Pacific island. How did it happen? "Well," he says, sounding a trifle puzzled, "I was in Tokyo on fisheries business, and I learned about the labor supply available on Okinawa, and I knew about the demand for Philippine mahogany plywood back home, and I put things together, and here I am."

His own venture reaffirms Rubinstein's belief that as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the other port cities of the Eastern Seaboard have been "windows on Europe," Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles will now become windows on the far vaster Pacific basin. "And when that happens, the potential of the West will be so tremendous that the tilt will be a fact almost overnight."

But can the boom be sustained? The defense-heavy economy of Southern California, for instance, has suffered quite as much as any other during the current recession. What, ask the doubters, if defense spending were to vanish—a hardly likely prospect, but a legitimate question. The wounds would be serious, but they would hardly be mortal. Most economists agree that the West is no more vulnerable because of its dependence on defense spending than, say, Detroit and Pittsburgh are because of their dependence on automobiles and steel respectively.

In any case, the West plunges cheerfully ahead with its own development, its plans for the future ranging from reconstruction of much of downtown San Francisco and vast areas of Los Angeles to conversion of sea water to make the deserts of Arizona, Nevada and California bloom. California, which increased its gross product by 122 per cent in the 1950–60 decade and this year will alone account for 10 per cent of the gross national product, spends money prodigiously. Its $2,500,000,000 1960–61 budget was the biggest ever adopted by any state, and last November its residents approved a $1,750,000,000 bond issue. Provided legislative haggling does not interfere, it will be used to move the waters of the Feather River 400 miles from the wetter but less populated northern half of the state to the semiarid but swarming south.

The West is backing its faith in itself, in short, with hard and big money. This may be at least a partial answer to those who charge its economy is built on sand, but if ruin lies ahead, say other doubters, it lies not in economics but in the hands of those who have profaned the tilt. Little by little the growing population must tarnish or destroy the very attractions which helped bring it west. National parks, unspoiled a generation ago, become teeming, paper-and-beer-can-littered horrors during the summer seasons now. "At five P.M. every Friday," says Gene Amole, thirty-seven-year-old co-owner of three Colorado radio stations, "the subdivisions empty, the roads clog and a couple of hours later you'll find them all jammed side by side up in some overflowing mountain park, with less space and privacy than they had at home. Cars go whirling by, it's dusty, the kids are bawling, and the old man wonders how in hell he got into this and was this what he moved west from Hoboken for?"

In the midst of all the great, heedless energy of the boom, man has come dangerously close, too, to poisoning himself. Smog, in greater or lesser degree, pollutes the air not only of Los Angeles but of San Francisco, Phoenix, Salt Lake City and other western communities. The weather that those who create the smog came west to enjoy is, ironically, being ruined. And on the Colorado Plateau, twenty-six uranium-processing plants—the fruits of that area's great uranium rush of the late 1950's—must now find some way to dispose of their highly radioactive wastes.

Metropolitan sprawl is perhaps the ugliest of all western specters. When it reaches the proportions it has in and around Los Angeles and south of San Francisco, not only do focus and self-identification become difficult, but the prospect of slow strangulation by the ever-increasing traffic is always present. The continued explosion is, confesses California's Gov. Edmund G. Brown, "the central and overruling fact in this state. Unless we prepare for this growth, it will overwhelm us." Every hour enough school children are added to California's population to require a new classroom, and every day dollar-hungry promoters lay foundations for more suburban slums or peddle more land where no man was intended to live.

But these, the West is sure, are temporary, however exasperating, phenomena. Problems, from water shortages to smog, will assuredly yield to that new cure-all, research. And the shortcomings of man's nature accentuated by the boom must improve as the westward course of empire stabilizes.

From San Diego to Nome, from Denver to Honolulu, Westerners voice this exuberant faith in their land and their future. "We still dream," says Nevada's Gov. Grant Sawyer, "and we dream because we are young. We still recognize challenges, respect them and go forth to meet them." Echoes Charles Armstrong, president of the University of Nevada, "There's something about this western land that holds you—an urgent sense or feeling that great things are always about to happen, that mighty forces are converging and focusing."

"It is here in California," chimes in Governor Brown, "that the full impact of a dynamic America now manifests itself. History appears to have selected our state as the theater in which to give humanity a vision of its future."

A similar, if somewhat less grand, view of their lot in life is taken by the patrons of the No Name Bar in Sausalito, across the bay from San Francisco. Near the front door of the bar hangs an overcoat and, should it be the ill luck of any habitué to be called to more bitter climes during the winter months, he wears this garment. Then he returns it to its place at the No Name, to serve, as one patron explains, "as a constant reminder that there are others who are less fortunate than we. After all, we can't *all* live in the West."

Out of such convictions was the tilt born, and by them will it be sustained. It is a future, as the always eloquent Wallace Stegner put it, that the West faces "with the calm confidence of a Christian with four aces." THE END

"Honey, if he's the sort who can resist you in that dress, you wouldn't want him anyway."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in July Ladies' Home
JOURNAL

"Dear Mr. G:"

His Romances . . . His Marriages . . . His Greatest Love

Clark Gable brought a new element to the screen—virile masculine sex appeal. . . . Fame, fortune and adoring women surrounded him . . . and then he met Carole Lombard. Here is the whole fascinating story of a great but tragic romance, told by Jean Garceau who knew them intimately.

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Queen Elizabeth and Her Children

How does Queen Elizabeth, in spite of her royal duties, find time to be a mother to her children? What kind of father is Philip? You'll enjoy this warm and affectionate account of life with the royal family.

•

Hollywood Diet News

There's more to keeping your figure than just calorie counting. Janet Leigh (Slow Burner), Natalie Wood (Fast Burner) and Jack Lemmon (Steady Burner) show how individual body and personality types need different diets and exercises.

•

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You'll be surprised—and sometimes amused—at the answers given by women (from 16 to 72) when questioned about their wedding trips. But most of them agreed it was only the first step on a lifetime journey.

also—Dr. Spock on children's attitudes toward illness . . . **Tips on how to make your bridge game better** . . . Fashions for a summer evening . . . **Annual report on home appliances.**

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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

Treasure on Wheels

(Continued from Page 16)

together constituted such a marvelous thing in his world that he could not approach them with anything but the most rigid honesty.

"That automobile," he said, "is The Empress."

"I know."

"That automobile," he insisted, having to be sure, "is the only Empress on the American continent."

Johnny turned his head very carefully so he could look into the man's face. He could see he was not kidding him.

"Mister," he said, "are you sure? Do you *know* that?"

"I ought to know, son," he said. "I own The Emperor. I own the only Emperor on this continent."

Some of life's highest moments demand the savoring silence, the spirit's stillness. Others cry out for words, and the squat man with the fierce eyebrows used quaint and unusual expression to communicate large and extraordinary significances.

"We are the possessors," he said quietly, "of rare and lovely treasures."

Johnny slid his hand again to that spot where the sun burned in the burnished brass. He let its golden heat warm him, render him weightless, lift him winging. He nodded, not speaking, not wishing to break the silence of that place where he soared.

He was so high that the racket of the scooter throwing gravel in the driveway of the shabby station could not reach him. It took the kid's voice to halt his majestic soaring, to fell him.

"Hey, Bird! Come out of the junk pile. A little service, Bird!"

It was such a swift fall and such a far fall, and into such a strange world. He looked about him in confusion. Then he saw who he was and where he was, and he fumbled off his thick glasses, blinding himself. He walked, stumbling and awkward, toward the kid who watched him in cool and cruel amusement, laughing at The Bird.

He was too bruised and humiliated from his fall to go back to stand beside The Empress after the kid and scooter had racketed off. He stood beside the battered pumps and looked out into the deserted street. In the middle of the pavement there ran a fading white line telling that the quiet street had once been a busy highway. A quarter of a mile to the west he could just make out the whining swish of traffic over on the freeway. Two years before, that traffic had flowed in front of this station, and on Saturdays they had needed to put on two extra kids to handle the business.

He sensed the man beside him. "That'll be three-eighty, mister." His voice was a high and blank wall.

The man handed him a bill. "Bird?" the man asked. "They call you Bird?"

Johnny went to the register and made change. "Come in again, mister."

"What's your name, son?"

"McFarland. John McFarland."

The man stood a lot shorter than Johnny, and he went around and looked up into Johnny's face, his eyes very sharp. "Not Mac? Not Johnny? They call you Bird."

"The Bird."

The squat man smiled a tough grin that flattened his nose. "They used to call me something like that. I've forgotten what their name for me was. All I remember is that it hurt."

He almost put a hand on Johnny's arm, but he did not. "Does it help any for me to tell you that I've forgotten what that name was?"

"You think I care what they call me?" Johnny asked harshly.

"Yes," the man said. "Yes, I think yo' care. All of us birds, grinds, gimps an creeps, we all care. We're different from the rest of them. And the rest of them have to make us feel our difference, have to make us suffer for our differences. Yes, you care."

He waited a while. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I may be going to college in September. I may just get out of this town."

"Do you have the grades?"

Johnny nodded reluctantly. "I've got a scholarship to Tech. Just books and tuition. I'm going to work nights in a garage." His voice was stiff. "I—I'm a pretty fair mechanic."

"I saw The Empress," the man said. "You're a pretty fair mechanic." His voice was dry.

"You know what I think I'll do?" Johnny asked slowly. "I think I'm going to show The Empress. I never cared anything about showing her. But now I think I will. I'll show her, and if she's the only one in the country, I'll have my name in the papers. Not The Bird. John McFarland, owner of The Empress."

The man nodded and sighed, his brows drawn down over his eyes. "I was going to show them too," he said heavily. "I was going to show all of them. I was going to get even. When the time came, after all the work I'd done, I found out I didn't care any more. I'd forgotten what name they'd called me. I'd forgotten why I wanted to get even, or with whom I wanted to get even. I couldn't even remember any of their names."

"I won't forget."

The man took out the expensive wallet and took a card from it. KENNETH RAYBURN, it stated, as if there need be no explanation of who the man was or what he did. Just that name and a phone number and address.

"Up on my place," he said, "I have a building that has nothing in it but antique cars. The best antique cars in the country. I'd like to buy The Empress, John." There was the faint flavor of his own distaste in his voice.

"I just finished her. I haven't thought of selling her."

Mr. Rayburn's eyes went over the station, seeing the need for paint, the general air of disuse about the place. He looked at the fading white line in the street in front of the station and heard the swish of traffic over on the freeway.

Johnny saw his eyes taking in all those things. "We may move over on the freeway," he said. "My dad is working on it right now. We may move soon."

Mr. Rayburn had very wise and tough eyes. "I hope it works out," he said, and his voice told that he knew it would not. "I don't want to take advantage of you. I want to be fair."

He took some change from his pocket and jangled it. "I'll give you ten thousand dollars for The Empress." He let that stand for a while. "Ten thousand dollars before you show her."

There was no use trying to grasp how much ten thousand dollars amounted to. "Before I show her?" he asked foolishly.

"You think about it," Mr. Rayburn said.

There are all kinds of thinking if you're Johnny's kind of eighteen-year-old. There was the kind of thinking he did to solve problems in physics. The laws and concepts became treads and risers on an intuitive and exhilarating stair, leading him up to where he could hear the rush of winds in the boundless places inside the cup of his skull. Johnny knew that the

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problems were drudgery to the others, but to him they were a peculiar joy.

It was the same kind of gift that permitted him to look at a tool catalogue and pick up the tools right off the printed page, use them, heft them, enjoy them and then put them back on the paper.

It was the same gift that permitted him to taste all griefs and joys and losses and triumphs before they occurred. Johnny could feel the loss of The Empress, he could feel the emptiness at the loss of her, but he could also see his father's face as he turned over the money to him that was supposed to replace the feeling of emptiness.

"I don't think I could sell her, Mr. Rayburn," he said in a kind of wonder, because in that brief time he had already sold her in his mind and had pulled back before the depth of his loss.

"Call me collect if you *have* to sell her." Mr. Rayburn got into his car. Johnny moved up to look in at him.

"How much?" he asked harshly. "How much if I show her before I sell her? How much?"

Mr. Rayburn leaned forward to peer at the dials and knobs on the dashboard. He answered while his eyes were still there. "Say, five thousand, John. I think that's a fair price."

Johnny nodded. "I worked on her for four years. Every minute."

Mr. Rayburn started the motor. "I have two top men up at my place who do nothing but keep my cars happy. The Empress will have a good home if you have to sell."

"Nobody helped me, you know. I—did it all myself. All of it."

Mr. Rayburn switched off the motor. He blew out his breath and looked straight ahead, his face all line and heavy plane. "John McFarland," he said, "we pay with our lives for what we own in this world. We have to keep that in mind. We should ask ourselves how much of our lives we are buying or selling when we deal. We should always keep that in mind."

Johnny just stood there, and Mr. Rayburn started the motor again. "It won't kill me if I don't get The Empress," he said almost angrily. "I hope everything works out. I really do."

"I just went to school and worked on her. All that time. I think—well, that's probably why they call me, you know ——"

The car started to move. "We pay with our very lives," Mr. Rayburn said angrily, and drove away.

He was still standing there in the driveway looking after Mr. Rayburn's big car when the ratted-out Model A turned into the station. "Two gallons, Bird."

There were two kids in the Model A. One was blond and crew cut, the other dark-haired with skimpy sideburns and a greased duck tail. They didn't look alike, but to Johnny they might have been twins. They looked at him with eyes that were identical.

The cresting wave of fury inside him took him by complete surprise. He found himself standing tall beside the Model A, looking down at Duck Tail. "What did you call me?"

The message came through to Duck Tail, loud and clear. Yesterday this square was The Bird. Today he wasn't. So, back off. "Just kidding."

The wave of anger ebbed. But something of it remained. Some anger remained that had nothing to do with Duck Tail, but he was there.

"Look," he said, "I'm not The Bird any more. You remember that."

He held Duck Tail's eyes until they dropped. "Now," he said, "how many?"

He racked the hose and made change. "Come in again," he said courteously.

The blond kid hadn't said anything, hadn't lost anything. He waited until the Model A was safely out of the driveway. Then he rose up and moved his arms up and down like a bird in flight.

Johnny almost grinned after him. It seemed like such a kid trick.

He spent the rest of the afternoon in furious work. He did not think about The Empress or the money or Mr. Rayburn. He didn't permit himself to picture his father talking to the people at the bank. He didn't relive the wonder of having stood up to Duck Tail. All these things he placed behind a wall. He knew they were there, waiting, and he knew that when the wall came down he could not be the same person. He did not yet know what he was to be. But he knew that all those things would change him, and he was scared. He scrubbed under the grease rack, washed the windows and spent an hour on a simple lube job.

He had not really expected his father to relieve him at six o'clock. He was glad, in a way, because if his father came, the thing would have been decided at the bank, and he did not want to know yet how it had been decided.

At eight o'clock he locked up the station, took the cash from the register and cranked up The Empress, cranking her up like she was just any old heap. He drove her home, put her in the garage, turned the motor off and got out. He stood blinking in the kitchen light.

"Wash," his mother told him. "Where's your father?"

"He never came."

Her fine, dark eyes shadowed. "It's a good sign," she decided, and put his supper on the table. "How did it go today?"

It was supposed to be a casual question, but it didn't come through that way. Not today. Today Johnny could sense the worry in her voice. She kept the books for the station and knew how much they needed good days.

"Lousy," he said. "Just lousy."

He took a bite of food and chewed it, the very feel of his teeth and tongue alien things, unfamiliar things. He felt again that wave of anger. "He's not going to get the money from the bank," he said.

She swung fiercely from the stove and put a hand on his bony shoulder, squeezing hard, trying to squeeze the thing true. "Of course he is. Of course."

Johnny shook his head. "He won't get it. They wouldn't let him have the money."

She pulled her hand away from his shoulder. "Why do you say it like that? Why?"

"Just because."

"He's *got* to. He's *got* to this time."

It was the first time in his life he had ever heard her really scared like that. It jerked his face up, and he looked at her and saw that she had been scared like that for years. It was her role in that family not to be afraid. All those times she had made her voice strong and safe and reassuring, inside she was as scared as he was, but it was her part to be strong. It was a terrible knowledge to possess, and he had never felt more alone.

It was the same as the day he had hurt himself outside in the yard. Some little baby hurt that had sent him running into the house looking for her, crying, wanting more than anything else to see that apron and bury his face in it, feel the firm flesh beneath the apron. He sat there then and knew again the terrible rending shock he had suffered when his face had hit the wall behind the apron that was hanging from a nail.

He got it out fast, running the words together. "Look, I can get money. I can get ten thousand dollars. A man came in today and offered me ten thousand dollars for The Empress."

She grew still at the stove, and while he waited for her to turn around, the refrigerator went on, and the floor began to shake.

"Ten thousand dollars," she said. "For—for that old car?"

"She's the only Empress on the continent. She's a rare treasure."

She turned to look at him, and her eyes went wider and wider.

"Oh, Johnny," she whispered, "that's why you said he wasn't going to get the loan. That's why you said it. You said it because you want to keep The Empress so much. And you think—oh, Johnny, you think whatever you really want, you're not going to get."

He looked up at her. "When I knew how much The Empress was worth," he said, "well—well, how could I own a treasure like that? How could I?"

She sat down wearily. "Tell me, Johnny. Tell me what The Empress means to you."

He didn't even know what he was going to say. He just felt the wall dissolve and all the day's happenings and the terrible, wild, dark angers of his life came piling out from behind where the wall had stood.

"Do you know what they call me?" he asked in slow fury. "You know what I am? The Bird! You know what that means? That means I'm skinny and ugly and nearsighted. It means I'm different. It means they can all laugh at me. It means the girls won't even look at me. It means I'm nothing. Nobody! It means I'm The Bird!"

He was crying in that terrible way in which adolescents cry, hating it, fighting it, and she knew that this would probably be the last time he would ever be able to cry and knew he needed to cry very badly, so she did not speak to him or touch him.

"Before—before today, before I knew how much The Empress was worth, before I knew I couldn't have her, you know what I was going to do? I was going to drive up to Tech in The Empress. I was going to take girls—girls riding in The Empress. I was going to have people look at me and point at me. I was going to hear people say—my—name!"

She went to him then, because it was all right. She put her hand on his face and was deeply moved to feel the strange stubble growing thinly on his cheek.

"That was what I was going to do before I found out how much she was worth."

"Oh, Johnny," she said softly, "we did it to you and didn't even know it. There's nothing too rare and wonderful in this life for you to possess. Nothing. We all have our chances. Marvelous chances, and we must be brave—bold. That's all."

She felt his head shake under her hand.

"You know what I think?" he asked thinly. "I think there are just people on this earth that don't ever get what they want."

"No!" she cried out strongly. "Oh, no. It's just that sometimes the things we want just cost so dear."

The headlights of the car in the driveway swept the room, and a horn honked, three gay and brave little honks. Once the sound of that horn would have signaled triumph. But now the horn meant only that her love had come home.

"The registration is in his name," Johnny said, wiping his eyes. "He'll have to sell The Empress. I—I can't."

She turned again, her eyes wide. "The car is in his name?" she asked, her voice high in her throat. "The car belongs to your father?"

"We never got it changed. It was part of grandpa's estate or something."

She turned away and stood by the stove in awful isolation. There was no time to weigh and ponder the needs of people, to think and to consider whom and how to wound. There was not even time to mourn that woman must be both wife and mother. There was no time, for his step was at the door.

"Boy, have I got a likely story."

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"Don't tell him," she said distinctly. "He can't know. He can't know about the offer for The Empress. He can't know."

Johnny looked at her and was frightened at the raw gleam of steel in her being. He began to shake his head, beginning to see all that she was willing to do.

"He had his chance," she said fiercely. "He can't begin on yours. Not yours!"

"I couldn't ——" he began weakly, and she cut him off.

"Do you think it's easy?" she asked in that same fierce voice. "Do you think it's easy for me?"

There was only time to say that before she turned to his step and put up her arms and kissed her love, kissing him in strange passion, pressing against him in grief.

"When are you going to begin to get dumpy?" he asked her, holding her tight, a tall and handsome man, with his love and admiration for her plain in his face. "When are you going to get decently middle-aged, so I can begin to wander?"

She held him in love and felt the slackness of the day's defeat in his very flesh. She held him in pity and felt in his very fiber all of his life's failures. She knew that he had failed again, but so great was their need that she let weak hope drive her to lean back in his arms and read it upon his face.

He met her eyes briefly and then turned his head. "Don't worry," he said lightly. "Something will turn up. This doesn't mean the end of the world."

She looked at him. "No," she said, "this doesn't mean the end of the world."

He put her away gently and laid a hand on Johnny's shoulder. "Sorry I couldn't get back to relieve you, Johnny. How did things go?"

Johnny looked at him and found that he could not tell him that the station had barely taken in enough to pay the power bill, that the gas trucks had refused to fill up the tanks until something had been paid on the account. He found that he just couldn't hurt him with those little things when he was being hurt so deeply in a way that he was not even expecting, could never expect.

"Fine," he said. "We had a good day."

His father sat down at the table, and his mother put his food in front of him, and her other hand, the hand that did not feed him, lay light in love on his shoulder, her eyes soft. Johnny saw that all their lives together they had trusted in each other, secure in the faith that each would not betray the other, would not withhold, would not deny, would be strong if the other was weak, would sustain if the other faltered.

Suddenly he saw that he did not have much time. He had to hurry. In only a few minutes something could be broken between his father and his mother that could never be put together again.

He went to the phone in the hall. He had to go through several people, each of whom wanted to know if the call was important enough to disturb Mr. Rayburn. But he finally had him on the line.

"Mr. Rayburn," he said, "I've decided to sell The Empress to you."

"Before you show her?" Mr. Rayburn asked.

"The sooner the better."

"I'll send a man tomorrow to get her. Have the registration ready. I'll mail a check tomorrow." It was a straightforward business proposition, and it made Johnny hesitate, wondering how he could best find out what he had to know.

"Mr. Rayburn," he said respectfully, "now that the thing is settled, there's something I have to know. It's—it's real important, or I wouldn't ask you."

"Go ahead," Mr. Rayburn said impatiently.

"I have to know why it's worth five thousand dollars to you to be able to show The Empress first. I have to know about that."

There was a long, long silence, and then Mr. Rayburn's voice came over the wire, the thin and tired voice of an old man. Like a man who had just caught an unexpected glimpse of himself in a chance mirror.

"You go ahead, John, and show The Empress," he said. "You go ahead. I'll pay you the full price for her. I'll still pay you the ten thousand."

"Mr. Rayburn," Johnny said patiently, "I don't need to show her now. Can you understand that, Mr. Rayburn?"

There was that long silence again before Mr. Rayburn answered. "Yes, John, I guess I can. You're always going to own her, aren't you? When you see my picture in the paper standing beside The Empress—why, you're just going to feel a little sorry for me, aren't you?"

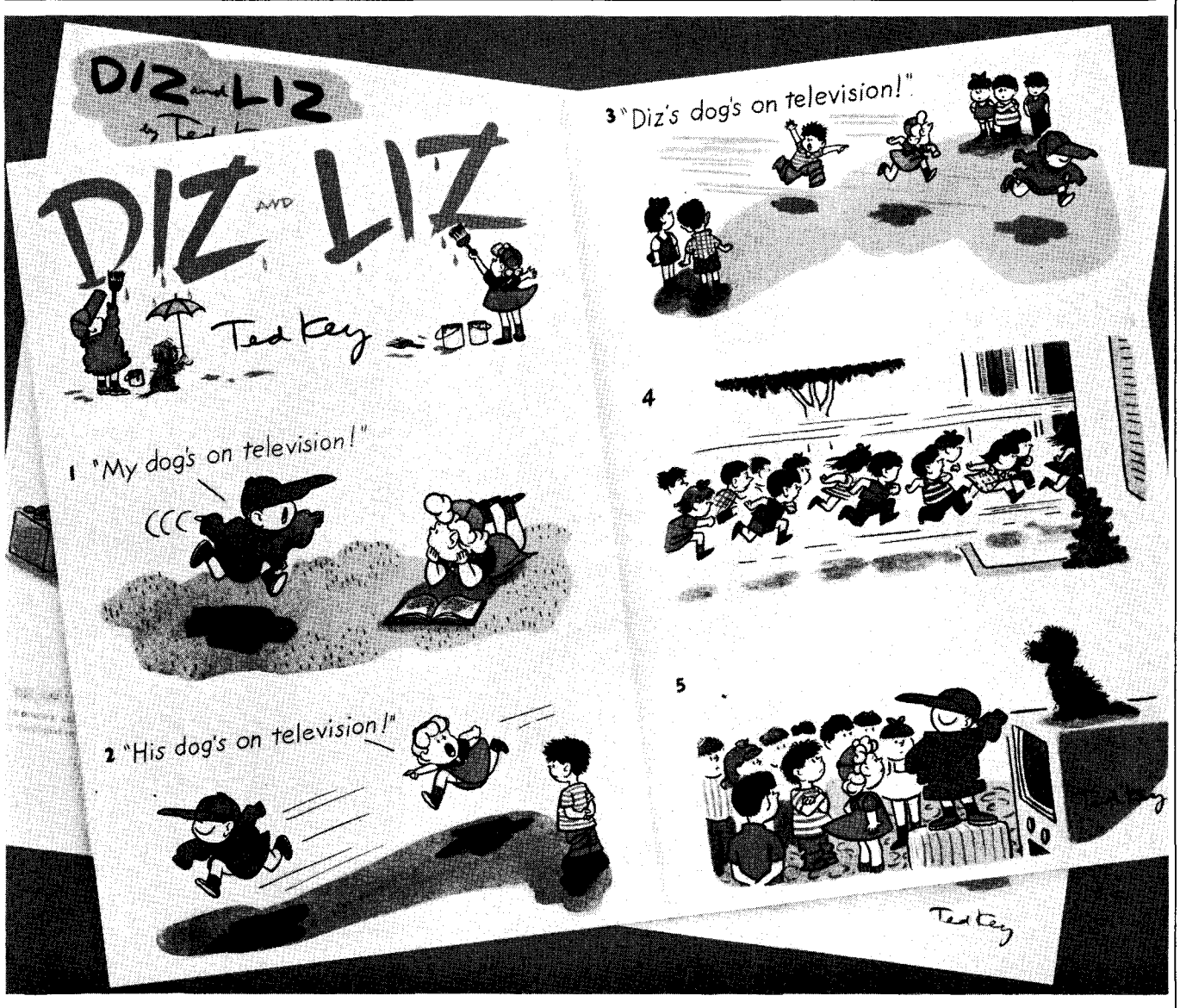
"You do remember the name they called you, don't you, Mr. Rayburn? You still remember it, don't you? That's why I have to sell you The Empress. You need her, and I don't."

Mr. Rayburn's voice was quiet. "Some of us pay with our very lives." He spoke again, urgently. "What happened, John? What happened? Something important must have happened to you."

Johnny could not remember when he had ever felt so good. "I just found out. Birds have wings. Wings are to fly!"

He hung up and stood by the door leading into the kitchen for a second, getting his face just right. "Dad," he said, blinking in the light, "I've got good news."

THE END



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The Fleeting Fame of No-Hit Pitchers

(Continued from Page 28)

or right fielder. But nobody got his hands on it, and it had to go as a hit, thus spoiling the greatest game that Petty ever pitched. Ever since, I've always thought that on a play like that somebody should get an error. It's unfair to penalize a pitcher for somebody else's failure. But they say you can't give errors of omission. On the other hand, you can give a shortstop or second baseman an error for failure to cover on a steal play. This just doesn't add up because that's just as much an error of omission as the failure of a man to catch a ball that should be handled easily.

But while we're on the subject of luck, let's hear from an authority, Don Larsen, the young man who sent every fan in the land into orbit when he pitched that perfect game—no hits, no man reached first—for the Yankees in the 1956 World Series against Brooklyn. Larsen, who drifted to the minors and started this season with Kansas City—which traded him to the Chicago White Sox on June tenth—generously concedes that he had to have plenty of luck to pitch his perfect game.

"In my perfect game there were three times that I could have lost a no-hitter just as easily as not," he says. "In the second inning, Jackie Robinson hit a screamer that Andy Carey at third knocked down but couldn't hold. But, luckily for me, the ball bounced right at shortstop Gil McDougald in time for him to throw to first and get Robinson. Later Gil Hodges smashed a drive to deep left-center that Mickey Mantle just did spear after a long run. Another time Sandy Amoros hit what looked like a sure home run to right, but it curved foul at the last second."

Don modestly failed to point out that there's a lot of difference between a no-hitter and a perfect game. You have to pinpoint control in the latter case. When you talk about perfect games, you have to remember that Larsen's was the only one that had been pitched in the big leagues since Charlie Robertson of the White Sox did it against Detroit on April 30, 1922.

There's another facet of luck that is awfully important in the fashioning of either a no-hitter or a perfect game. A pitcher can pitch perfectly, but he isn't going to win unless his teammates get him a run or two. In 1917 Hippo Vaughn of the Cubs and Fred Toney of the Reds both pitched no-hit ball for nine innings—the only time in history it's ever been done in a single game. But Vaughn's effort cannot be classed as a full no-hit game because the Reds got a couple of hits and a run in the tenth to win it, 1–0.

But the best example of tough luck is the game that Harvey Haddix of the Pirates pitched against the Braves two years ago on May twenty-sixth. In that game Haddix became the first pitcher in history to pitch twelve perfect innings. But the Braves got a hit and a couple of runs in the thirteenth to win it, 2–0. Lew Burdette allowed twelve hits in that game, but still won it when his mates got him the runs he needed. I've always thought Haddix turned in the greatest single pitching performance of all time. Just imagine pitching twelve perfect innings and losing!

While I was collecting material for this article, I ran into Dizzy Dean and asked him if he ever had any regrets about not pitching a no-hitter. Diz still has one of the smartest baseball minds in the business and when he says something, I listen—even though Ol' Diz didn't always listen to me when I was managing the old Cardinal Gas House Gang in 1934.

Diz's answer was that he had no regrets at all. "My brother Paul pitched a no-hitter one day in Brooklyn in 1934," he said. "That was in the second game of a double-header. I'd pitched in the first game and won it. When Paul came into the shower after his no-hitter, I asked him why he didn't tell me he was going to pitch a no-hitter. If he had, I would have done it, too, in the first game. It would have been the first time in history that two brothers pitched no-hitters on the same day.

"Seriously, though," Diz added, "I never felt badly about not pitching a no-hitter. Sure, some great pitchers have pitched them. But there've been too many flukes and too many thrown by one-year morning-glories. Remember Bobo Holloman of the Browns? He pitched a no-hit game, but you look up his record. Holloman happens to be a perfect example of what we're talking about. There were many others like him."

Diz really had a point. The Holloman story was fantastic. He pitched a no-hitter against the Philadelphia Athletics in his first major-league start in 1953. But he won only two more games—he didn't finish either—before being sent back to the minors in July of that same season. He never came back to the big time.

I remember that one all right because I recall how I felt when I read about Bobo's no-hitter in the morning paper. "Boy," I said to myself, "it looks like the Old Flash really blew one this time." You see, I'd had Bobo in training camp when I was managing the Cubs in 1950 and I sent him down before the season opened. Bobo always pictured himself as another Dizzy Dean. The only trouble was that while he had some showboatin' capacities, he didn't have Diz's pitching skill.

The only man still living who has pitched three no-hitters agrees with me that they don't necessarily mean anything. I talked to Bob Feller over the phone about my idea for this article. He came through with his opinion loud and clear.

"I've always felt that I pitched better ball in some of my twelve one-hitters than in the three no-hitters," Bob said. "In fact, of the three no-hitters the only real standout pitching job was the one against the Yankees in 1946.

"But in the other two I didn't have real good stuff. In fact, in the last one against Detroit in 'Fifty-one I was almost taken out in the second inning. I got into a mild jam because of an error and a walk. Manager Al Lopez told me later that he was seriously thinking of yanking me because he didn't feel I had it that day.

"I remember a one-hitter—I think it was in 'Forty-six—in which I really had overpowering stuff. The only hit was a blooper into short left that fell in between Lou Boudreau, Pat Seerey and the center fielder. I think that was the best game I ever pitched. No, the plain fact is that you just have to have everything going for you on a single day—especially Lady Luck—to pitch a no-hitter."

If anybody should know, it would be Feller. I doubt if there ever was a pitcher who threw more strong games than he did. Anyway, that goes for the modern era when the lively ball has made things so rough for the man on the mound. Back in the days of the dead ball, guys like Cy Young and Christy Mathewson may have turned in more impressive performances. But in my time nobody ever had so many great days as Feller.

There's another thing to consider when you're talking about no-hitters. That's the importance of the catcher. He's the one who calls the pitches and often signals playing positions to the fielders. One man in the wrong place can turn an out into a base hit, ruining a flawless performance. Thinking about the strain this put on the catcher, I called Jim Hegan, the only receiver who ever caught three no-hitters. Jim was behind the plate when Don Black, Bob Lemon and Feller pitched their no-hitters for Cleveland in '47, '48 and '51 respectively. I asked him how heavy the pressure was on the catcher.

"I'm brave, intelligent, loyal, resourceful and sneaky."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The pressure is in direct ratio," he said, "to the type of pitcher the guy is. If he shakes you off a lot, you feel less responsibility. Lemon was that way. He practically ran his own ball game. On the other hand, Feller hardly ever shook you off. He just went along with your signs. It's tough then. You feel that if something goes wrong and he blows the no-hitter, it's your fault."

Pee Wee Reese, the great Dodger shortstop, is another fellow who has ideas about no-hitters. He's certainly qualified to talk about them—he played behind six no-hit pitchers. No other man in the history of baseball ever did that.

"I was the shortstop back of Tex Carleton, Ed Head, Rex Barney, Carl Erskine twice and Sal Maglie when they pitched their no-hit games," Pee Wee recalled. "I felt a certain element of pressure. But it wasn't anything like one of those late-season games with a pennant on the line.

"With a no-hitter going, a fielder naturally doesn't want to be the one to goof and ruin the pitcher's effort. Still, not one of the no-hitters I played in ever had as much tension, for example, as those games down the stretch in 'Fifty-one when the Giants staged their miracle run and beat us out for the pennant.

"Pitchers for the most part like getting their no-hitters, but it's more a matter of personal pride. It's no life-and-death thing. The only pitcher I ever saw get mad at losing a no-hitter was Ewell Blackwell in 'Forty-seven. He was so close to matching Johnny Vander Meer's two successive no-hitters that you couldn't blame him. He still had it going with one out in the ninth. Then Eddie Stanky bounced one through Blackie's legs out into center field. If looks could have killed, Stanky wouldn't be alive today."

Pee Wee's reference to Vander Meer's double no-hitter for Cincinnati in 1938 recalled one of baseball's most dramatic moments. Vander Meer had stopped the Braves without a hit on June 11, 1938. On June 15, in the first night game ever played at Ebbets Field, he went into the ninth with history in the making. The crowd of nearly 40,000 was on its feet rooting for a rival pitcher.

Buddy Hassett, first man up for the Dodgers in the ninth, went out on a sharp roller. Then Vandy, who had been wild all night, walked Babe Phelps, Cookie Lavagetto and Dolf Camilli in succession. Now the crowd was going crazy. Bill McKechnie, the crafty old Cincinnati manager, walked out to the mound and told Johnny to take it easy, reminding him that he had a six-run lead.

Vander Meer took heart from what McKechnie said. He forced Ernie Koy, a tough right-handed hitter, to ground to Lew Riggs at third. Riggs threw to the plate to force Goody Rosen, running for Phelps. But the bases were still loaded and Leo Durocher, a tough man in the clutch, was coming up.

"I'll never forget that moment," Leo told me once. "I wanted a hit so bad I could taste it. I had nothing against Vander Meer, but I still wanted the hit. But the best I could do was lift a soft fly to Harry Craft in center field and that was it."

You'd think that after those two no-hitters in a row Vander Meer would go on to be one of the game's greatest pitchers. He was only twenty-three at the time; you'd figure he'd go on to win thirty games a year at his peak. But two years later he was back in the minors. He came back later to have some good years. But he wound up under .500 for his career with 119 victories and 121 defeats.

I think that makes my point about no-hitters. THE END

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The Mystery of De Gaulle

(Continued from Page 27)

back to supreme office, destined to preside over the liquidation of empire.

What emerges from the record is more than paradox. There is a mystery, a genuine enigma, expressed in systematic incongruity between promise and performance. De Gaulle combines immense personal force with high purpose, and capacity for constructive achievement: the elements of greatness. What is missing is the gift of co-operation. Working with others, de Gaulle acts like a man on the make who has a "thing" about power. With the features of the great, he blends the instinct of the petty; to the head of the hero, he adds the heart of the rebel.

Few men have been more richly endowed with the stuff of greatness. From his mother (daughter of an industrialist and parent of two engineers and a bank executive) he drew the future: an understanding that this was an age when "technology dominated the universe." From his father (a historian among the Jesuits) he drew the past—and a name to conjure with if there ever was one. Great height and peculiar features set him apart as surely as any other public figure of the century. A wave of those enormous flippers was enough to encompass a province or dismiss forever the fatuous. Of his first encounter with de Gaulle, Admiral Muselier, who was no friend, wrote, "I was immediately struck by the physique of the man: by his great height."

Like the body, the mind was cut in generous dimensions. Noble in interest—de Gaulle's quotations range from Homer through Shakespeare to Valéry and Bergson—it harbored that special understanding of massive events fostered by a feel for history and geography. To Duff Cooper, de Gaulle once confided that he tried "every day, for a short time, to imagine himself looking down on events without prejudice, from the point of view of the future historian." In all his works, the past lives as a real world, peopled with familiars; connecting events together is for him a matter of course; and history is his favorite mode of argument and explanation. He made his famous case against the Maginot Line by citing the record from Roman Gaul to 1870 to show that the "age-old weakness of the country" lay in vulnerability to attack at precisely those places undefended by the Line. Pleading the importance of the French army, he asks, "How can one understand Greece without Salamis, Rome without the Legions, Christianity without the sword, Islam without the scimitar, our own Revolution without Valmy?"

Place is as deep to him as time. "Charles de Gaulle," David Thompson wrote, "is, in the Churchillian sense, an imperialist. Both in military and political affairs, he thinks on a world-wide scale and studies the large maps." Throughout all his work runs the assumption that "the map tells our fortune," that "the policy of a state is decided by its geography." His memoirs sparkle with tours of the geographic horizon. And as a man of action, consciousness of the Empire and the world outside France, as much as anything else, set de Gaulle apart from other French soldiers in 1940. Always he talked of a France 100,000,000 strong. In the last weeks of the Third Republic he met General Weygand as the Germans were fighting their way across the Somme. This was de Gaulle's account of the conversation:

DE GAULLE: So they cross the Somme. And then after that?

WEYGAND: After that? It's the Seine and the Marne.

DE GAULLE: Yes. And after that?

WEYGAND: After that? Then it's all over.

DE GAULLE: How over? What about the world? The Empire?

With the gift of divination goes the gift of tongue. Supreme powers of articulation account for much, if not most, of the Gaullist legend, and from perfunctory pleasantries through sharp repartee there is style in every line. "I must let you go now," the general says to visitors who have overstayed their time. "Close the parenthesis," he told a political leader who objected that the general had "opened a parenthesis" in their association by founding his own party. "If you agree, there's nothing more to say," was his comment when a minister prefaced objection with the line, "I agree, but . . ."

"France has lost the battle, but not the war" was one of the great rallying cries of World War II, even if de Gaulle did not say it on the day he was supposed to. The *Memoirs* are a work of art, rich in gems of portraiture and descriptive prose. Of Pétain he wrote, "Too proud for intrigue, too strong for mediocrity, too ambitious to be pushy, he nursed in solitude a passion to dominate, long hardened by awareness of his own worth, by difficulties mastered, and by a mistrust he felt for others." Here is the justly well-known self-portrait at the very end:

> Old man, exhausted by ordeal, detached from human deeds, feeling the approach of the eternal cold, but always watching in the shadows for the gleam of hope!

It is Proust's famous opener—"*Longtemps je me suis couché de bonne heure*"—that is the model for cadence, though not the equal for brilliance, of de Gaulle's beginning: "*Toute ma vie je me suis fait une certaine idée de la France.*"

But what was that certain idea of France? De Gaulle answers over and over again. His France is the "France that cannot be France without grandeur"; the France of the "princess in the fairy tales and the Madonna on the walls"; the France of "primacy in Western Europe"; the France of "independence, the sword and the Empire"; the France of "night falling on Notre Dam of majestic evenings at Versailles, of th Arc de Triomphe in the sun." That is, the France of Richelieu, Louis XIV and Napoleon; the France "that is only herself at the top of the ladder."

Whatever else may be in doubt about de Gaulle, that vision of France is not. It is the subject of his days and works, the touchstone of his being, the focus of passions, hopes, illusions and absurdities. "His only motive force" d'Astier put it, "is the greatness of France. [It is] a road that replaces all other roads, those of God, of men, of progress and of all ideologies."

No doubt the Gaullist aspiration for a great France has immense creative vitality. It inspired the general's flight to Britain in 1940, amidst the debacle of defeat. It sustained him in the lonely years of building a Free French force and a provisional government. It contributed to the unprecedented record of reform measures he put through in 194 adoption of cradle-to-grave social se curity with an emphasis on family that spurred the birth rate; nationalization of credit institutions, the railways, the coal, gas and electrical industries; establishment of a first-rate school in public administration. From these aspirations, most of all, flowed the Gaullist legend, the *mystique* that made it possible, once the government decided not to fight, for everyone, in May, 1958, to turn to Charles de Gaulle.

Even so, de Gaulle's vision of France is a jealous passion. Foreign states, even allies, are automatically excluded. Behind every one of de Gaulle's wartime quarrels with Roosevelt and Churchill lies that "certain idea of France." There is no shred of French sovereignty on which he is not capable of believing them to harbor designs. He suspects them of wanting Madagascar, Chad, Syria and Lebanon, the right to direct affairs in Metropolitan France. In the *Memoirs* he is forever complaining of having to use allied plane and review allied soldiers; he makes par ticular note of the fact if a plane happens to be French, and at one point even exults because "the cars were French."

His notion of serious objectives at the first, organizational, meeting of the United Nations was a list headed by recognition of French "as one of the three official languages." That other countries, or their nationals, might have interests of higher priority to which France might reasonably yield, he does not imagine. Of Duff Cooper, he writes: "If he was not Prime Minister in London, he was to be Ambassador to Paris." As if the two posts were roughly comparable. That France should be left out of anything he cannot abide: "Any large-scale human edifice will be arbitrary and ephemeral if the seal of France is not affixed to it."

It is not only against foreigners, moreover, that the grandeur of France is a weapon. De Gaulle uses it mercilessly on his own countrymen. Under its ban fall all but Gaullist causes, movements, parties, institutions and leaders. The Right he dismissed as "against the state"; the Left as "against the country." Representative bodies were "ruled by fear of action." Political parties were agents of "ignorance . . . bad faith . . . incompetence." "Voices heard from the pulpit and in faculties and academies were . . . the clamor of partisans."

The fact is, and it goes to the heart of the Gaullist (*Continued on Page 58*)

NEXT WEEK

HOW A TV GIVEAWAY BACKFIRED:

A JACK POT ALMOST RUINED THEIR LIVES

By Alfred Balk

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR INCOME-TAX LAWS?

By Harold H. Martin

HUMAN STATUES AT LAGUNA BEACH:

THE WORLD'S LIVELIEST ART SHOW

By Frank J. Taylor

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF WELFARE

By Joseph Wood Krutch

A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY:

THE CASE OF THE BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

By Erle Stanley Gardner

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(*Continued from Page 56*) mystery, that the true vision of the Grandeur of France is vouchsafed to only one man—Charles de Gaulle. There lies the base of the transformation trick whereby first person becomes third, and third merges with historic figures from Joan of Arc through Napoleon to Clemenceau. In his own words de Gaulle is "an almost legendary character," "a man serving as an instrument of destiny," "a man endowed with a mission of pre-eminent character," a man "inspired with a national task." The task is nothing less than "to constitute around myself the unity of lacerated France," to be "the guide of France," "to assume French sovereignty."

How this singular notion was conceived is a matter of guesswork. But suggestive evidence abounds in the astonishing poverty of de Gaulle's human contacts. All his life, as Duff Cooper remarked, he has had "an ineptitude for happiness" and "no capacity for making friends." As a boy, his family life was cold and formal: "My father," he writes of his parents, "opened history to me. My mother bore for the country a proud love equal only to her religious piety." His professional colleagues liked him little: He was known as the Big Asparagus at Saint Cyr, and later "as the most undisciplined officer in the Army." Paris society was open to him, but, as one host reports, "De Gaulle was the dullest dinner companion we ever had." Women seem to have held for him no charms; apart from his mother, his wife has been the only woman in his life, and even now at Gaullist functions, as at intellectual parties in New York, an unspoken rule drives the sexes to opposite corners.

Malice tinges all de Gaulle's humor, and stiffness pervades his sentiment. "Oh, it's you," was all he could think to say when Madame de Gaulle arrived in Britain after a perilous journey from France in 1940. To an aide, whom he saw for the first time after a long separation, his only personal comment was, "You've grown thinner." A sentry to whom, at the suggestion of an aide, he once addressed a personal comment, was convinced something had gone wrong. The sparsest taste governs his table, offices and dwellings, and the *Memoirs* are bare of comment on surroundings—be they Chequers or the *bidonvilles* of Algiers. His estate at Colombey expresses chiefly a passion for being alone, as does de Gaulle's chief relaxation, walking.

Probably his most productive period was the two years (1916–1918) passed in German prison camps, where he wrote most of his first two books. He speaks often of the need to confront destiny "alone"; greatness to him is "*triste*"; and in his book "the man of character . . . is a jealous lover and will not share the prizes or pains that may be his." In his proud solitude de Gaulle took France as mistress. She became the love of his life, his revenge on people, the crown of his ambition.

For de Gaulle was ambitious from the earliest years. He is supposed to have had a sense of great things in store when he was only twelve. It is clear that he joined the army to make his way: "What fundamentally tempts [men of ability] to adopt the profession of arms," he wrote in *The Edge of the Sword*, "is the prospect of power." In World War I he repeatedly volunteered for the most dangerous missions, earning mention in dispatches and three wounds before his capture at Verdun. Fame was a spur to the books, and they earned him steady promotion, at the top of his class, until he made lieutenant colonel and secretary-general of the Supreme Defense Council in 1933. In that post he lobbied among the press and politicians with the insistence of the most importunistic Pentagon colonel.

After his flight to London, in 1940, he wrested and held supreme power with something like fanaticism. The low point of his life, apparently, a time when he was smoking three packs of cigarettes daily, came in 1942–1943, when it appeared that Gen. Henri Giraud might win control of Free French forces. His resignation as President-Premier in 1946 was almost certainly submitted in the hope—a hope justified by repeated refusals of past resignations—that he would immediately be called back to office. The Gaullist party (R.P.F.) was formed as a vehicle for bringing the general back to power at a moment when the country was threatened by Communist pressure from within and without. Even in retirement, de Gaulle was in touch with generals, ministers, ambassadors, businessmen and not a few plotters to whom at all times he made clear that he "would face up to his responsibilities." The guideline of his life, in short, was the prospect of power. There is not much doubt whom he is talking about in the peroration of *The Edge of the Sword:*

> What is important is that the ambitious be obsessed by the necessity of finding in life an opportunity to leave their mark upon events; that from the shore on which they live their uneventful lives they should direct their eyes with longing to the stormy seas of history.

Stormy, of course, because in de Gaulle's temper, ambition blends with hostility. He is the very reverse of the Organization Man. "His instinct," Duff Cooper wrote, "is to say no whenever ordinary people would say yes." Not by co-operating with others did he make his way, but by individual effort—the daring missions during the war, as well as the books—and by swimming against the tide. Before 1914 the ruling doctrine in French military thought was mass attack; de Gaulle at that time favored defense in depth. Between the wars the ruling doctrine was defense in depth; de Gaulle then favored mass attack. As a colonel heading a tank regiment in 1938, he wrote to a friend: "A unit commander is purely and simply a person who uses up his time and effort in a struggle against his superiors."

In 1940 he carried the fight to Britain in the face of explicit orders to the contrary. As chief of the Free French, though only a brigadier general, he at all times showed elaborate suspicion of those who outranked him—Vice Admiral Muselier, General Catroux, General Giraud—and he insisted that, as he put it, he had a "mission outside the hierarchy of rank." The theme of disobedience runs through his books, and while being condemned as untimely in the German Army of 1918, it is explicitly endorsed in *The Edge of the Sword* as a virtue proper to the Man of Character. The supreme aim of the Man of Character, he wrote, was "to rise above himself in order to dominate others." For de Gaulle, in other words, to lead is to dominate.

Domination is an unpopular theme in a democratic age, and accordingly there has always existed for de Gaulle the problem of legitimacy: the problem of how to take power legally without running for office. His answer is a mixture of history and hocus-pocus. He believes that the long flow of events flows naturally toward disaster. At such times, by ways never made clear, the moment becomes ripe for de Gaulle, the Man Character. "A few years from now," wrote casually in a letter in 1929, "the will be after me to save the country." Or, as he said more formally in *The Edge of the Sword:*

> When the situation becomes serious, when the nation is in need of a leader with initiative who can be relied upon, and is willing to take risks, then a sort of ground swell brings the Man of Character to the fore. Everything he asks is granted.

In May, 1958, when the settlers and army of Algeria revolted against the Fourth Republic's floundering efforts to deal with the Algerian nationalist rebels, it so transpired. Since then, as President of the Fifth Republic, de Gaulle has ruled France as no man since Napoleon.

In keeping with the taste for domination, he has established all the elements of a strong state. The constitution of the Fifth Republic, cut to de Gaulle's measure in line with a model he blocked out as early as 1946, establishes the strong executive power in the free world. By drastic economic reform—raising taxes while cutting subsidies and pensions—he has given France a new, hard franc, and probably the fastest-growing index of industrial production in Europe. By stirring to life a sluggish atomic program, he has cast France among the nuclear powers.

His bloodless victory over the rebellious generals of Algeria last April was nothing if not personal. Deserted by the army, he found little co-operation in the other services and the state bureaucracy, and in the end won the day by a direct, personal appeal. "Frenchmen," he cried in a most uncharacteristic plea, "help me." The rallying round that followed convinced even the most reserved of de Gaulle's subjects. "He took things in hand," the skeptical evening journal *Le Monde* wrote, "with a skill and force shown by few statesmen in our times. [He] finds himself the most respected leader of the western coalition."

But in this hour of glory he also finds himself facing a supreme test, reflected in a set of knotty problems. There is the problem of ending the six-year-old war between France and the Moslem nationalists of Algeria. There is the problem of NATO, in part brought about by de Gaulle's demand for a tripartite directorship with the United States and Britain. There is the problem of the European Community, largely engendered by de Gaulle's insistence that France keep a full measure of sovereign identity, including an independent force with nuclear weapons. Indeed, it is fair to say, despite the pleasant glow of his Paris meetings with President Kennedy, that General de Gaulle remains quite a problem, so far as western unity is concerned.

Compared to rallying France in 1940 or beating back the generals in April, these challenges are trivial. But like the puny hitter who "owns" a great pitcher they harbor a special jinx for de Gaulle. They go against the grain of his passionate nationalism and his taste for authority. They require not an order from on high but working with other men; not domination but co-operation. And they constitute a supreme test, for, as the April revolt showed, there is no substitute for de Gaulle. If he fails, then France fails. For all his undoubted greatness, history's verdict may still be a word play on the most baleful of epitaphs: after him the deluge. THE END

"Forget father—he's upstairs somewhere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Town Named Hate

(Continued from Page 33)

"Did you figure we would, mister? There's a blanket on your saddle. Gets cold at nights up there."

"But I thought ——"

"Can't you shut up?" said Boyd, as if the conversation had lasted an hour instead of less than a minute. The drummer fell back into silence.

At noon they dismounted and took shade in a ravine. Fletcher uncinched his saddle, laid it carefully on the ground so that the skirts picked up no dust, and then went to sleep against it, or seemed to, for he pulled his hat over his eyes and lay still. Boyd walked a way up the ravine, his gun in his hand, and he stood for a long time, looking at the country about him. The drummer, moving with difficulty and with pain, came to Fletcher's side.

"Mr. Fletcher," he said, "what is Mr. Boyd looking for?"

Fletcher pushed back the brim of his hat and looked. There was no expression on his face. "For Apaches, I guess."

The drummer's sudden alarm was in his voice. "Are they here? Are they about us?"

"Boyd figures they might be."

"But you, Mr. Fletcher, what do you think?"

"I think you ought to sit down, rest a mite, mister."

"Thank you." The drummer sat down, but he was not at ease. "This Chiquito, Mr. Fletcher, do you know him?" And, when Fletcher nodded shortly, he added, "What's he like?"

"Young, maybe nineteen. Kind of short, like Apaches are. Speaks English good. Bit of Spanish too. I'd say that was pretty good for a noble savage, wouldn't you?" There was no smile on Fletcher's face, but the drummer felt he was being laughed at. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. The pain in his back made him wince.

"I told you not to come," said Fletcher and pulled his hat over his eyes again.

After half an hour, Boyd came back from the top of the ravine. He thrust his toe into Fletcher's ribs. Fletcher opened his eyes, but he did not move. "Ain't no sign of them," said Boyd, "but that don't prove nothing. You going to lie there all day?"

"Just so long as it takes the stock to freshen up, Mr. Boyd."

"You never had no drive, no push."

"Mighty useless things to have in Salt Flats," agreed Fletcher.

The drummer sensed the undercurrent of hostility between the two men.

Boyd said, "Always lazing, no sand to raise a bit of hell. You reckon I'd give Martha to a man like you?"

Fletcher stood up, taking his time. "I'll let Martha make up her own mind, Mr. Boyd."

"She ain't got no mind on this. It's my say-so."

"You come out here to fight with me, Mr. Boyd?"

"I come out here to catch them Apache murderers. Now, are we moving on, or do I go alone?"

Fletcher looked at the sun and then at the horses and the mule. "We move on," he said. "Should be up in grass by nightfall. Then we'll make the Bowyers' by midmorning."

"What do you expect to find there?"

"The Bowyers, I hope," said Fletcher.

They mounted. Boyd pulled his horse about viciously and faced Fletcher. "I said there ain't no sign of them. There ain't, not here. But you saw them birds go up couple of hours back?"

"I saw them."

"Well, then?" said Boyd.

"Could've been nothing," said Fletcher. "Let's ride." And he moved his horse forward and upward, one hand holding the leathers high.

The drummer kicked his mule up to Boyd as they rode. "Is it true, Mr. Boyd? Do you mean they're watching us?"

Boyd looked at him with disgust. "What did you come for? What good you figure to be?"

The drummer's face tightened. "There was no one else. I mean ——"

"You're a fool."

"No, sir, I'm not!"

"We'll see. Ain't over yet. You ever fired a gun?"

The drummer straightened his back. "I took a little practice before coming West, sir. I was advised by ——"

"I'll tell you," said Boyd. "You see an Apache, if only his back, you point that thing and fire. Then you ride that mule back and over him. Then you let me come and kill him."

"Yes, sir," said the drummer.

By dusk they reached the high tableland. The drummer felt the cool air and breathed in the scent of grass and watched the day pass in a color that made him homesick. As the sun went down, they unsaddled in a gully where there was water and a knotted tangle of oak. The drummer took off his hard hat and climbed up to the rim of the gully, welcoming the mountain wind on his face.

"You're a fool all right," called Boyd from below. "You want to be seen?"

"No, sir," said the drummer and he slid down into the gully. "I didn't know."

"And that's a fact!" Boyd turned to where Fletcher was building a fire. He went across and kicked the sticks apart angrily. "You sending up a calling card, Fletcher?"

Fletcher slipped the matches into his pocket. "Have it your way, Mr. Boyd."

Boyd looked at the gathering darkness and was silent for a while. He turned then to the drummer. "It was a night like this," he said, "time they took my wife. She was coming home in the buckboard."

"Yes, Mr. Boyd," said the drummer sincerely, "I understand."

"You don't understand nothing," said Boyd. He picked up his rifle. "I'll take first watch," he said to Fletcher. "You and me'll have to go turn and turn about."

"There's me ——" began the drummer.

"Not you," said Boyd shortly.

"All right, Mr. Boyd," said Fletcher, "if you want it that way." And he turned his body into his blanket.

The drummer lay on the ground, his eyes open, staring up to the stars and the sky. He heard Fletcher's steady, untroubled breathing and once the clink of a spur against a stone from where Boyd stood in the darkness. It was a long time before he slept; nor would he have said that he slept at all except that one moment there was darkness, and the next moment Fletcher was pulling at his shoulder. The sun was up.

"All right," said Fletcher, "rouse out."

They drank brackish water, ate dried beef and sour bread, because once more Boyd insisted on no fire. It seemed to the drummer that the big man had now taken command, and that although Fletcher had allowed him to do this, it was not in fear. They rode on, with Boyd in the lead, his face hard and his eyes swinging from side to side.

"Mr. Fletcher," said the drummer, pushing to the other man's side. "Will I be of any use to you? I mean ——"

"You came, didn't you?" said Fletcher shortly. "Don't see none of the other loudmouths here except Mr. Boyd, do you?"

"What is it between you two? Forgive me for asking."

"Nothing. There's nothing."

An hour later Boyd suddenly halted his horse, looking over his shoulder as the others came up with him. "Listen!" he said and held up his hand.

They heard laughter, voices and laughter mingled, and they smelled the sharp scent of burning wood. Then there was a high, throbbing yell that bounced back and forth across the walls of the little valley. The drummer looked at Fletcher in alarm.The young man's face was quite still.

"You hear that, Fletcher?" said Boyd.

"I hear it."

"It don't mean nothing to you?"

"It's Apaches, if that's what you mean," agreed Fletcher.

His face red with anger, Boyd opened his mouth to speak again, but instead he kicked his feet into his horse and pushed it up the rise. Fletcher sighed and followed. The drummer tried to say, "Wait for me!" but the words were dry and soundless in his mouth. The mule moved after the horses of its own accord.

At the top of the rise the drummer put a hand across his brows to break the glare of the sun. Below, a wood fire smoked lazily, gray-white threads climbing about a tripod of green sticks. There were three young men by the fire, two of them not much more than boys. When they heard the riders, they turned, looking up, and for a moment white men and Apaches stared at one another.

The Indians were butchering a sheep. The dirty fleece lay on the earth, and the carcass was slit open. The knives in the hands of the Apaches were red with blood and there was blood on their arms too. They wore thick blue shirts and skirts of gaudy calico. Their legs were gaitered in buckskin, and their harsh black hair was held back from their eyes by sweatbands. The drummer saw all this momentarily only, and if anything held his attention longer, it was a woman's sunbonnet, pale blue and with starched wings, that lay on the ground near the fire.

The oldest Apache, a muscular young man with short arms and heavy shoulders, frowned up at the white men. Then he saw and recognized Fletcher. He smiled and stepped forward.

"*Sikisn!*" he said. "Brother!"

"Hello, Chiquito," said Fletcher.

A strange sound came from Boyd's throat, a desperate intake of air like a sob, and he lifted his rifle, pumping the lever. Sudden alarm erased the smile on Chiquito's face, and he cried out a warning, "*Ugashé!*"

The two boys behind him obeyed immediately, but as they turned to run, the valley thundered with the discharge of Boyd's rifle. One of the boys slid down into the fire silently, a red stain expanding across the back of his shirt. The other boy ran on into the bush like an animal. Chiquito did not move, but he looked hard at Fletcher.

Boyd swore again and he pumped the rifle. He stood in his stirrups, taking careful aim at Chiquito.

Still looking at Fletcher, the Apache said "*Sikisn?*" And Fletcher leaned over and pulled the rifle from Boyd's hands. For a moment the drummer thought that the town constable was about to strike the older man with it.

"Fletcher!" yelled Boyd wildly.

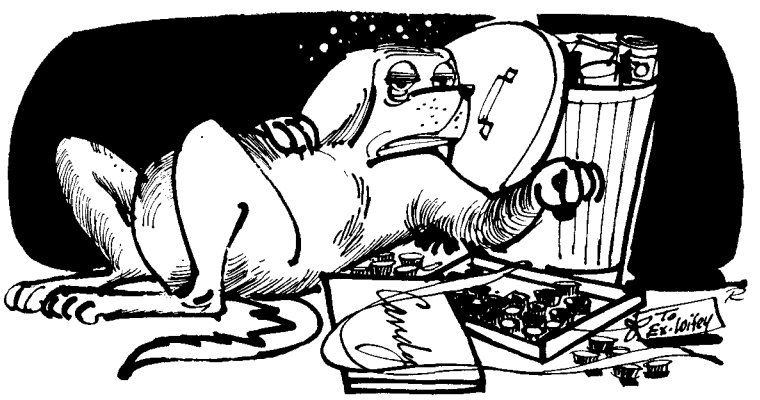
"Chiquito," said Fletcher, "look to your friend."

The Apache pulled the body from the fire and knelt beside it, slapping out the smoldering shirt with his hands. Then he stood up. "He is dead," he said without expression.

"I'm sorry."

"Why you come, *sikisn?*"

"Chiquito, it's said that you and your friends have killed Mr. Bowyer and his family."



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joe sent a box of poisoned candy to his ex-wife, but she hated him so much that she threw it away. Her dog ate the candy, however, and fell sick. So Joe was charged with "administering" poison to his ex-wife.

"Actually Joe did nothing of the kind," defense counsel argued. "His wife threw the candy away without even tasting it."

"Joe did his best to poison her," the prosecutor replied. "Should he go free just because she had the good sense not to eat the stuff?"

If you were the judge, would you release Joe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe was jailed on a lesser charge. The court agreed that he never actually administered poison, but held him guilty of "attempt to administer."

Based upon a 1959 California decision.

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"Give me that gun, Fletcher!" Boyd stretched out a hand, but Fletcher backed his horse away, still looking at the Apache.

"Are you going to kill me too, *sikisn?*"

"No. How about the Bowyers, Chiquito?"

The Apache's face was cold. "We have killed nobody." He looked at the dead boy and he looked at Boyd. "But he kill Pa-nayo-tishn. You see. You take *him*, Fletcher."

"I want that gun!" yelled Boyd.

Again Fletcher moved his horse from Boyd's reach. He said, "Chiquito, you come with us to the Bowyers'. We'll see what this is all about."

The Apache nodded toward Boyd. "You will hang him for Pa-nayo-tishn?"

Fletcher breathed in deeply. "Chiquito, don't make trouble."

The Apache sneered. "Kill deer, kill Apache—all the same." He looked at Fletcher. "If I run now, you shoot me?"

Fletcher said wearily, "Chiquito, if you run, you know what that'll mean."

"If I stay, he will shoot me."

"Chiquito, don't make trouble. We've got enough."

"I make trouble nowhere." The Apache folded his arms. "No kill."

"He's a damned liar!" shouted Boyd. "You lying snake, where'd you get that sheep? Where'd you get that sunbonnet?"

"From Bowyer."

"You're damned right you did!"

"Chiquito," said Fletcher sadly, "we've got no spade. We can't bury your friend. You want to pile rocks over him?"

Chiquito looked down at the dead boy impassively. He shook his head. "My people come soon."

"He's right there," said Boyd. "Fletcher, you want to stay to be butchered?" He looked about him wildly.

"All right," said Fletcher, "let's get on to the Bowyers'."

"You," said Boyd suddenly to the drummer, "give me that pistol!" Before the drummer had understood the words, the big man had pulled the weapon from his waistband.

"Fletcher," said Boyd, "we ain't going anywhere but back to Salt Flats. That one you let get away will have the whole bunch of 'em down on us if we go farther."

"We're going on to the Bowyers'," said Fletcher calmly.

"You try that," said Boyd. "You just try that, and I'll shoot him down before you go a foot. We're taking him back to Salt Flats, which is more of a chance than he gave the Bowyers."

"You're a damned fool, Boyd!"

"Maybe so, maybe not. But I aim to stay a live one. Now, I mean it. We go back to Salt Flats, or he's a dead Indian right now!" He put the gun on the Indian, who looked up to him calmly.

"*Sikisn*, he is a bad one."

"You shut up, you hear?" shouted Boyd. "You just shut up right now, or I won't even bother to take you back."

"We've got no reason to take him yet," said Fletcher.

"We got Keno's story of what he seen. We got them with one of Matt Bowyer's sheep and Mrs. Bowyer's sunbonnet. Now, how about it? You want him dead right here or not?"

"Chiquito," said Fletcher, "will you give me your word not to run?"

The Apache glanced at Boyd before answering. "I can trust you, *sikisn?*"

"You know that, Chiquito."

"Then I will come."

Boyd took a rope from his saddle and dismounted, walking toward the Apache with the pistol still pointed. "Turn around, damn you," he said, "and put your hands behind your back!"

Chiquito looked at Fletcher, who leaned forward sharply. "There's no need for that, Boyd. He gave his word."

"He gave his word to you, not me. And I wouldn't believe it if he had." He jerked the gun. "Turn around, like I said!"

"Mr. Fletcher," said the drummer cautiously, "surely it's wiser. I mean, on account of ——"

But Fletcher interrupted him. "Boyd, let him be!"

Boyd pulled back the hammer of the pistol and pointed it at Chiquito's head. He grinned. "How's it going to be, Fletcher? I'd as lief it was this way."

The Apache looked into the pistol for a moment, then calmly turned his back, putting his wrists together behind him. Boyd tied them brutally, then returned to his horse with the free end, which he turned about his saddle horn. He mounted, jerked his horse about, and the Apache fell. Boyd laughed.

Chiquito rose with dignity, one side of his face white with wood ash.

Boyd laughed again. "Got his war paint on, ain't he?"

"Boyd," said Fletcher, "I'll not forget this."

"You coming back to Salt Flats with him or you going to stand here all day?"

"Chiquito," said Fletcher.

"It is all right, *sikisn.*"

"I want to know. What happened at the Bowyers'?"

The Apache's face became cold, and he did not answer.

"Let's go!" yelled Boyd and he heeled his horse forward suddenly. The Apache was jerked to the ground again and dragged over the dead body of the boy. Fletcher rode forward, grasping the bridle of Boyd's horse and pulling it to a halt. The Apache got up.

"Boyd, you do that again, and I'll kill you!"

Boyd grinned. "You kill Martha's pa? Not you." But he moved forward gently this time, the Indian running after, to keep the rope slack.

Fletcher turned a hard face to the drummer. "I want you as a witness of this."

"Of what, Mr. Fletcher?"

"Of what you've seen. Don't you understand?"

"If you wish, Mr. Fletcher."

"All right!" Fletcher lifted the reins and moved his horse on after Boyd. And the drummer, following them, thought that he must be dreaming.

Martha Boyd sat in darkness at the back of The Boyd House, but outside the window, down the length of the street, there were lights everywhere. The sound of voices in the saloon had started at dusk and grown in volume since. She heard the deep baying of her father's voice and she shivered. He began drinking four hours ago, just after he had brought the Indian into town. The people had come to their doors to watch, and the children had danced and yelled. At first Martha had wanted to laugh and then only to cry. The Apache had been covered with dust and dried blood. There had been nothing frightening, nothing dignified about him. Her father had pulled him the whole length of the street, as if he were taking a calf to the slaughter pen, yelling and jeering. Then Jason had cut the rope and taken the Indian to the forge.

Martha remembered it all very clearly. She rose suddenly and went to the door, opening it a bit, and she listened to the voices on the other side. She heard Mr. Harvey and she heard John McGill. She heard Martin Schurmann's whine. And they were all talking about the same thing. They wanted to hang the Indian.

She shut the door on her father's voice and she went to the window again and sat down. She looked along the street to the forge. The dust on the street was white in the moon, patched with yellow where the oil lamps threw their glow. There was enough light, from the moon and the lamps, for her to read the signs, and she read them, again and again, without knowing why—Harvey's General Merchandise; McGill's Leather, Saddlery and Harness; Schurmann's Tonsorial Parlour. The only building without lights was the old Bella Union, its sign almost faded, its windows boarded up for sixteen years now. And always after she had read the signs, her eyes came back to the black, open mouth of the forge and the thought of Jason there with his Indian prisoner.

Fletcher heard the voices too. He stood just inside the forge, with his back against Harvey's spring wagon which still wanted new wheel rims. Now and then the fire collapsed a little more, rustling, sending up a spinning spark. And now and then Fletcher heard a deep and regular breathing in the darkness, from where Chiquito lay with his back against the wall, his hands and feet tied. But most of all Fletcher listened to the sound of talk in the saloon of The Boyd House. He could not hear the words, but he sensed the anger and the passion of them. Since dusk he had counted the men going in and he reckoned there must be nearly thirty in there now, almost all the grown men in the town.

Once Mrs. Harvey had gone across from the store—to fetch her husband home, Fletcher guessed, and this had made him smile a little. But he saw no humor in it when she came out alone, walking stiff-legged in pride and indignation, her skirts lifted from the dust. From somewhere, from the bottle or from the men about him, Harvey had found enough courage to defy his wife.

Sometimes other women had come and stood in the lamplight outside The Boyd House, but none of them had brought their husbands out, and they had gone back home and kept their lights burning.

When he saw this, Fletcher went to his bunk at the back of the forge and he took down his rifle. For the first time in his life, since he was a boy, the feel of the weapon was strange and ugly. He had never seen a lynching, but he had heard men talk of it. Sometimes the stories had begun like this, on a hot night when there was hate and anger and failure in a town—and too much for men to drink while they thought. Other stories had begun different ways—perhaps it was hatred of the heat and the desert land. So Fletcher did not know what to think or what to expect, except that he would probably be alone.

Behind him the Indian stirred. "*Sikisn?*"

"What is it, Chiquito?"

"It is hot."

Fletcher walked to the water barrel, scooping some out with a dipper and carrying it across to the Apache. He caught a flash of white eyes and teeth. The Indian's roped hands came out of the darkness to steady the dipper as he drank.

"Thank you, *sikisn.*"

Fletcher was unreasonably angry. "Why do you call me brother? We've met two, three times; that's all."

"A man knows his brother."

"Maybe so," said Fletcher emptily. He allowed the remaining water to dribble from the dipper. Then he went back to the barrel and scooped some for himself. He drank, took another scoop and poured it over his head. It cooled him a little. He went back to the door of the forge, and once more the Apache's hoarse, insistent voice attacked him. "*Sikisn?*"

"What is it now, Chiquito?"

"Let me go."

Fletcher breathed in deeply. "No, you know that's ——"

"You hear men talk."

"That's all it is, Chiquito. Talk."

"Will they hang me, *sikisn?*"

But Fletcher would not reply. He looked angrily at The Boyd House and saw how white it was in the moon, and the high veranda which was a manifestation of Boyd's pride and ambition because he had refused to have a boardwalk porch. The voices were louder now, and there was the crash of a glass or a bottle breaking. The rifle was wet with sweat in Fletcher's hand; he untied his neckcloth and wiped the weapon.

"They will kill, *sikisn.*"

"No, Chiquito."

"I know. You know."

"You're wrong. It'll be all right tomorrow. I can take you out to the Bowyers' then."

"Maybe Bowyer dead."

Fletcher paused before speaking. "Is he, Chiquito?"

The Indian did not reply. Fletcher stood away from the spring wagon and walked to the door of the forge, where he could see down the whole length of the street. He saw a woman approaching, and at first he thought it was Mrs. Harvey coming to ask him to get her husband out of the saloon. Then he saw that it was Martha. He watched her as she came closer, the lightness of her body and the sad, tired way she held her head. She stopped a few yards from the forge, and Fletcher moved out of the shadows so that she could see he was there.

"Jason?"

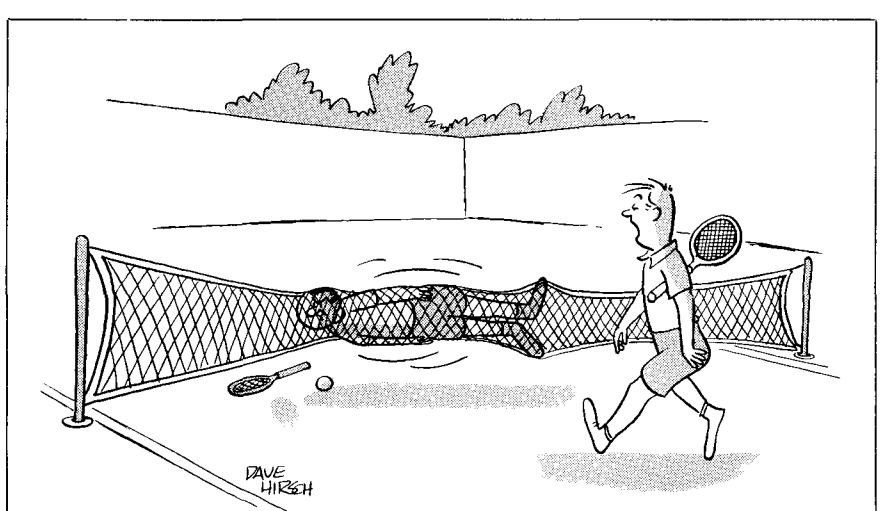
"I'm here."

"Is it all right to come?"

"You can come closer," he said a little bitterly. "He's tied up, like your father wanted."

She came up to him, her heart-shaped face lifted. "I didn't mean that. I meant that being town constable, you might have rules."

"I ain't got no rules," he said. "I know nothing about being town constable,



"Nice follow-through."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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'cept you do the work other folk ain't got the sand to do for themselves."

She said nothing for a moment, then took her eyes from him and looked into the darkness of the forge. The fire was a pinprick of scarlet and almost dead, but the forge smelled as always of hot iron. "What is he doing, Jason?"

"He's tied up, feet and hands. What could he do?"

Again a pause, and then she said, "Did he kill the Bowyers?"

"He ain't said. I guess he figures it don't matter—listening to your father and the others over there."

Now she spoke quickly. "They're talking of hanging him. Harvey, and John McGill, I mean. Even old Reuben."

"Not your father?"

He heard the hiss of her breath. "Yes, him too. Most of all. He's putting them onto it."

"I should have taken you away," said Fletcher. "Two years ago—when my folks died, when I spoke for you and your father took a whip to me."

"Jason!" she pleaded.

"Lot of things I should've done," he went on. "I should've stopped your father up there, before he shot the other Indian. I should've ——"

"Try and understand him."

"He runs this town—like it was his."

"He was one of the first here. Understand him, Jason."

"I understand him. There's your ma, and you're all he's got to remind him of her, and every time he looks at you, he remembers he ain't got her any more. But now it's different."

"How's it different, Jason?"

"Now he's got an Indian, don't you see? Now he's got an Indian he can hang and he ain't thinking it's on account of the Bowyers. It's your ma."

"It's the town, being nothing and all, Jason."

"It'll be like that for us if we stay. You've got to come with me."

"I can't."

"Do you want to grow old here?" asked Fletcher passionately. "You want to be dried up with the town?"

"I can't leave him, Jason."

"You owe him nothing. Will you leave with me?"

"Not yet."

"When? When, Martha?"

"I don't know."

She stood outside the door, with her hands clasped before her, and the moonlight dropping her shadow gently. She could scarcely see Jason where he stood in the darkness. "You do understand, Jason? You understand?"

She waited for him to answer, and when he did not, she turned and walked slowly back to The Boyd House. Fletcher watched her go.

"*Sikisn?*"

Fletcher swung about quickly and shouted angrily into the darkness beyond. "Now, you shut your damned mouth, Chiquito! You hear me? I'm not your brother!"

He heard the creak of rawhide as the Indian moved arms and legs against the thongs. And then there was silence. He turned back to face the empty street, the pools of yellow light from the watching windows, the laughter and the shouting.

An hour later Boyd came through the batwings. He burst out of them and stood there swaying, his big body a black silhouette against the light. He yelled like a cowboy and then plunged down the steps to the dirt of the street. There he swayed again and yelled. The others came out of The Boyd House in a crowd, pushing and fighting. The crowd broke into fragments on the street, with arms waving bottles, or fists clenched. Fletcher saw the drummer, his city coat off and his derby hat twirling in his hand. He was shouting and singing and he was very drunk.

Then the crowd, instinctively almost, came together in a tight knot and moved down the street toward the forge. Twenty or thirty men when they shout, thought Fletcher, do not sound like men at all. He stood away from the wall and took a pace into the street with his feet astride and the rifle held across his body by both hands. He knew they must see him, but they did not stop. They came in a great hurry, and in front of them walked Boyd, his shoulders very broad, his shirt white and the sleeves gartered. A coil of rope hung from one hand.

When they were twenty yards from him, Fletcher shouted, "Mr. Boyd!"

They halted and for a moment they were silent, eyes shining, stupid grins held lopsided on sweating faces. He tried to put names to the faces, but could not, yet he knew them all.

The drummer pushed his way to the front, standing at Boyd's side. "Mr. Fletcher," he began, "for the safety of the West and its brave womenfolk ——"

There was an ironic cheer, and the drummer turned to the crowd and bowed from the waist. Then he turned back and opened his mouth, but before he could speak, Boyd grasped his shoulder and threw him in the dirt.

"Fletcher!" he shouted.

"What do you want, Mr. Boyd?"

"You know what we want!"

"You'd better put it into words, Mr. Boyd, so's the rest can hear and remember."

Boyd stepped a pace forward and slapped the rope against his legs. Then he held it up. "Why, we figure on hanging ourselves an Indian." He looked back. "That right?"

There was another cheer, and old Reuben broke away from the crowd and began to stomp, his bald head bobbing and his knees going up and down in a war dance. He hooted and flapped his hand over his mouth until somebody pushed him and he fell down. He got up angrily, flailing his fists. The crowd moved forward, jostling against Boyd.

Fletcher pumped the lever of the rifle and brought it up to his chest. The crowd stopped and was silent again.

"Fletcher," said Boyd at last. "You hear me now!"

"I can hear all of you. Go on back to your homes."

"Well, now," said Nathan Harvey. He stepped out of the crowd, swaggering, his thumbs stuck into his vest pockets. "Well, now, look what we got here."

"You go home, too, Mr. Harvey," said Fletcher. "I saw your wife looking for you."

The crowd laughed, enraging Harvey. "Who the hell do you think you are?" he demanded.

"I'm the town constable, Mr. Harvey—elected by all of you."

"Then, by Jupiter, we hereby unelect you!" shouted old Reuben. The crowd laughed and pushed forward again.

"You hear that?" shouted Boyd. "You're no longer town constable. Now get out of the way."

"I'll hand in the job," said Fletcher, "when it's taken from me by a proper town meeting, which you ain't."

"Don't you tell us ——"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Boyd. But you're all drunk and you don't know what you're doing."

"What you going to do about it, eh?" shrieked Schurmann. "You going to shoot us all down with that popgun?"

Fletcher did not answer. From behind him came a soft and urgent voice.

"*Sikisn!*"

"We're wasting time!" yelled Boyd. "He ain't going to shoot nobody!" He lurched forward, only to halt as Fletcher brought the rifle to his shoulder. Boyd looked at the gun in astonishment and then began to laugh.

"Put it down," he said. "I told you, you ain't going to shoot nobody."

"I will if I have to, Mr. Boyd."

For a moment Boyd stared at him, then turned to the others. "Now, you listen to me ——" he began.

"Let's get on with it," shouted Harvey.

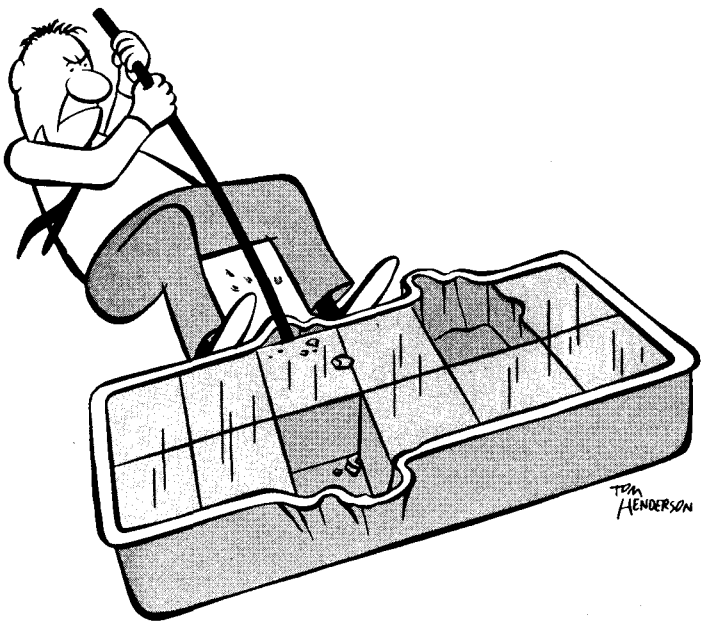
"Listen to me! Hear this first. Because if he fires that gun at me, you ought to know why."

"Why?" The drummer collided with Boyd, pulling at his shirt. "Why, Mr. Boyd? You tell us why."

Boyd pushed him away. "Because he figures with me dead he can get Martha. He ain't protecting no Indian. He's figuring on killing me legal."

He turned on Fletcher, his face contorted. "Ain't that right? You been wanting Martha all these years. Only me stopped you. Stopped you with a whip once, didn't I? You going to shoot me, boy, you'd better be mighty certain why."

(*Continued on Page 64*)



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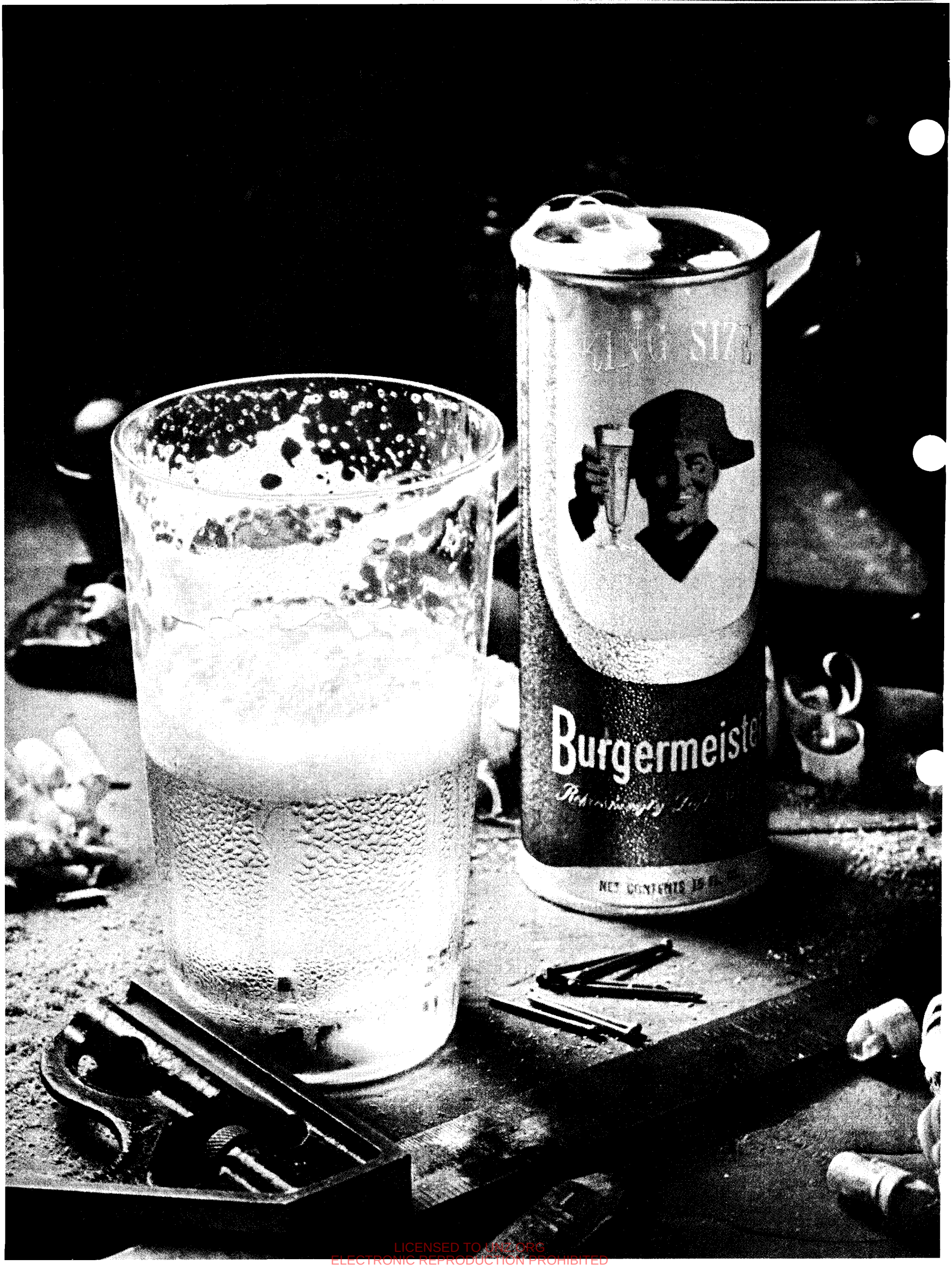

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(*Continued from Page 61*) Fletcher let the rifle slip from his shoulder a fraction, and in that second Boyd brought up an arm in a throw. The coils of the rope struck Fletcher across the face, blinding him, wrapping themselves about the rifle.

He staggered back and felt the rush of men grapple with him as he fell to the ground. Somebody pulled the rifle from his hands. Another fell heavily on his chest, driving the breath from it. Arms fought with his legs, hands gripped his wrists, and a fist thudded and thudded again at his temple.

He heard the sound of unnatural voices, screaming, laughing, calling; and although his eyes were open, he could see little in the darkness as he fought and struggled with the men upon him. For a moment, when he was able to force his body upright, he saw the open gap of the forge door and the street. Boyd and two other men—Harvey and the drummer—were dragging Chiquito out by the feet, and the Indian's head was bouncing on the rough earth.

Then Fletcher was thrust down again. He heard a voice yelling, "No! No!" without realizing that it was his own. He smelled the raw whisky on the breaths of the men above him, the harsh odor of the earth below—the smell of liquor and iron and sweat, the smell of men and the smell of horse. Then he could no longer move. There were men sitting on his arms, lying across his legs, and Martin Schurmann and old Reuben were sitting on his body, yelling at each other.

But he could stretch out his neck and see the door. He saw the rope go up, snaking, and then the noose swinging as it passed over the beam of the hay lift. It seemed to swing and swing a long time before an arm reached out and grasped it, an arm in a white, gartered sleeve.

Then Chiquito was there, held upright by Harvey, and the noose was going round his neck.

There was a shriek of protest, and suddenly the drunken drummer was clawing at Boyd. Boyd laughed, and the drummer next tried to take the Apache's head from the noose. But Boyd took him by the throat and threw him away.

The unexpected interruption caught the attention of the men on top of Fletcher, and he pulled himself free of them, standing up, swinging his fists. He lurched toward the door and saw the taut, tight rope slanting and, at the bottom of it, the tilted head of Chiquito, the knot behind his ear.

The Apache stared at Fletcher. "*Sikisn!*" he said, and his eyes were like an animal's.

Fletcher yelled and leaped at Boyd. The big man swung up his arm and brought the butt of the rifle against Fletcher's head. There was nothing more then, nothing to see but darkness, nothing to hear but a rushing like winter rain.

"I think the Thompsons are drifting apart."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He came out of the darkness slowly, feeling, smelling, hearing things before he could endure the pain of opening his eyes. He felt a coldness on his face and tickling threads of sensation running down his cheeks to his neck at the back of his ears. He smelled the dust and the iron smell of the earth. And he heard a rhythmic, remorseless creak of a rope swinging.

At last he opened his eyes, and above him was the night sky, clear and clean in the moon, with the stars bright. He saw this until a shadow came between them and him, and a face looked down. It was Martha, and her hand was on his forehead. He closed his eyes again against the pain, but he knew that he was really taking shelter in the darkness because he was afraid of what he might see if he opened his eyes and looked about him, instead of up to the sky. He heard the rustle of Martha's skirt, the ring of a dipper against a bucket, a cloth being wrung, and then there was the gentle coolness on his face again.

At last he sat up on his elbow, despite the restraining pressure of Martha's hand. He forced himself to look up. There hung Chiquito at the end of a rope, and the body moved, and the rope sang.

"Damn them!" shouted Fletcher.

"Jason," said Martha unhappily.

He pushed her away and stood up, staggering against the wall of the forge, supporting himself there as he looked up and stared and stared.

Something moved at his feet, a hand clutched at his leg, and he looked down. The white face of the drummer below was wet with tears.

"I helped," he said. "I tried to stop them. God pity me!"

Fletcher looked down the street. Salt Flats was now in darkness except for one light burning in The Boyd House. But it was a dying darkness. All along the eastern rim a new day's heat was beginning in rose-gray and yellow. And still the body of Chiquito creaked on the rope.

"God pity me!" said the drummer and repeated it again and again in a dying whisper, until his lips were moving soundlessly.

"Jason."

Fletcher turned to Martha. "Where are they? Where's your father?"

"In his room. He just sits there, looking at ma's picture."

"I hope he never sleeps. I hope none of them can sleep again." Fletcher staggered into the middle of the street yelling wildly. "Do you hear? I hope you can't sleep! I hope you never sleep!"

"God pity me!" moaned the drummer.

Fletcher went back to the forge, leaning his arm on the wall and his head against it. Martha came to him and stood by him and at last put an arm about him.

"Shall we take him down, Jason?"

He lifted his head and looked at her. "Take him down?"

"The Indian."

"No," he said. "Let him hang there. Let them see him. Let their wives see him. Let their kids. They were drunk enough to hang him, let's see if they can bury him when they're sober."

"What are we going to do, Jason?"

"We?"

"You and me."

He began to understand. "Just you and me?"

"There's nothing to hold us here."

He looked up at Chiquito. "There'll always be something to hold us here." Then he looked back to her. "Your father?"

"When he came back—afterward," she said, "he sat awhile, just looking. Th he told me to come and help you. Th he kissed me. He hasn't done that, Jason, not since ma died."

"Chiquito would be glad to know," said Fletcher bitterly.

"I've got my things," she said. "I ain't got much, but what I've got is in ma's old carpetbag over there. Take me away, Jason. Now."

"God pity me!" said the drummer.

The sun was up a hand's breadth above the horizon when they drove out of Salt Flats. By this time, on other days, there would have been folk in the street already, getting chores done before the day grew too hot. By this time Martin Schurmann would have been sweeping the walk before his "parlour," and Harvey would have been putting bags of meal outside his store. But there was nobody in the street when Fletcher drove the buckboard down, his roan clopping behind.

They did not look to left or right and they left Salt Flats behind and they did not look back.

Five miles out of town they met wagon coming down the trail from the Mogollons, and Fletcher pulled up and waited for it.

There was a man sitting on the front seat with a woman. On the seat behind were four young children, their faces bright and scrubbed. In the wagon itself and staring over the sideboards was an Apache, the boy who had run away when Boyd shot down Pa-nayo-tishn.

The wagon halted, and the man put his whip into the socket, nodded to Fletcher and flipped the brim of his hat to Martha. He did not smile.

"Good morning, Jason. . . . Good morning, Miss Boyd."

They returned his greeting, and he looked at them for a while and then jerked a thumb toward the Indian. "Is what he says true, Jason?"

"It's true."

"This is a bad business."

"It's worse than you think."

The man looked curiously at the bag in the back of the buckboard. "Yo leaving Salt Flats?"

"We're leaving."

The man nodded and then he said, "Where's Chiquito? Is he in town?"

"He's in town."

"I want to talk to your father about this, Miss Boyd."

"He'll listen to you, I reckon," said Fletcher in a hard voice. He lifted the reins.

"Well," said the man.

Fletcher touched the brim of his hat. "Good-by, Mr. Bowyer," he said. "Good-by, Mrs. Bowyer."

He clicked his tongue, slapped the reins and drove on, with Martha beside him.

The Dog With a Hollow Leg (Continued from Page 29)

"Jerry laughed. 'I wasn't fixing it up for *you*,' he said. He lowered his voice and looked around like a burglar about to try a back window. 'It's for Mike,' he said.

"That's Jerry's dog, Mike. I'd seen him around, the once or twice I'd been to the house before. Big dog. German shepherd. I mean really big. I'd seen healthy heifers weren't as big as that dog.

"'I see,' I said. Of course I didn't at all.

"'I have to do it when he's not around,' Jerry said.

"'Naturally,' I said. 'Wouldn't do to let him catch you at it.' Meantime I was wondering if I ought to try to find out the name of his family doctor or something. But then I remembered my lifelong guiding principle, that things are practically never what they seem to be. So I sat down at the kitchen table, and when he got through with his nefarious deed, Jerry poured a couple of modest drinks out of an honest bottle and sat down with me.

"'I never told you about old Mike, did I?' Jerry says. 'I met old Mike in Korea in 1951, during that difference of opinion we had with the Chinese and others. I was a pressman's helper when I went into the Army, so they put me in the K-9 Corps and made a dog handler out of me. It seemed logical to somebody, and anyway the Army wasn't doing a lot of printing, I suppose. Actually I didn't mind. I like dogs. I suppose you know how it worked: Each handler worked a certain number of dogs, and in my bunch there was this monster shepherd, Michaelis von Eberhorst und Steblen. Naturally we called him Mike. He was the best dog in the outfit. He really was some dog. Anything you were smart enough to figure out a way to get into his head, he could learn. I know for a fact Mike killed three men, but he had a disposition like an angel. You wouldn't believe it to see him try to rip a set of leathers off a trainer and then trot back to (*Continued on Page 67*)

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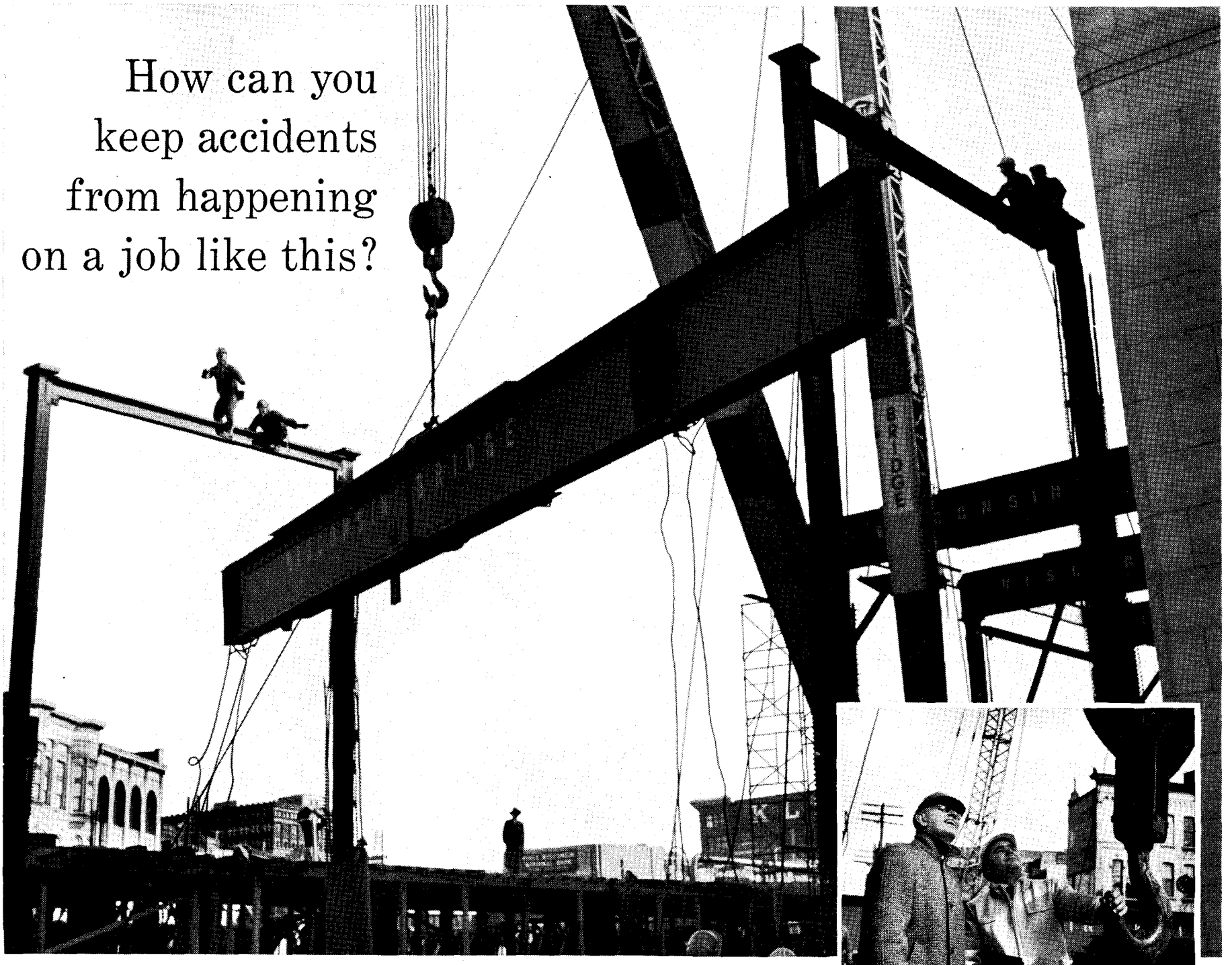
How can you keep accidents from happening on a job like this?



Mr. Riemer's son, Arthur (left), is president of Wisconsin Bridge and Iron. He shares his father's concern for the safety of their 400 employees in the fabricating plant and on erection sites. Ed Baxa (right), Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer, is making one of his frequent safety surveys.

Wausau Story

by **ARTHUR L. RIEMER,** *Chairman of the Board*
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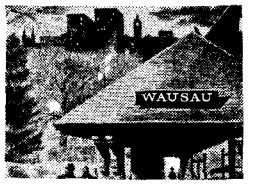

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(*Continued from Page 64*) me, wagging his tail, and a big grin on his face.

"'When we went out on night patrol, the dog was point. That was the way we did it. Without the dog, in some of the country out there, a patrol could walk through a company of North Koreans or Chinese and never see one. The dog took care of that.

"'Mike was smart, as I've told you, and he was lucky. He saw a lot of action and he never got hurt. Patrols that went out with him were lucky too; at least I thought so, and of course I was always along, since I was Mike's handler.

"'One night, up around Kumsong, we went out about nine-thirty, an hour or so after dark. It was early in the fall, September, and it was a nice enough night, for Korea. We'd been out about an hour when old Mike hit the deck. Mike had his own way of working. The second he got a scent he'd drop like a rock and try to work out where it was coming from. That usually didn't take him long, but this one night he stayed down so long I began to wonder about him. We were in a tight little place, a hill on one side of us and a marshy little pond on the other. Finally I reached over and rubbed Mike behind the ears a little, and he decided to move. We hadn't made twenty feet when one of the guys let off a carbine, I heard a short scream and a grenade went off—in my pocket, it seemed to me, it was that close.

"'What had happened, there was a Chinese squatting in the water up to his neck, waiting for us, or somebody, or anybody. He was in the water to fool the dogs, of course, but at that Mike had smelled a little corner of him. Lord knows how long that guy had been there, waiting for a chance to heave his grenades. But somebody had seen his arm come up, and the first one he threw was the last.

"'One had been enough. We had one man dead, another with a hole in his chest, and Mike was down—all ripped up, and he couldn't use his hind legs. I stuck a couple of bandages on him, which did no good at all, and then I picked him up, before the lieutenant could get any idea about leaving him behind. We brought them all in: the fellow who was killed, the guy hit in the chest and Mike.

"'The vets said Mike was hopeless. They wanted to shoot him. His back right leg was in terrible shape, two bones broken; he'd lost a tremendous amount of blood through my amateur bandages, but he was conscious, and he was as calm as a cigar-store Indian, not even whining.

"'I told the vets I wanted him fixed up, but they said nothing doing, they had nothing to use for anesthetic, and the shock of operating on him without it would kill him, they were sure of it. I'd have to let them shoot him, they told me.

"'I made them give me half an hour, and I took off. I didn't waste any time trying to promote any morphine or ether or anything from the medics. I knew how it was with them. I just hoped they had enough for the guy we'd brought back. But I knew a chopper pilot who could promote a little whisky once in a while. I found him. He had two bottles of bonded bourbon. You know how much bonded bourbon was worth up there? Just a hundred and ten dollars a fifth. I told him it was an emergency and made a deal with him: both bottles for an even two hundred dollars.

"'I whipped back to the kennels. Mike was still alive and still conscious. I told the two vets the proposition: one bottle for the dog, one for them. They looked at each other, and one of them told the other to get some penicillin. While they were setting up to operate, I had a little talk with Mike. I couldn't figure out any way to get it across to him what we were trying to do, but he knew well enough that I wanted to help him, and when I started pouring that bottle of whisky down his throat, at least he didn't take my arm off at the elbow, which he could have done just by closing his mouth.

"'It took those two clowns, working fast, an hour and a half to stitch Mike together. Whenever he showed any sign that he felt anything I'd pour another ounce of whisky into him. In the course of the operation, believe it or not, I gave him the whole bottle except for about an inch in the bottom—that and a couple of shots I took myself.

"'I saved what was left, and it was a good thing I did, because when I went around to see Mike in the morning, he was sick as a dog, so to speak; he had what I'm willing to bet was the worst hang-over any dog ever had since time began. I gave him a little hair of the man that bit him, and he seemed to rally. I know he appreciated it.

"'Mike never worked again, of course, but he got well. He had what you might call an uneventful convalescence. The vets had done a nice job on him. He didn't even limp, and he still doesn't, except when it rains hard for a couple of days. When he showed any sign of pain, I gave him a little whisky. When I got transferred to Japan, I bought Mike from the U.S. Army. Five dollars. He went everywhere with me. The Japanese thought he was a tame wolf. Nobody in Japan had ever seen a dog that weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. I used to have a problem finding food for him. You could give him five pounds of meat and he'd eat it before you could straighten up. He was expensive to feed. And he liked a little whisky every day.

"'One night I was in a bar, having a couple of beers and trying not to lose my temper with a big-mouth merchant seaman who was telling me how much he'd drunk one night in Marseilles and another night in Naples and so on. Finally I got fed up with him. I told him I had a dog that could drink more than he could.

"'That did it. First thing I knew there was a hundred dollars on the bar, and it was a case of put up or shut up. I didn't have the hundred, but I promoted it. When the sailor asked me what my hairy friend liked to drink, I decided I'd give old Mike whisky sours, for the energy in the sugar and the vitamins in the lemon juice. So the bartender made two whisky sours, we put Mike's in a rice bowl, he sniffed at it, stuck his tongue in, slurp, and that was that. The sailor drank his, and the bartender set 'em up again.

"'The sailor surrendered unconditionally at number twelve. I think he could have handled more, but he couldn't stay with Mike for speed. He couldn't stand the pace. Mike was *fast*. So we took the two hundred dollars and went looking for a butcher shop. That night we both had steak.

"'For the next six months Mike and I lived like kings—minor royalty, at any rate. Once a week—no oftener—Mike would accept a challenge. He never lost. We had some close squeaks, I must admit. There was an engineer off a Turkish freighter who almost did Mike in. He was a terror, that Turk. He caved in finally, though, like all the rest. I had to carry Mike home that night, but I was carrying five hundred dollars too.

"'When I was discharged, the Army shipped Mike to Seattle for me. I gave one of the handlers three bottles of rye and told him that if he'd slip Mike a couple of shots a day, I'd buy him another three in Seattle, and I did. First, naturally, I went to see if Mike was looking cheerful and contented, which he wouldn't have been if the fellow had been holding out on him.

"'Well, all that was about nine years ago,' Jerry says, 'and Mike's not getting any younger. I've had some trouble with him. I just won't let him eat four or five pounds of meat at a sitting any more, and sometimes he gets pretty sore at me. But it's when I cut down on his whisky that he gets *really* mad. He wants three ounces of toddy every night, and if he doesn't *get* three, there's trouble. I know he can count to three, and for all I know he can go to nine or ten. And if he sees me pour *two* drinks—well, a couple of times he's knocked the table over, and once he left the whisky in the dish and walked through the screen door without bothering to open it—things like that. One time he came over and leaned on me, he was so mad. He just leaned that hundred and twenty pounds on me and looked up as if to say that for two bits he'd take me out in the back yard and bury me for old bones.

"'So, lately,' Jerry says, 'I've been cutting his whisky half-and-half with water. I don't think he notices, just as long as he sees me pour three drinks. It's got to be done. Mike's just not as young as he used to be.'

"About two minutes later," Uncle Martin said, "there's an unholy banging and clattering on the door, and Jerry gets up to let this monster in. He sits down beside the table, and Jerry says, 'I'll just give him a short one, so he can be sociable. He can't understand it if anybody else has a drink and he doesn't.' And he poured a small libation out of one of the cut bottles. It was a remarkable thing to see. The dog drank it nice and slow. He lapped up about half of it, and then he went over to his dish and had a little leftover meat, and then he came back and finished his drink. Remarkable animal."

"I should think so," I said. "I'm surprised he didn't challenge you to a contest."

"He was retired," Uncle Martin said. "And besides it wouldn't have been fair. Proportionately he was much older than I am. I'd have beat him for sure."

"I see," I said.

"Point is," Uncle Martin said, "you have to agree with me that Jerry Brainerd was watering that whisky for a good and even a noble cause."

"Right," I said.

"Which demonstrates that snap judgment is the foe of intelligence."

"Right," I said.

Uncle Martin held his glass to the light again. "No water in *this*," he said. "Have some."

"Tell me one more thing," I said. "This wonder dog, this hollow-leg terror—where does he live? I'd like to see him."

"Mike?" Uncle Martin said. "You're a little late. Mike is no longer with us."

"Just wouldn't learn to be moderate in his old age, I suppose?" I said.

"No," Uncle Martin said. "Wasn't that at all. An error in judgment his master made did Mike in. Both of them had developed a taste for Oriental food while they were in the service, and they used to go into New York and have a big dinner in Chinatown every couple of months—you know, the real thing, ten courses and all that, and none of this chop-suey nonsense. A few months ago they went in, but Jerry had picked the wrong day: It was the Chinese New Year. When Mike heard the first string of firecrackers go off, he ran amuck. He saw the Chinese fella who'd thrown them, and he jumped halfway across the street trying to get him. Car came along just then, and that was the end of old Mike. A soldier to the end, you might say."

"A very moving story," I said.

"There was an odd thing about it too," Uncle Martin said. "You know what the name of the fella driving the car turned out to be? Bourbon. Francis J. Bourbon. Came from New Jersey."

"A man given to snap judgments might find significance in that coincidence," I said. "As a matter of fact, it would be easy to form a snap judgment about the whole story."

"Avoid it," Uncle Martin said. "The snap judgment is the bane of the western world." THE END

"Visitors' day."

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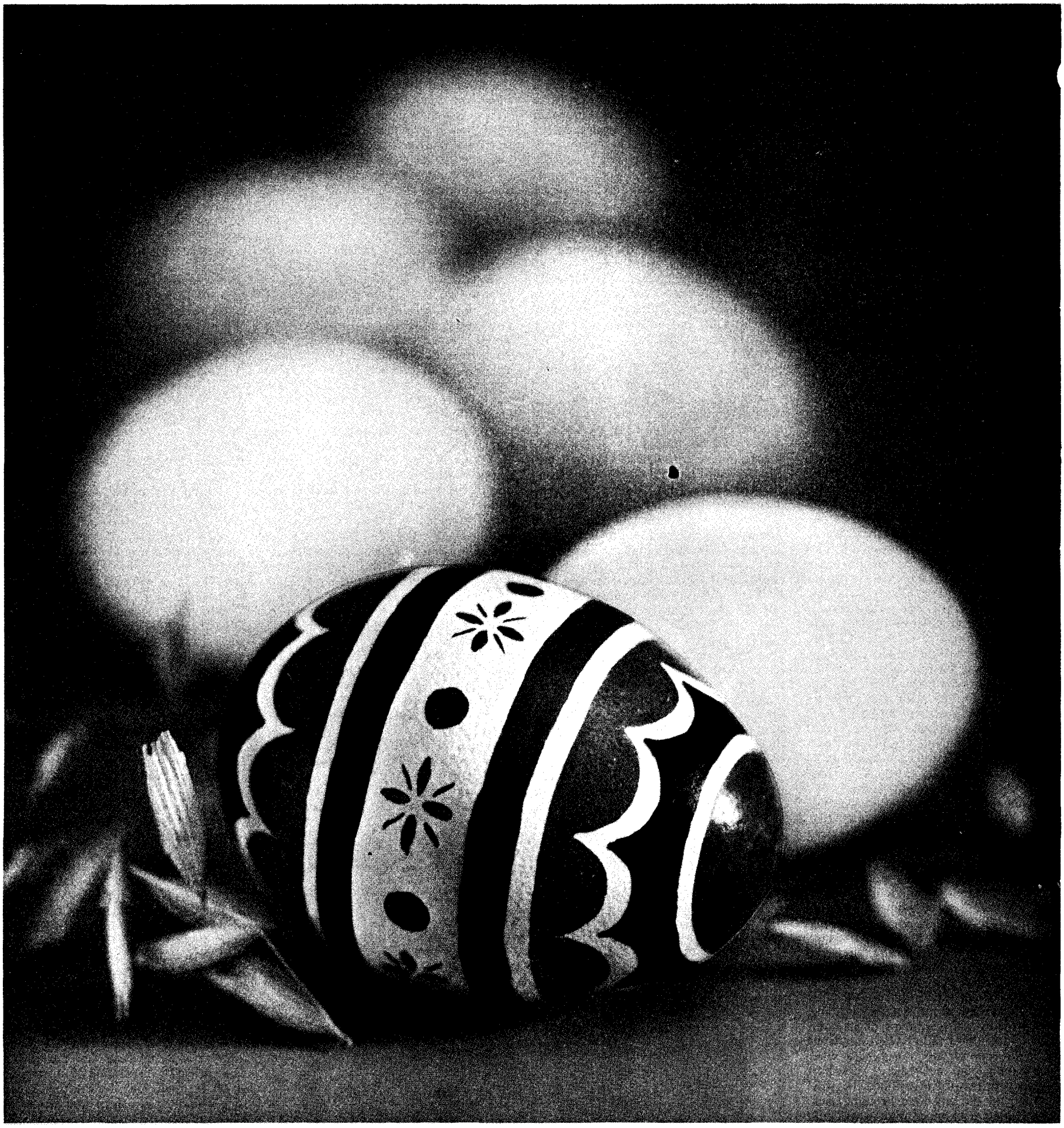

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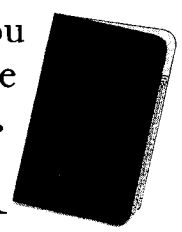

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Father Dan's Big Adventure

(Continued from Page 14)

"I wouldn't have believed it, except I seen it with my own eyes!" exed a Peruvian congressman addressing his colleagues in session. "That American padre actually has been able to get the Indians to take their money out of hiding and to invest it. Remarkable!"

"Father McLellan has outreached everybody else by a wide margin in his sociological approach to the Indians," a United Nations Andean study group reported following a tour of Peru.

In truth, it took quite a bit of reaching on the part of the American padre. Father Dan's recipe called for painstaking preparations, rigorous work, unflagging enthusiasm. A hard-won insight into the Indian mind taught him that a flair for the big play was necessary if he was to attain his goal. There was little he wasn't prepared to tackle if he thought the caper would help persuade the Indians to allow him to resurrect them from the scrap heap.

In the far reaches of the hills people recount with great gusto how, in the big annual soccer match a few years ago between the Puno team and the Juliaca —to them, tantamount to Yale-Harvard—"Uncle Dan" put himself into the game, feinted an opponent clear off the field and scored the winning goal for Puno. Puno fans lifted him on their shoulders and trotted around the field after the final whistle. Indians did a folk dance in honor of their "tío" (uncle).

The accolades were well merited. But Father McLellan, who has a passion for truthfulness, told me: "Fortunately, after scoring that goal, I came to my senses and took myself out of the game before I fell flat on my face and everybody realized how dumb lucky I'd been."

The luck of Dan McLellan, however, seems to be a make-it-yourself product. When his Maryknoll superiors dispatched him to Peru in 1950 with the task of restoring the almost moribund religious fervor of the Indians, Father Dan was thirty-four years old and fresh from three years in the Hawaiian missions. That Polynesian wonderland did little to prehim for the stark reality of Puno. At irst glimpse of the conditions under ...ich the Quechuas and Aymaras—of the same stock whence sprang the fabulous Incas—were living, he was aghast.

Their meager farms, on which Irish potatoes are the principal crop—they were growing in Peru long before Ireland ever heard of them—and their scrawny sheep and cattle had been sorely afflicted by a recent drought. Modern agricultural implements were nonexistent. The Indians lived in mud huts which had absolutely no conveniences and no sanitation and which spawned an incidence of tuberculosis among the highest in the world.

Exploitation long had been the lot of the people—75 per cent Quechuas, 15 per cent Aymaras, the remainder mestizos. By law, Peruvian banks could not grant them personal loans. To borrow, they had to go to usurers who charged an interest of from 10 to 50 per cent a month on the total loan, thus holding the debtors in virtual bondage for most—if not all—of their lives. Their average income was between $100 and $300 a year. Distrusting the banks, which would not give them credit, they hoarded hard-earned funds, so that over the years substantial sums which, properly utilized, could have helped both the Indians and the Peruvian economy, were kept out of circulation. It was hardly surprising that the Indians were sometimes downright hostile toward outside influences. They weren't inclined to welcome Father McLellan, or anyone else, with open arms. Sadly Father Dan tossed his prepared sermons and his expectations of a swift missionary coup out the window.

"People who have hunger in their stomachs," he said, "have no time for the hunger of the soul."

And so Father Dan planned a new approach. First he hastily brushed up on his Spanish and absorbed a smattering of Quechua. He then invited everybody to come to the parish church. The church had been built in 1624, but in recent times precious few worshiped in it.

That first turnout consisted mostly of women, along with some twenty Indian men, who hadn't been to church in many years but who had decided to respond to the priest's call. The men became the butt of ridicule from other Indians who stood in the rear and sneered "old women, old women" at them. Father McLellan suddenly stopped his welcoming talk, rolled up the sleeves of his cassock, shook a knotted fist at the back of the church and, in weirdly chopped Quechua, challenged:

"Let us all go outside right now and we will soon see who are the old women among us!"

He strode down the aisle. There were no takers. Father Dan finished his first brief sermon amid a startled hush.

Later, when he was teaching the young ones the art of boxing, the Indians discovered that, had it come to a showdown, Father McLellan would have been nobody's patsy. As a young man in Denver, he had been a promising amateur boxer, with aspirations of turning professional and, perhaps, someday fighting for the heavyweight crown. Since the latter would have entailed taking on Joe Louis, he shudders when he thinks of that now. In fact, after he had entered the priesthood, he got a close-to-home object lesson on the matter. Among his many friends in the fight game is Billy Conn, who, just before his second fight with the Brown Bomber, wrote to Father McLellan: "As one fighter to another, say a prayer for me."

After Conn's annihilation, Father McLellan ruefully explained, "I'm afraid they were both weak—my prayer and Billy's left."

Born March 10, 1916, Father Dan was the son of Charles, a machinist for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and Margaret Hogan McLellan. The future priest was known as a devil-may-care youngster with a gift of gab. In high school he was quite a ladies' man and a football star. Because of successes as an amateur he had thoughts of a career in the ring. But he gave them up when, one day on his way home, a wind-blown copy of the *Maryknoll* magazine caught against his leg. He took it home, read it and soon decided to get into the business of fighting hunger, ignorance and suffering—and thereby the devil—in other lands. He was ordained at Maryknoll Seminary in 1942, the same year Joe Louis entered the Army and said, "We'll win, 'cause we is on God's side."

After his opening-round victory over the hecklers on that Sunday in the Andes, Father Dan strove to improve his position with a back-breaking regime. He established a community welfare-and-social service. He conducted a home-economics course which included dressmaking, cooking and child care. He set up a small dispensary. He developed a model farm to demonstrate modern techniques to farmers. He introduced new fertilizers. He distributed clothing, food and medicine. He taught English—often via his own verse—to many Indians. And he had a recreational program encompassing athletics, choral singing, dramatic groups, a library and movies.

"You speak awful," said a nine-year-old Quechua boy to the priest during that period. "If you teach me English, I'll teach you Quechua."

Father Dan happily accepted and later extended his studies under more expert teachers, so that he now is fluent in Quechua as well as Spanish. He also made an intensive study of Indian lore and began a concentrated effort to adapt himself to the Indians' customs. He took pictures of the Indians in their daily routine, and they were tickled to see themselves on slides. No matter what he tried, though, most of the natives remained as cold and distant as their mountain peaks. And so Father McLellan turned to the youngsters.

He took up the study of amateur magic, practiced in every spare moment until he became fairly adept and one day on his weekly visit to the Aymara-populated town of Ichu, not far from Puno, he astounded the boys and girls with card tricks, disappearing coins and pulling rubber rabbits out of a hat. From then on the padre always had a retinue of children following him about and imploring, "Can I have a little rabbit, padre?"

Presto! He'd make one appear—he kept himself well stocked at all times—and present it to the youngster. His winning ways with the children began to thaw the parents, who started to talk more with the priest.

"Everybody in Puno," Father McLellan told the people of Ichu, "thinks you are very unfriendly. But that is because they do not know you. You are cut off from everyone else. Why don't you have a road to the highway? Then visitors will come. They really wish you well."

After many subsequent discussions with village leaders, Father McLellan finally persuaded them that the townspeople themselves could build the road in a co-operative endeavor. He stirred their local pride. The villagers completed the road in a year. Today there is steady and mutually rewarding traffic between Puno and Ichu.

Father Dan was now making headway, but there still was no mad rush by the natives to embrace him. Something more sensational was indicated.

Now, in Peru a successful bullfighter is adored as something in the nature of a Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and Red Grange all rolled into one. His prestige is incalculable, as the padre was aware. It was while Father Dan was sitting around one night listening to a group of Indians extolling the virtues of the various matadors that he was suddenly hit with the big idea. After recovering from the initial shock of realizing what he was thinking, he took a deep breath and plunged blindly ahead.

"It is nothing, this bullfighting," he sneered and snapped his fingers. "I myself can defeat the bull."

One word led to another, and the elders finally agreed to arrange the unique bullfight described at the outset of this article. His victory in the bull ring gave Father McLellan his needed big breakthrough. The following Sundays the church in Puno and the chapel in Ichu were packed at every service. Father McLellan sent back word to his Maryknoll superiors:

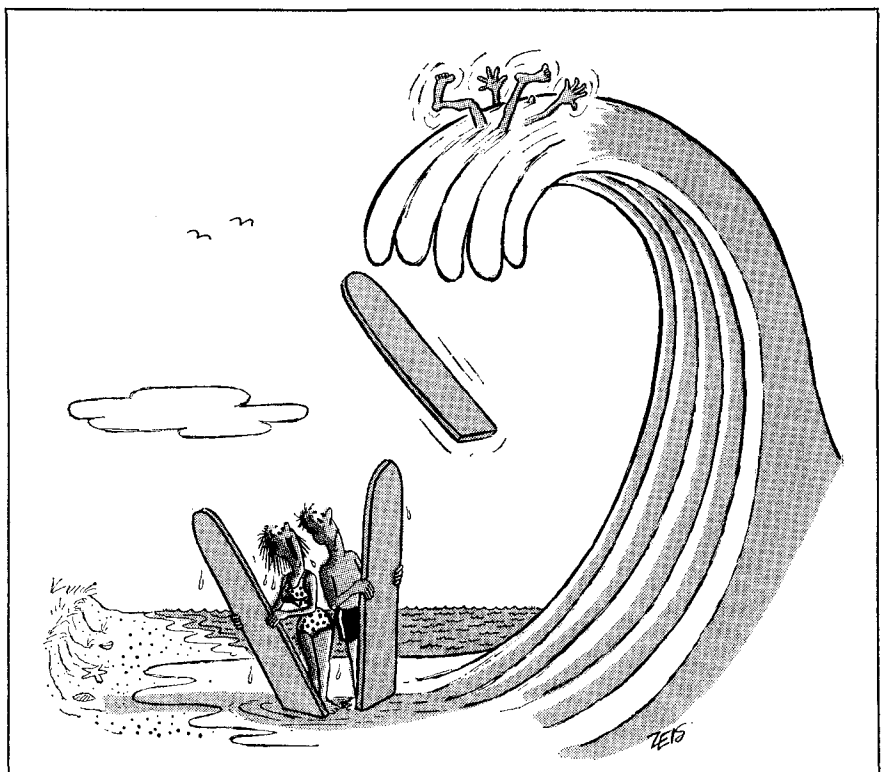
> Thanks to God for the increase, and send an "Ave" to the Andes so that we may be spiritual enough, strong enough and work hard enough to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity that seems to be knocking at our door.

With a thought to the temporal plight of the Indians, he added a postscript—"Besides the prayers, we can use some of the long green."

Without waiting for the long green to arrive from home, Father Dan decided to attend to this problem himself.

Deep down, behind their aloofness, the Indians had been hungering for a way of life in which they could put their faith. They long had yearned for someone to trust. They now regarded Father Dan as that person. The padre's idea of a credit union was actually a perfect choice. It is geared completely to the ancient customs of the natives. Like their great kin, the Incas, the Peruvian Indians are instinctively collectivists. The individualistic Spaniards, however, had come along to conquer and erase the Indians' living pattern. Father Dan's plan would return them to their former cherished traditions.

He selected a small group of Indians and mestizos, and night after night he



"Oh, good—here comes Carter now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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instructed them in the basic principles and future rewards of a credit union. Awakening their dormant enthusiasm, he found in them an almost childlike longing to become part of the flow of human progress.

With the approval of the president of Peru, twenty-three of the padre's pupils founded the nation's first credit union and elected its officers. It had a capital of 603 sols, or about thirty dollars, at the rate of exchange then current. Private banks were paying 4 per cent interest on savings. The credit union offered 6 per cent. The union began granting immediate loans. The first borrower was Juan Ticona, from the once isolated community of Ichu. He had saved 500 sols and needed 300 more to purchase a sewing machine. In less than a month he had repaid the entire debt and soon was doing a thriving tailoring business. Other early customers were a doctor who got a loan to buy an X-ray machine, the only one serving a population of 1,000,000, an Indian who bought an ax to chop wood, and a family who got a mattress after years of sleeping on the ground.

The growth of the union was amazing. From the mountains came old women to stand in the tiny office and laboriously extract lifelong savings of sols from their petticoats. Said one who deposited 3000 sols, "My son says if I keep it, someone may steal it. Let the padre watch over it, he said, and it will grow."

A reporter for an Arequipa newspaper was a bit puzzled as to why a priest should be concerning himself with matters social and economic. He wanted to know, in short, just why Father Dan was busy saving sols instead of souls.

"Simple," replied the padre. "My work is to save man. Man is neither pure spirit nor pure matter, but a mixture of soul and body. Sorrows and troubles attack man and deprive him of the time and peace needed to bring him closer to God. If we can feed the body, we can then nurture the soul."

By the end of the first year, the union had 291 members and capital of $15,000. It had granted ninety-five loans, without a single default. It was able to grant investors a 6 per cent dividend. In two years it granted $150,000 in loans, with a bad-debt loss of only eighty dollars.

Officials of the Peruvian Ministry of Public Health came to Father McLellan and asked, "Will you help us as you are helping the Indians?" He promised he would.

He used his six-month leave, granted every seven years to Maryknollers, to go to Madison, Wisconsin, for a training course at the headquarters of the Credit Union National Association (C.U.N.A.), an international organization of credit unions. He affiliated his own San Juan union with C.U.N.A. He further went to confer on his problems with experts at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

Then he returned to Peru, where appeals began coming to him from all sections of the country. He responded, and credit unions began springing up all over the land. By April, 1957, there were thirty-two unions in Peru. A year later the number had more than doubled. Now the horizons seem unlimited.

In 1958 Father Dan began a new project—a drive to lift the 40,000 people of Puno, seat of the Puno Department, from their squalid surroundings into "dwellings worthy of human persons."

"Christian family life can hardly exist," he said, "in a small, smoke-filled, one-room, dirt-floor mud hut. Such abominable conditions can only lead to physical, social and moral decay."

His project was a model housing development, in which heat, hot water, up-to-date kitchens and other modern improvements would be supplied—at a minimum price of $1800. Down payments could be obtained from the credit union, with monthly payments geared to income. John Turner, a young English architect working in Peru, contributed the design. Common building materials available in Puno were used. The walls, for instance, were of mud brick. Cooperative labor was used to make the whole thing a Puno community program.

Several hundred houses have now been constructed or are under construction, and the project has had a remarkably stimulating effect on the people, and similar programs are now under way in other parts of Peru.

The housing development has contributed in another important way to the welfare of Puno. In the past, the above-average wage earner would, as soon as he had earned enough money, depart from the depressing surroundings of Puno for greener pastures. Today many of these people are staying in Puno and lending their efforts to improve the lot of the very poor.

Father Dan McLellan today is a trifle embarrassed by all the hurrah over his efforts. But he is convinced that such self-help programs are the key to the fut of South America. "If a credit union succeed in the poverty-ridden Andes, can succeed anywhere," he said.

Despite his growing responsibilities, the mountain Indians remain Father Dan's true love. An insight into this affection can be gleaned by the fact that, in the midst of nationwide raves over his accomplishments, he wrote back to Maryknoll:

The big news of the month was the departure of our cook, Juana. She was a good old soul, but the unwary ones who happened to wander into the kitchen and see her preparing a meal suddenly lost their appetites, sometimes for good. We didn't want to fire her, so we finally figured a way to arouse her interest in another job. When she mentioned leaving, we accepted pronto. Gabino, former janitor, took over. That's the great thing about our Indians here. When you need something done, pick a guy who doesn't seem to have more than the winds of the *punas* between his ears, ask him to cook, paint or mix cement, and the guy does it. They're priceless.

After ten years in the Andes, Fa Dan McLellan prides himself on be almost Peruvian to the core.

"Who knows?" he said. "Perhaps when I'm buried in the Puno cemetery, I'll be Peruvian enough that the Indians will sprinkle my tomb with pisco and propose a toast to my memory."

That's a pretty safe bet.

Misunderstanding (Continued from Page 24)

against the surrounding landscape of lush chestnut copse and woodland. They were clearly visible for a good half mile.

In the army, from which he was now long retired, signaling had been the colonel's special pigeon. He had helped to train a considerable number of men with extreme proficiency. Miss Wilkinson, who was sixty, wasn't of course quite so apt a pupil as a soldier in his prime, but she had nevertheless been overjoyed to learn what was not altogether a difficult art. It had been the greatest fun for them both; it had whiled away an enormous number of lonely hours.

For the past five weeks Miss Wilkinson had been away, staying on the south coast with a sister, and the colonel had missed her greatly. Not only had there been no one to whom he could signal his questions, doubts and thoughts; he had never really been quite sure, all that time, what day it was.

After now having had the remarkable presence of mind to put an inch or two of water into the egg saucepan, the colonel set out with the flags to walk to the bottom of the garden, which sloped fairly steeply to its southern boundary, a three-foot hedge of hawthorn. Along the hedge thirty or forty gigantic heads of sunflower were in full bloom, the huge faces staring like yellow guardians across the three sloping open meadows that lay between the colonel and Miss Wilkinson, who lived in a small white weatherboard house down on the edge of a narrow stream. Sometimes after torrential winter rains the little stream rose with devastating rapidity, flooding Miss Wilkinson, so that the colonel had to be there at the double to bail her out.

In the center of the hedge was a stile, and the colonel, who in his crumpled suit of white duck looked something like a cadaverous baker out of work, now stood up on it and blew three sharp blasts on a whistle. This was the signal to fetch Miss Wilkinson from the kitchen, the greenhouse, the potting shed, or wherever she happened to be. The system of whistle and flag suited both the colonel and Miss Wilkinson admirably, the colonel because he hated the telephone so much and Miss Wilkinson because she couldn't afford to have the instrument installed. For the same reasons neither of them owned either television or radio, the colonel having laid it down in expressly severe terms, almost as if in holy writ, that he not only would never have such antisocial devices in the house but that they were also, in a sense, degenerate—if not immoral.

Miss Wilkinson having appeared in her garden in a large natural-straw hat and a loose, summery pink dress, the colonel addressed her by smartly raising his yellow flag. Miss Wilkinson replied by promptly raising her blue one. This meant that they were receiving each other loud and clear.

The day was so beautifully clear that the colonel not only could see Miss Wilkinson in detail as she stood on the small wooden bridge that spanned the stream but also could pick out slender spires of purple loosestrife among the many tall reeds that lined the banks like dark green swords. Both he and Miss Wilkinson, among their many other things in common, were crazy about flowers.

Having given himself another moment to get into correct position, the colonel presently signaled to Miss Wilkinson that he was frightfully sorry to trouble her, but would she very much mind telling him what day it was?

To his infinite astonishment Miss Wilkinson signaled back that it was Thursday and, as if determined to leave no doubt about it, added that it was also August the second.

August? the colonel replied. He was much surprised. He thought it was July.

No, no, it was August, Miss Wilkinson told him. Thursday, the second—the day he was coming to tea.

The colonel had spent the morning since ten o'clock in a rush of perspiring industry, cleaning out the henhouse. The fact that he was going to tea with Miss Wilkinson had, like the precise date and month, somehow slipped his mind.

"You hadn't forgotten, had you?"

"Oh, no, no, I hadn't forgotten! Had an awfully long morning, that's all. Would you mind telling me what time it is now?"

In the clear summer air the colonel could distinctly see the movement of Miss Wilkinson's arm as she raised it to look at her watch. He himself never wore a watch. Though altogether less pernicious than telephone, television and radio, a watch nevertheless belonged, in his estimation, to that category of inventions that one could well do without.

"Ten to four."

Good Lord, the colonel thought, now struck by the sudden realization that he hadn't had lunch yet.

"I was expecting you in about ten minutes. It's so lovely I thought we'd have tea outside, under the willow tree."

Admirable idea, the colonel thought, without signaling it. What, by the way, had he done with the eggs? Were they on the boil or not? He couldn't for the life of him remember.

"Do you wish any eggs?" he asked. "I have heaps."

"No, thank you all the same. I have some." It might have been a laugh or merely a bird cry that the colonel heard coming across the meadows. "Don't be too long. I have a surprise for you."

As he hurried back to the house, the colonel wondered, in a dreamy sort of way, what kind of surprise Miss Wilkinson could possibly have for him, and as he wondered he felt a sort of whisper travel across his heart. It was the sort of tremor he often experienced when he was on the way to see her or when he looked at the nape of her neck or when she spoke to him in some specially direct or unexpected sort of way. He would like to have put this feeling into words of sc kind—signaling was child's play by cc parison—but he was too inarticulate and too shy to do so.

Half an hour later, after walking down through the meadows, he fully expected to see Miss Wilkinson waiting for him on the bank of the stream, under the willow tree, where the tea table, cool with lace cloth, was already laid. But there was no sign of her there or in the greenhouse, where cucumbers were growing on humid vines, or in the kitchen.

Then, to his great surprise, he heard her voice calling him from a distance and a moment later he saw her twenty yards or so away, wading in the stream.

"Just remembered I'd seen a bed of water cress yesterday and I thought how nice it would be. Beautifully cool, the water."

As he watched her approaching, legs bare and white above emerald skim of water weed, the colonel again experienc the tremor that circumvented his hea like a whisper. This time it was actually touched with pain, and there was nothing he could say.

"Last year there was a bed much farther upstream, but I suppose the seeds got carried down."

Miss Wilkinson was fair and pink, almost cherubic, her voice jolly. A dewlap rather like those seen in certain dogs hung floppily down on the collar of her Shantung dress, giving her a look of friendliness and charm.

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"The kettle's on already," she said. "Sit yourself down while I go in and get my feet dried."

The colonel, watching her white feet half running, half trotting across the lawn, thought again of the surprise she had in store for him and wondered if wading in the stream was it. No other, he thought, could have had a sharper effect on him.

When she came back, carrying a silver hot-water jug and teapot, she laughed quite gaily in reply to his query about the surprise. No, it wasn't wading in the stream. And she was afraid he would have to wait until after tea before she could tell him.

"Oh, how stupid of me!" she said, abruptly pausing in the act of pouring tea. "I've gone and forgotten the water cress."

"I'll get it, I'll get it," the colonel said, at once leaping up to go into the house.

"Oh, no, you don't," she said. "Not on your life. My surprise is in there."

Later, drinking tea and munching brown bread and butter and cool sprigs of water cress dipped in salt, the colonel found it impossible to dwell on the question of the surprise without uneasiness. In an effort to take his mind off the subject he remarked on how good the sunflowers were this year and what a fine crop of seeds there would be. He fed them to the hens.

We like to watch detective shows on television because the hero always finds a place to park in front of the bank or post office.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"I think it's the sunflowers that give the eggs that deep brown color," he said.

"You do?" she said. "By the way, did you like the pie I made for you?"

"Pie?"

With silent distress the colonel recalled the pie of morello cherries, baked and bestowed on him the day before yesterday. He had put it into the larder and had forgotten that too.

"It was delicious. I'm saving half of it for supper."

Miss Wilkinson, looking at him rather as dogs sometimes look, head sideways, with a meditative glint in her eye, asked suddenly what he had had for lunch. Not eggs again?

The colonel shyly confessed it had been eggs.

"I've told you before. You can't live on eggs all the time," she said. "I've been making pork brawn this morning. Would you care for some of that?"

"Yes, I would. Thank you. I would indeed."

From these trivial discussions on food it seemed to the colonel that a curious and elusive sense of intimacy sprang up. It was difficult to define, but it was almost as if either he or Miss Wilkinson had proposed to the other and had been, in spirit at least, accepted.

This made him so uneasy again that he suddenly came out with a highly important pronouncement: "I've given up *The Times*."

"Oh, really! Wasn't that rather rash?"

"I don't think so. I've been considering it for some time actually. You see, one is so busy with the hens and the garden and all that sort of thing that quite often one gets no time to read until ten o'clock—which is absurd. I thought that from time to time I might perhaps borrow yours."

"Of course."

The colonel, thinking that perhaps he was talking too much, sat silent. How pretty the stream looked, he thought. The purple loosestrife had such dignity by the waterside. He must go fishing again one day. The stream held a few trout, and in the deeper pools there were chub.

"Are you quite sure you won't feel lost without a paper? I think I should."

"No, no. I don't think so. I haven't missed it so far. One gets surfeited anyway with these wretched conferences and ministerial comings and goings and world tension and so on. One wants to be away from it all."

"One mustn't run away from life, nevertheless."

Life was what you made it, the colonel pointed out. He preferred it as much as possible untrammeled.

Accepting Miss Wilkinson's offer of a third cup of tea and another plate of the delicious water cress, he suddenly realized that he was ravenously hungry. There was a round plum cake on the table, and his eye kept wandering back to it with the poignant voracity of a boy after a game of football. After a time Miss Wilkinson noticed this and started to cut the cake in readiness.

"I'm thinking of going fishing again very soon," the colonel said. "If I bag a trout or two, perhaps you might care to join me for supper?"

"I should absolutely love to."

It was remarks of such direct intimacy, delivered in a moist, jolly voice, that had the colonel's heart in its curious whispering state again. In silence he contemplated the almost too-pleasant prospect of having Miss Wilkinson to supper. He would try his best to cook the trout nicely, in butter, and not burn them. Perhaps he would also be able to manage a glass of wine.

"I have a beautiful white delphinium in bloom," Miss Wilkinson said. "I want to show it to you after tea."

"That isn't the surprise?"

Miss Wilkinson laughed with almost incautious jollity. "You must forget all about the surprise. You're like a small boy who can't wait for Christmas."

The colonel apologized for what seemed to be impatience and then followed this with a second apology, saying he was sorry he'd forgotten to ask Miss Wilkinson if she had enjoyed the long visit to her sister.

"Oh, splendidly. It really did me the world of good. One gets sort of hamstrung by one's habits, don't you think? It's good to get away."

To the colonel her long absence had seemed exactly the opposite. He would have liked to tell her how much he had missed her. Instead something made him say. "I picked up a dead goldfinch in the garden this morning. It had fallen among the sea kale. Its yellow wing was open on one of the gray leaves, and I thought it was a flower."

"The cat, I suppose?"

"No, no. There was no sign of violence at all."

Away downstream a dove cooed, breaking and yet deepening all the drowsiness of the summer afternoon. What did one want with world affairs, presidential speeches, threats of war and all those things, the colonel wondered. What had newspapers ever given to the world that could be compared with that one sound, the solo voice of the dove by the waterside?

"No, no. No more tea, thank you. Perhaps another piece of cake, yes. That's excellent, thank you."

The last crumb of cake having been consumed, the colonel followed Miss Wilkinson into the flower garden to look at the white delphinium. Its snowy grace filled him with an almost ethereal sense of calm. He couldn't have been, he thought, more happy.

"Very beautiful. Most beautiful," he commented.

"I'm going to divide it in the spring," Miss Wilkinson said, "and give you a piece."

After a single murmur of acceptance for this blessing, the colonel remained for some moments speechless, another tremor traveling round his heart, this time like the quivering of a tightened wire.

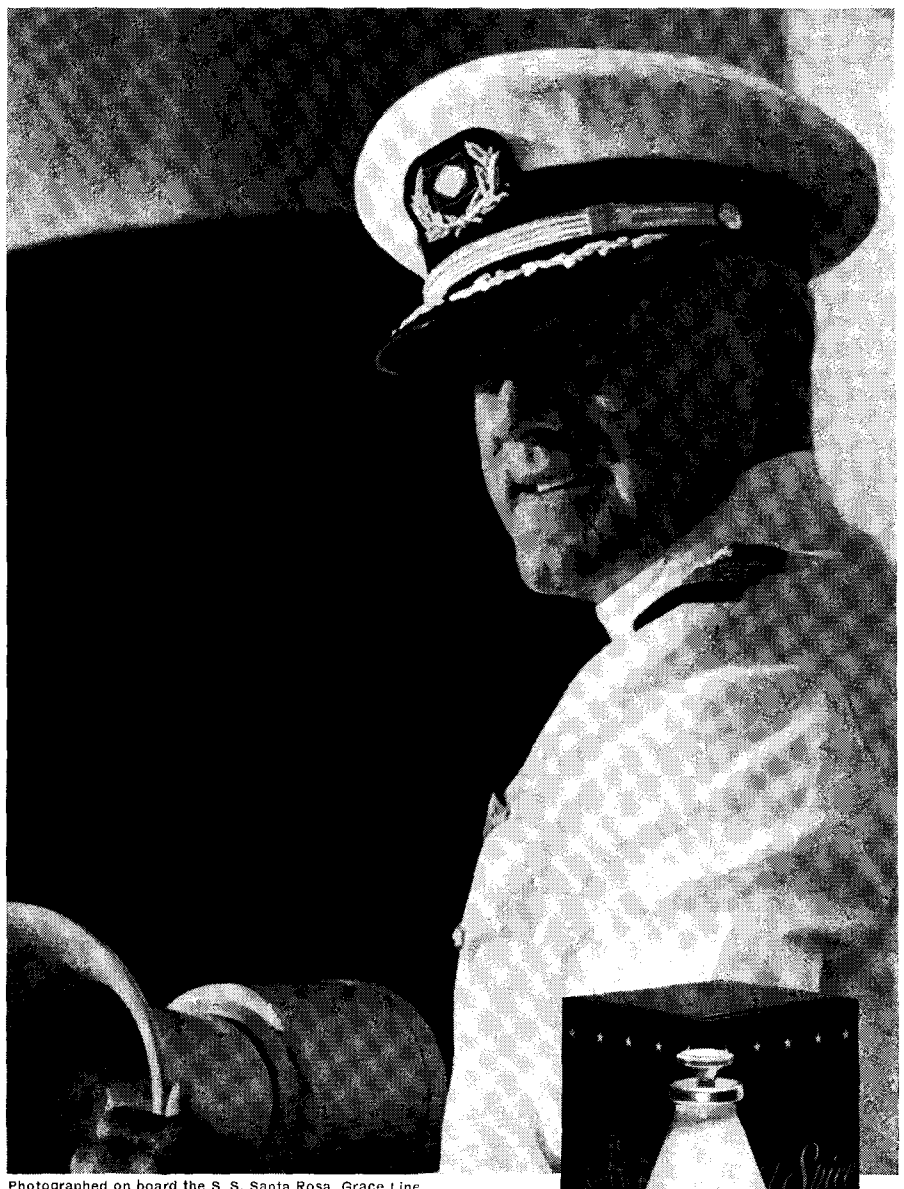
"Well, now," Miss Wilkinson said, "I think I might let you see the surprise if you're ready."

He was not only ready but even eager, the colonel thought.

"I'll lead the way," Miss Wilkinson said.

She led the way into the sitting room, which was beautifully cool and full of the scent of small red carnations. The colonel, who was not even conscious of being a hopelessly untidy person himself,

MEN WHO FACE
SUN AND WIND



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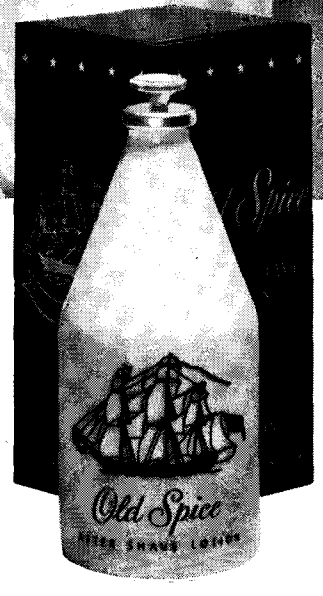

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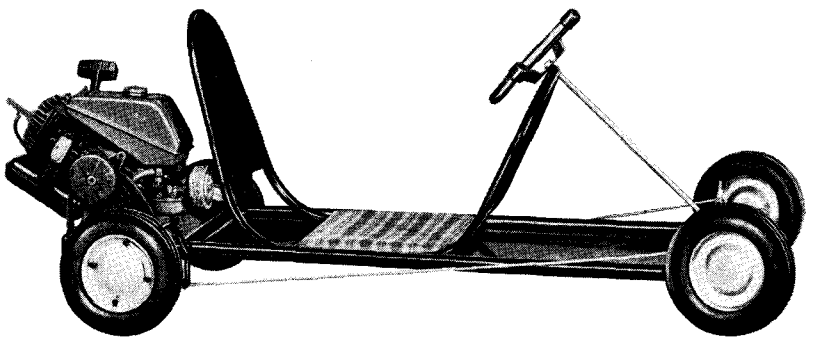

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nevertheless was always struck by the pervading neatness, the laundered freshness, of all parts of Miss Wilkinson's house. It was like a little chintz holy-of-holies, always embalmed, always the same.

"Well, what do you say? There it is."

The colonel, with customary blissful absent-mindedness, stared about the room without being able to note that anything had changed since his last visit there.

"I must say I don't really see anything in the nature of a surprise."

"Oh, you do. Don't be silly."

No, the colonel had to confess, there was nothing he could see. It was all exactly as he had seen it the last time.

"Over there. In the corner. Of course, it's rather a small one. Not as big as my sister's."

It slowly began to reach the blissfully preoccupied cloisters of the colonel's mind that he was gazing at a television set. A cramping chill went round his heart. For a few unblissful moments he stared hard in front of him, tormented by a sense of being unfairly trapped, with nothing to say.

"My sister gave it to me. She's just bought herself a new one. You see, you get so little allowed for an old one in trade that it's hardly worth ——"

"You mean you've actually got it permanently?"

"Why, yes. Of course."

The colonel found himself speaking with a voice so constricted that it seemed almost to be disembodied. "But I always thought you hated those things."

"Well, I suppose there comes a day. I must say it was a bit of a revelation at my sister's. Some of the things one saw were absorbing. For instance, there was a program about a remote Indian tribe in the forests of South America that I found quite marvelous." The colonel was stiff, remote-eyed, as if not listening. "This tribe was in complete decay. It was actually dying out, corrupted ——"

"Corrupted by what? By civilization, my guess would be."

"As a matter of fact, they were. For one thing, they die like flies from measles."

"Naturally. That," the colonel said, "is what I am always trying to say."

"Yes, but there are other viewpoints. One comes to realize that."

"The parallel seems to me to be an exact one," the colonel said.

"I'm afraid I can't agree."

There was now a certain chill, almost an iciness, in the air. The ethereal calm of the afternoon, its emblem the white delphinium, seemed splintered and blackened. The colonel, though feeling that Miss Wilkinson had acted in some way like a traitor, at the same time had no way of saying so. It was all so callous, he thought, so shockingly out of character.

He managed to blurt out, "I really didn't think you'd come down to this."

"I didn't come down to it, as you so candidly put it. It was simply a gift from my sister. You talk about it as if I'd started taking some sort of horrible drug."

"In a sense you have."

"I'm afraid I disagree again."

"All these things are drugs. The cinema, radio, television, telephone, even newspapers. That's really why I've given up *The Times*. I thought we always agreed on that."

"We may have done—at one time. Now we'll have to agree to differ."

"Very well."

A hard lump rose in the colonel's throat and stuck there. A miserable sense of impotence seized him and kept him stiff, with nothing more to say.

"I might have shown you a few minutes of it and converted you," Miss Wilkinson said. "But the aerial isn't up yet. It's coming this evening."

"I don't think I want to be converted, thank you."

"I hoped you'd like it and perhaps come down in the evenings sometime and watch."

"Thank you, I shall be perfectly happy in my own way."

"Very well. I'm sorry you're so stubborn about it."

The colonel was about to say with acidity that he was not stubborn and then changed his mind and said curtly that he must go.

After a painful silence Miss Wilkinson said, "Well, if you must, I'll get the pork brawn."

"I don't think I care for the pork brawn, thank you."

"Just as you like."

At the door of the sitting room the colonel paused—if anything, stiffer than ever—and remarked that if there was anything he particularly wanted he would signal her.

"I shan't be answering any signals," Miss Wilkinson said.

"You won't be answering any signals?"

An agony of disbelief went twisting through the colonel, imposing on him momentary paralysis. He could only stare.

"No. I shan't be answering any signals."

"Does that mean you won't be speaking to me again?"

"I didn't say that."

"I think it rather sounds like that."

"Then you must go on thinking it sounds like that, that's all."

It was exactly as if Miss Wilkinson had slapped him harshly in the face; it was precisely as if he had proposed and been rudely rejected.

"Good-by," he said in a cold and impotent voice.

"Good-by," she said. "I'll see you out."

"There's no need to see me out, thank you. I'll find my way alone."

Back in his own kitchen the colonel discovered that the eggs had boiled black in the saucepan. He had forgotten to close the door of the stove, and brown smoke was hanging everywhere. Trying absent-mindedly to clear up the mess, twice put his sleeve in the jam dish without noticing it and then wiped his sleeve across the tablecloth, uncleared since breakfast time.

In the garden the dead goldfinch still lay on the silvery leaf of sea kale, and he stood staring at it for a long time, stiff-eyed and impotent, unable to think one coherent simple thought.

Finally he went back to the house, took out the signaling flags and went over to the stile. Standing on it, he gave three difficult blasts on the whistle, but nothing happened in answer except that one of two men standing on the roof of Miss Wilkinson's house, erecting the television aerial, casually turned his head.

Then the colonel decided to send a signal. The three words he wanted so much to send were, "Please forgive me," but after some moments of contemplation found that he had neither the heart the will to raise a flag.

Instead he simply stood immovable by the stile, staring across the meadows in the evening sun. His eyes were blank. They seemed to be groping in immeasurable appeal for something; and, as if in answer to it, the long row of great yellow sunflower faces, the seeds of which were so excellent for the hens, stared back at him in that wide, laughing, almost mocking way that sunflowers have.

THE END

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The Great Wilderness Fight

(Continued from Page 30)

that all day long he had listened to the ·ite men quarrel about these lands. w he wanted to propose a program ..iat would bring peace to all: simply give the wilderness back to the Indians.

Perhaps that Indian had a point. At least his program couldn't create more of a ruckus in more places than has the apparently innocent wilderness-preservation plan, which has been kicking around Congress since 1957 in a succession of bills. Pres. John F. Kennedy has given his strong blessing to the present bill, S.174, introduced in the United States Senate by Sen. Clinton Anderson (Dem., N.M.), chairman of that body's Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. Senator Anderson, himself a wilderness enthusiast, says, "In our modern, mechanized age we need some reminders of what this country was like in the beginning." In spirit S.174 resembles its predecessors. It proposes that the nation select about 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of our most spectacular scenic and primitive lands—now in national forests, national parks, ·ldlife refuges and game ranges—to be d untouched by ax, saw, drill or wheel ..o the boundless future.

Only the crassest materialist could quarrel with such obviously noble sentiments, at least in the abstract. As S.174 points out, the rapidly expanding population can be expected to change our remaining natural landscape. Indeed, even the highest mountain fastnesses or most remote swamps are no longer secure against man's mechanical, uglifying invasion. Roads can be built up steeper and steeper slopes. Light planes, helicopters and airboats take man where roads can never go. Bulldozers and chain saws can quickly ravage a timbered landscape. Big dams and reservoirs can be built in the most rugged country, flooding valleys of primeval beauty. Great stretches of shore line can be gobbled up in the flick of a year or two by commercial developments.

But, as Congress has learned, the interest of various organized groups in ·lderness lands is far from abstract. ·is bill has stirred up an amazing ..mber of people," said Benton Stong, who has seen the long-drawn fight from its start as staff member of the Senate's Interior committee. "I can't recall any bill that has produced more mail more consistently with stronger feelings."

Dozens of associations, societies, trade organizations and the like have strong convictions about our wilderness lands. Their output of printed propaganda must have consumed the wood-pulp output of many thousands of acres of timber. Just the printed record of testimony at public hearings now covers more than 2300 pages. Sometimes the arguments reflect such far-out zeal as that of the pro-wilderness clubwoman who wrote, "If we are not careful, people will start getting into the wilderness."

And there was the old rancher, accustomed to grazing his herds on the ·blic domain, who said, "We're really ..armed by this increasing encroachment of people on our cattle lands."

The various groups which have been jousting over the proposed wilderness system do have one thing in common. They are competing, in one way or another, for the use of parts of Uncle Sam's public empire. The area which would be covered by the wilderness system is only about 5 per cent of the vast United States land holdings, which total 775,000,000 acres, including approximately 410,000,000 acres in the mainland and 365,000,000 in Alaska. Still, that 5 per cent considered suitable for wilderness amounts to as much as or more than a sizable state, say Illinois. These lands tend to be leftovers—high, inaccessible mountains, infertile deserts or misty swamps—but they do have certain economic values and sometimes offer unanticipated bonanzas. Fine stands of timber grow on some of them; so does grass. Many wild areas are prolific producers of fish and game. Oil, uranium or other treasures may be found under some of these lands. Much-needed water flows down their slopes. Portions of the wild lands hold valuable lessons for science—that is, if undisturbed by man, they can serve as outdoor laboratories from which we can learn much about the complex processes of nature. And the scene offered by the wilderness is rapidly increasing in commercial value as camping, mountain climbing, skiing, hiking, canoeing, hunting, fishing and bird watching, among other things, boom in an amazing way.

Most immediately concerned with wilderness, new law or no, are the National Park Service in the Interior Department and the United States Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture. Both agencies have had long experience in managing huge wild areas and the increasing swarms of visitors they attract. Each agency believes its system of management is the better.

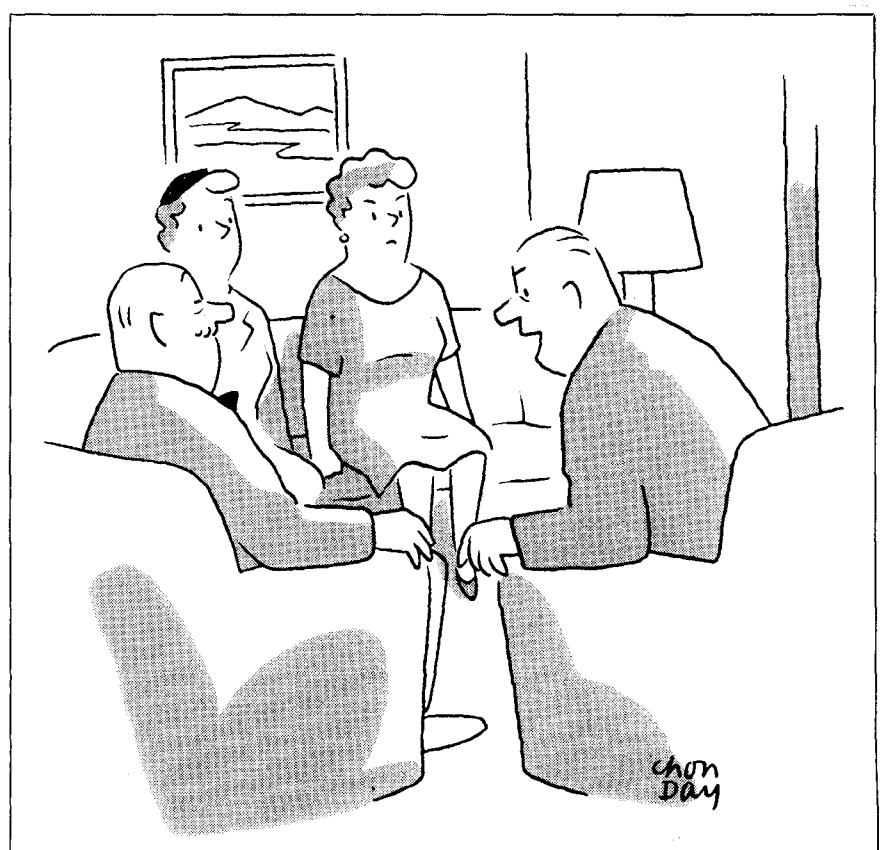
The Park Service has more than 22,000,000 acres in sixty-six national parks, monuments and other recreation areas. The basic act of 1916 establishing the service clearly states that the fundamental purpose of national parks, monuments and reservations is "to conserve the scenery and natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner . . . as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations." Under this mandate, national-park lands are strictly regulated as to use. Except in special cases they are not open to grazing, mining, timber harvest, power dams, pipelines, power lines and other nature-disrupting developments. However, Nature isn't left entirely to her own whims in parks, as some wilderness purists insist she should be. Forest fires are controlled, serious pests and plant diseases are combated. Trails are provided and kept in repair; campsites may be established and equipped with sanitary facilities necessary for managing the human herds. And, when necessary to protect the scenery, numbers of visitors and their length of stay may be limited.

"Some of our wild lands now have more of a natural character than they did at the time they became parks," says Dan Beard, NPS chief of interpretation. "We have taken some areas which had been cut over, where the natural vegetation and fauna were being destroyed and, under protection, the trees have grown again, the natural vegetation and the animals have come back."

The national forests loom exceedingly large in the nation's outdoor scene. Today the country has 151 national forests covering 181,000,000 acres—a domain larger than France—administered by the Forest Service. These woodlands are not unused reserves but are producing timber on a sustained-yield basis; that is, the amount of lumber harvested is kept in balance with the amount of new growth. The national forests now produce a handsome revenue for the Government—more than $148,000,000 annually—and this is expected to increase as the quality and quantity of the woodlands improve under expert long-range management.

However, national forests yield more than timber. They have been administered under a multiple-use concept, meaning that each forest or land area is managed to combine uses which are suitable to that particular land and to the public interest. Congress reaffirmed this policy in 1960 with a multiple-use act which specifically directs the Forest Service to continue doing what it had been doing for many years. For example, certain national-forest lands are available for controlled grazing, for the production of wildlife and game and for mineral development; their watersheds are managed to produce water supplies for agriculture and industry. And use of the lands by recreation seekers has boomed. Just since 1953 the number of visitors in the national forests has jumped from 35,400,000 to 92,500,000 a year. This popularity, however welcome, has the Forest Service talking to itself.

"Today our overload is terrific," said John H. Sieker, head of the Recreation and Land Uses Division. "We have 51,000 campsites, for example, and we need twice as many right now."



"Ethel's taking driving lessons. This is her second year."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When it comes to wilderness, the Forest Service has a large supply on hand. Back in the 1920's the service started sorting out outstanding portions of its holdings—many of them pieces of landscape which are above the timber line or are not suited to commercial timber production—for preservation in a wild state. At first the service itself labeled such areas as "primitive" or "roadless" and withdrew them from commercial timber cutting, although fire-control roads could be built into them. Then in 1939 the Secretary of Agriculture firmed up the rules with official regulations and procedures under which such lands, when formally designated as "wild" or "wilderness," would be off limits for all timber cutting, road building, mechanical contrivances, buildings and other nature-disturbing activities. At last count forty hunks of national-forest land, covering 8,000,000 acres, were still held in a primitive status, and forty-two areas, covering 5,800,000 acres, had been classified as wilderness.

"We don't automatically set aside an area just because it is suitable for wilderness," specified Dr. Richard E. McArdle, chief of the Forest Service. "We use that designation for land which has its *best* use as wilderness. And we aren't going to judge the value of wilderness by the number of people who go into it, either. It is in the public interest to preserve some outstanding samples of primitive America."

Industries depending on products from public lands claim that they aren't against preservation of samples of America's land heritage. What makes these entrepreneurs shudder is the precedent that would be established if such lands were closed *by law*. This, they claim, would dedicate such lands to limited use by a relatively few people and would breach the cherished multiple-use principle. They point out that public lands now contribute great earnings to the economy and more than $900,000,000 a year to the United States Treasury. And they profess to be most worried by the urgency with which the wilderness advocates are pushing S.174—while at the same time the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, set up by act of Congress in 1958, is busy inventorying and studying the nation's total outdoor-recreation resources. This high-powered commission, headed by Laurance S. Rockefeller, now is drawing up its findings and recommendations and is to report back to Congress by January 31, 1962.

Senator Anderson brushes off this solicitude for the ORRRC as a stalling tactic. He calls attention to testimony by Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, who said, "We do not subscribe to the point of view that all conservation activity should cease until the ORRRC reports. . . . The wisest thing we can do is go on down the road and, where we are ready to act, to act."

The arguments for and against the wilderness system become incredibly complex but, oddly enough, I found that the issues could be somewhat simplified by taking extreme views on either side and moving toward the middle. Actually, as a reporter soon discovers, the wilderness itself is as varied as the arguments and is full of surprises.

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Take the case of the friendly moose on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska. Back in 1941 when many game conservationists were worrying about Alaska's declining moose population, President Franklin Roosevelt ordered an area of 2,000,000 acres set aside as the Kenai National Moose Range. However, it soon became apparent that the moose weren't entirely happy in their heavily forested sanctuary. Some found better grazing on young brush along the right of way of the Alaska Railroad. It wasn't unusual for the animals to venture as far as Anchorage, about 100 miles away, where they improved their diet with small trees and gardens.

This situation took an unanticipated turn after World War II when geologists, searching for oil-promising sedimentary basins in Alaska, found the biggest, juiciest one right in the Kenai Range. Wildlife conservationists became distinctly unhappy when a group of oil companies—Richfield, California Standard, Union and Ohio Oil—asked the Interior Department for a special permit to drill within the moose's private domain.

"The wildlife people were afraid that the oil rigs would scare the animals out of the country," said Henry Wright, Los Angeles, secretary of the public-lands committee of the Western Oil and Gas Association. "But the oil operators were sure that they could drill without bothering the moose. They agreed to use electric drilling equipment to hold down the noise, to keep the drilling sites small, preserve the natural cover, avoid stream pollution, build access roads in a careful pattern and so on."

When the rigs moved into the Kenai—where they struck lots of oil—it was the drillers, not the moose, who were bothered. "The fact is," said Wright, "moose rather like people. They hung around the drilling sites and got in the way. The roads we opened up became their main feeding areas. Recently an aerial survey showed that most of the Kenai herd is now on the half of the range where drilling is under way."

Last fall, to see firsthand some of the actual country involved in the wilderness battle, I spent several weeks looking at some of the most rugged scenery in the United States. In small planes piloted by mountain-country fliers, I inspected craggy snow-capped peaks that towered above the clouds, wound through steep-sided canyons and almost brushed the tops of great forests. I rode in air boats across great swamps and explored miles of undeveloped ocean shore line. But the closest to what nature lovers fondly call "the wilderness experience" came during two days on horseback in the 165,000-acre Pecos Wilderness Area of the Santa Fe and Carson national forests in western New Mexico. As I hadn't been aboard a horse for thirty years, this venture made a deep impression on me.

Our party—four men, four horses and a sullen pack mule named Adelina—wound its way up a steep trail in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, while J. Morgan Smith, a former forest ranger and now regional information officer of the Forest Service, explained what it was all about. "The Pecos was classified as a wilderness area in 1955," he said. "That means it stays 'as is.' No roads, no logging, no summer homes or resorts, no landing strips. If you want to go into it you have to go like this, on horseback, or on foot."

No question about it, one establishes a definite intimacy with nature when plodding up a mountain trail. We passed from shadowed forests of spruce and fir into the golden-lighted groves of aspen; we crossed noisy, crystal-clear brooks and drank from springs in alpine meadows. We paused, without words, at the edge of clearings to admire towering peaks. We saw signs of the plentiful wild animals—beaver, elk, wild turkey, black bear. And along with its wildlife the Pecos also carries around 1600 summer- and fall-grazed cattle and 2900 sheep.

However, it seems that human visitors impose the heaviest load on the Pecos these days. Last summer more than 500 Boy Scouts tramped into the area for camping. One troop was living off the land and invited the local ranger to share a greenish-looking stew of wild greens, roots and berries. Afterward, feeling a bit green himself, the ranger proved himself a seasoned diplomat by telling the scouts that this was "a meal I'll never forget." In addition to such campers there were more than 500 elk hunters, 600 deer hunters, 300 to 400 nimrods stalking the blue grouse and wild turkey and 500 after small game. More than 3000 fishermen wet their lines here. Also, numerous organized groups of trail riders came here simply to enjoy the outing. The year's total was more than 9500 visitors.

Such traffic brings its problems, and I soon agreed with the rangers that a wilderness must be skillfully managed to prevent deterioration. The rangers spoke of such hazards as trail erosion—heavily used trails may become channels for runoff of rainfall and are likely to start gullying. The best camping spots may become overgrazed and trampled by the saddle horses and pack mules. The fire danger increases as does the number of visitors, although the lessons taught by Smokey Bear have helped considerably. And the most disgusting threat to the wild country is the human litter rat who turns mountain glades into dump heaps with his discarded filth. At the edge of one golden-lighted meadow our party came upon a camp recently abandoned by a group of careless hunters, apparently more interested in bibulous cheer than wild game. They had scattered tin cans, wooden boxes, old canvas, paper, jugs and whisky bottles. Trees had been cut down for tent poles, stringers and benches. Beer cans had been tossed into a nearby spring. A pile of debris had been tossed on a fire and left to smolder.

The rangers, their faces set in anger, jumped from their horses and dug through the rubbish, seeking—and finding—clues to the identity of the culprits. "We can have them arrested and prosecuted," Morgan Smith told me. "But we like to give such guys an intensive course in proper camp care. We'll make 'em come back up here and clean up their mess."

The wilderness bill now before Congress is a watered-down version of earlier proposals. The first bill, introduced in 1957 by Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and backed by such nature-loving groups as the Wilderness Society, the Izaak Walton League, the Sierra Club and the National Parks Association, was something of an omnibus—and its broad provisions scared the wits out of a number of natural-resource industries and certain political leaders in the Western states. This version would have automatically set aside around 55,000,000 acres in national forests, national parks, national wildlife refuges and even some Indian lands, these latter euphemistically called "the Indians' wilderness." Also the bill would have provided means by which other Federal land-owning agencies could transfer suitable tracts into the wilderness system. The Defense Department, for example, has a real-estate empire of around 29,000,000 acres, portions of which become obsolete for their original purpose from time to time. The Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management—biggest of Federal landlords—has 478,000,000 acres, including around 300,000,000 in Alaska.

This bill stirred the original storm. All Government land agencies were alarmed by its provision for a National Wilderness Council, riding rather vaguely in the clouds above them and "co-ordinating" their wilderness policies. The Indian tribes quickly informed the lawmakers that their reservations were *not* public lands, but private holdings granted by treaty. Lumbermen, cattlemen, miners and oilmen angrily attacked the proposal as a retreat from the hard-won concept of multiple use. Certain political leaders from the eleven Western states, pointing out that about half of their land is Federally owned, accused outdoor recreationists from the East of wanting to lock up the resources which the West must use to make its living.

Through the years, the senatorial sponsors of the bill have modified it considerably. The idea of an "Indian Wilderness" was dropped, calming the red men's fears. The provision for a supreme council, riding herd on Government agencies, was eliminated, and the agencies would be given a number of years to sort over and select the lands which would be put into the system. These modifications caused the departments of Agriculture and Interior to change their minds and to look with favor on the bill. And the streamlined S.174 would confine the wilderness to the selected lands of the national forests, national parks and national wildlife and game refuges—there is no provision for incorporating the lands of other Federal agencies, such as the Defense Department. "The truth is, these other agencies don't have much land suited for wilderness, so it's not worth arguing about," said Benton Stong

One of the most zealous argufier behalf of the largest possible law- wilderness is the Sierra Club of San Francisco. Since its establishment in 1892 by pioneer conservationist John Muir, the Sierra Club has a long record of fighting, no holds barred, for preservation of natural scenes and wildlife. In its fervent crusade for a wilderness system the Sierra Club has been slashing away with evangelism and what some public-lands managers feel are ruthless tactics.

At least there's no question as to where the club stands. "The wilderness we save in the next few years is all that ever will be saved," flatly says David Brower, executive director of the organization.

Brower injects a spiritual fervor into his statements, making his cause a difficult target for dollars-and-cents opposition. "This generation is speedily using up, beyond recall, a very important right that belongs to future generations," he says. ". . . the right to find solitude somewhere; . . . the right to see, and enjoy and be inspired and renewed . . . by the places where the hand of God has been obscured by the industry of men.

To those who argue that only a small fraction of the population will be able to hike or pack into wild areas, he answers, "Some people will be able to walk on it, and most of them will be better for it. Some may wish to, but never make it. Some may not wish to go there at all. But their sons may wish to. And wilderness must be there, or the world's a cage."

This all sounds very fine, but it doesn't answer such tough questions as: How much wilderness? What kind of land should be included or excluded? Should it be completely closed, or should there be provision for reasonable economic use in case the country needs the resources? As now proposed, the law would have some escape clauses. For example, regulated grazing of livestock would be permitted to continue where now well established. Also, if the President for an overriding public need existed, could open specific areas for mining, drilling and building dams or reservoirs. But what about lumbering, one of the great basic industries of the West?

The chips on parts of the table are large and blue. This was impressed on me when I came to a clearing in the giant Douglas firs of the Snoqualmie National Forest in Washington. Here on the mountainside in front of a recently cut patch was a neatly lettered sign:

> THIS AREA OF 70 ACRES WAS LOGGED IN 1957. SLASH WAS BURNED IN 1958. AREA WAS PLANTED WITH DOUGLAS FIR IN 1959. VOLUME OF ORIGINAL STAND WAS 110,000 BOARD FT. PER ACRE WITH A STUMPAGE VALUE OF 295,000 DOLLARS.

The output of this patch was far above average, I was told by Lawrence Barrett, supervisor of the Snoqualm but its $4100-per-acre timber crop indicates why lumbermen object to "locking up" any highly productive forest land. The forest-based industries of the Pacific Northwest still smart over several cases in which the Government fenced them out of forests which would have been improved, they say, by sustained-yield harvesting. One was in the huge Olympic National Park in Washington which started as an elk refuge in 1909 under President Theodore Roosevelt; under F.D.R.

(Continued on Page 76)

Star Lost

By Herbert Merrill

The child was busy in the sand,
Soberly heaping up a hill
Or scooping with a tiny hand
A hollow for the sea to fill.

She waded by the ebbing tide
And almost trod upon a star,
Fallen somehow there beside
The ocean stretching green and far.

But even as she bent to reach
Her hands out for the mystery,
A wave came sweeping up the beach
And took the star into the sea.

So I sat by her in the sun
And dried her tears and hushed her lips
And told her how the stars had run
Forever from my finger tips.

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Take home
two 6-Paks
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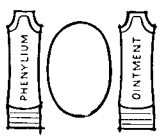
BLUE-JAY...the faster way to remove corns!

CHOOSE PAD, PLASTER OR LIQUID—
EACH GUARANTEED TO REMOVE CORNS
IN 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!*

Why is Blue-Jay the *faster* way both to relieve pain and to remove corns? Because only Blue-Jay has the wonder drug Phenylium! It penetrates the corn to its base where it stimulates the growth of new skin underneath the corn—to push it up and out. Nobody else can use Phenylium because Blue-Jay scientists invented it. That's why corn products *without* Phenylium are much less effective in removing corns.

Remember this important difference between Blue-Jay and other brands when you go to your drug counter. Insist on Blue-Jay and you'll be back on your feet, even dancing—sooner because Blue-Jay with Phenylium works *faster*.

Choose the Blue-Jay treatment for the type of corn you have



Blue-Jay new complete pad treatment permits easy control of medication. Phenylium and healing ointment in separate tubes. Soft, adhesive pads promptly relieve the pain.

For corn on top of toe, use Blue-Jay plastic corn plaster. Corn-removing Phenylium is right in pad. Smooth plastic sticks until you take it off.

For a stubborn corn or large callous areas, use Blue-Jay liquid corn-callous remover. Four felt pads included.

BLUE JAY

*From—
THE KENDALL COMPANY
BAUER & BLACK DIVISION

BOYS—
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(*Continued from Page 74*) the refuge was enlarged and converted into an 888,000-acre national park.

"There's about 500,000 acres of merchantable timber in that park," said George L. Drake, of Tacoma, a commercial-forest consultant and an elder statesman of the National Forestry Association. "Much of it is of no particular scenic value; you can't get off a trail in those old rain forests. Our local communities never will get any revenue out of the trees that went into the park—about $300,000,000 worth. It isn't true conservation to let that overage timber die of disease and insects and become a fire hazard."

The quickest way to boil the blood of Pacific Northwest lumbermen is to imply—as the Sierra Club does—that they want to despoil eternally God's beautiful landscape in search of quick profits. Forward-looking timber companies in the Pacific Northwest—such as Weyerhaeuser, Crown Zellerbach and Simpson Logging—have spent many years and millions of dollars in development of forest-conservation methods and in educating the public regarding woodland conservation. They want people to understand that the old "cut-out and get-out" methods are a thing of the past—that reforestation and sustained-yield management are not just noble ideals but a practical means of renewing and improving forests so that the wood-using industries and the towns and cities dependent on the forest's output of wood can stay in business for a long time to come.

More than that, such lumber companies believe they have proved that scientific "tree farming" goes hand-in-hand with many other uses of rugged land, including a proper proportion of wilderness recreation. They dislike, on principle, the idea of an immediate wilderness law which, they claim, would cover certain productive lands as well as nonproductive wilds. Jay Gruenfeld, a Weyerhaeuser forester whose idea of a good vacation is a camping trip in the high country, put it this way, "We're not against wilderness—most foresters are wilderness bugs themselves. But we don't think big areas should be blanketed into a wilderness system without careful study and classification. This country needs to be extremely careful as to how it handles its resources for the future—we know that about the year 2000 we probably will need about twice as much wood as we now produce and, because of competing demands for land, we'll have less and less area on which to grow it."

Gruenfeld and David Weyerhaeuser, a director of the company, offered to show me just what they meant by tree farming. The Weyerhaeuser Company owns and operates 3,000,000 acres of forest land in the Pacific Northwest and has been one of the leaders in what might be called a perpetual reforestation program—that is, as fast as old-growth trees are harvested, new ones are planted. And the whole operation must be scientifically planned to keep a progressive balance between old and new trees to assure continuing harvests, generation after generation.

While we were on our way to visit a 67,000-acre tree farm in the Skykomish Valley in the Cascade Mountains, Weyerhaeuser, a thoughtful, gently spoken man who retired as vice president of the company to devote much of his time to youth religious organizations, stressed his view that private landowners have much the same responsibilities as public-land managers. "We have to take into account such things as protection of watersheds, production of wildlife, and preservation of uniquely valuable scenes. We have a recreation load too. Tree farms—ours and others—supply much of the hunting, fishing and camping in the Northwest. In areas that are particularly accessible or where there is a lake attractive view we build campgrou and picnic areas, provide a water supp and toilets, and so forth. We put out the Welcome sign and ask visitors to act like gentlemen, and most of them do."

Saying, "I'll show you the worst-looking stage first," Weyerhaeuser drove to a high mountainside where mature trees were being harvested with a "high-lead" system. Huge logs, gripped by "chokers," swung down the slopes on a moving cable to the truck-loading point. The debris of trimmed-off limbs, broken logs and freshly cut stumps admittedly makes a messy-looking landscape, at least until new green growth again covers the land. During damp weather the slash is burned, preparing the way for reseeding.

Next we visited a cut-over area some miles away, where among ferns and brush and now-weathered stumps little green Douglas fir seedlings were growing. "We reseeded this by hand several years ago," Gruenfeld explained. "Sometimes we get natural regeneration, but if that doe happen, we go in with crews of me with helicopters and do the job." T giants of these forests are highly erratic in their production of seed cones, and the winged seeds can't germinate in the shade but must have open land, provided by fire or clearing, to get started. Foresters have a theory that much of the Pacific Northwest must have been burned-over by a colossal forest fire 400 or 500 years ago—otherwise there wouldn't have been the great solid stands of Douglas firs which blanketed the mountains when the settlers came.

When easy does it, somebody usually has to do it over again.
DAVE MURRAY

At last we walked into a shadowy forest of beautiful big trees, straig trunked giants, forty-five years old and more than half grown. "This tract has been thinned lightly to improve the trees and increase their growth rate," Weyerhaeuser said. "We used to think that we had to plan a 100-year cycle for saw timber, but with this kind of management we believe we can get as much growth in eighty years as we would in a century in a wild stand."

Gruenfeld looked at the trees and said, "Land that can grow timber like this certainly doesn't belong in a wilderness, does it?"

In Washington, D.C., some 2600 miles from the Cascades, odds are fair that this Congress will pass a wilderness bill along the lines of S.174. However, the experts aren't betting that this automatically will bring peace to the wilds. The next fight, some observers believe, will between various breeds of outdoor dicts. On one side will be the rising swarm of vacationists and sportsmen who want to penetrate the back country, not on foot, but by jeep, mountain-climbing scooter, light plane or helicopter, and who want to take along chain saws to cut their wood, and outboard motors to push their canoes. And on the other side will be the strict preservationists who want to enjoy our beautiful wilderness sanctuaries in nature's own quiet. At this point, it's hard to say just which side will win.

THE END

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We Learned to Live With Tragic Illness

(Continued from Page 23)

assurance at this point that he would rvive.

The doctor gave me a cup of strong black coffee which braced me for an ordeal I shall never forget. The first iron-lung patient I had ever seen was my own son, completely paralyzed from the neck down, except for his left forearm and hand.

He lay inert, with his head emerging from the end of the iron cylinder, his face flushed with fever, tubes grafted to his arms for feeding, a tube to carry the saliva from his mouth, and tubes to remove the body wastes. His helplessness was emphasized by the monotonous beat of the pumping bellows. He spoke to me in staccato phrases timed to correspond to the rhythm of the lung. After a few minutes of irrelevant talk, I went across the hall to Lora's room. She was in considerable pain and filled with apprehension almost approaching terror. We both needed something to push disaster to the back of our minds. So we talked about the boys and about the commonplaces of life, and I think each of us received some rength from the other.

I left the hospital then and drove to the ittle town of Livingston to pick up Jerry and Mark. They had been well cared for by a wonderful farm couple who had several children of their own, but who were very glad to see me and to return to their own home again, in the pine forest nearby, where Tom was an area forester for the Crown Zellerbach Corporation.

I dreaded the prospect of telling Tom's mother how we had underestimated our misfortune, and I put off calling her until the boys had gone to bed. Emma was prone to become greatly disturbed in the face of minor crises, but now she seemed to be fortified to cope with this real tragedy. She would leave on the first available train and arrive the next afternoon.

I felt as if I would never sleep again, but after several hours of working about the house, I finally retired and fell into a sort of half-waking doze. After a while I was aroused by a subdued sobbing from rry's bed. I turned on the light and ked him if he was ill. "No," he said, "I nought you had gone away, grandpa." Overwhelmed by my helplessness to deal with this child's perplexity and fear, I lay down beside him, took him in my arms and offered a silent, inarticulate prayer for the wisdom and understanding I needed to bring comfort and confidence to the troubled minds of these two children.

Emma arrived the next day, and we began a week's vigil. Neighbors and friends, many of them new to us, brought in food, invited us out for meals, cared for the boys while we visited the hospital, and eased the tension with sympathy and understanding.

Tom had slipped into a world of half-fantasy. He was to tell me later that during those first days he thought he saw Jerry wandering neglected about the hospital and standing silent and forlorn in the oorway. The boys and their future occupied his mind almost completely, both in his rational periods and when he was in his dream world.

After about a week, Tom's fever began to abate, and the paralysis left his throat, and he was able to swallow a little liquid. But then a slight bladder infection developed. His fever flared up, and again we went through a period of watching, waiting and fearing.

In a few days the infection was controlled, and we felt we could leave for home. The boys could not see their father, but would be permitted to say good-by to their mother. Lora wasn't sure she could control her emotions and was torn between the desire to see them and the fear that the parting would be marred by tears. However, we all thought she should see them, and everything went well. There were a few going-away gifts and a feeling of closeness and confidence. I am sure there were tears and depression after our departure, but the parting was a success.

I went across the hall to tell Tom good-by. It was my intention to say something cheerful and reassuring, but the roles were reversed. "Dad," he said, "don't you worry about me. I have a wonderful doctor and the best nurses in the country. I'm going to be all right." This was not an empty attempt to present a façade of cheerfulness, but a deep-seated confidence which, I am sure, did much to bolster his courage through the dark and difficult months to follow.

For Emma and me a radical change in the even flow of our lives took place, with the acceptance of full responsibility for two lively children. The next eight months were difficult. There were a few jealous quarrels. We had a siege of measles and our first experience with croup within a month after the boys' arrival. There were food problems arising out of a changed cuisine. There were the social problems to be expected when two little boys, separated from home and parents and little accustomed to playing with other children, find themselves suddenly deposited among a number of youngsters of all ages and both sexes. The neighborhood children did their best to make the newcomers feel at home, however. When Jerry was enrolled in first grade, the teacher, the principal and the car-pool mothers went out of their way to help him.

There were tender moments at home too. At bedtime, stories were told or read, and soon Jerry was reading to us from his schoolbook. Bathtime was a hilarious experience, with both boys in the tub at once, along with assorted plastic animals and boats. On one occasion when Mark was told it was time to get out, he became rather obstreperous, kicking and yelling with all his might. I gave him a smart slap on the appropriate portion of his anatomy, which astonished him greatly. He dutifully climbed out of the tub and offered a tearful apology; then, after he had been dried, climbed into my lap, put his arms about my neck and said, "I love you, grandpa." I can't remember a more dramatic lesson in forgiveness.

At night their childish fears and uncertainties came to the surface. We had tried at first to put them to bed and leave them while we went about the evening chores. They went without complaining, but shortly we would hear muted sobs coming from their room. This was too much for us, so we began lying down with them until they went to sleep. One evening I told Jerry an amusing incident from his father's childhood. Then he began asking nightly for stories about "daddy when he was little." Gradually the fears subsided until Jerry, at his own suggestion, began to go to bed by himself, proud to be independent. Mark took longer to make the transition, but finally accomplished it.

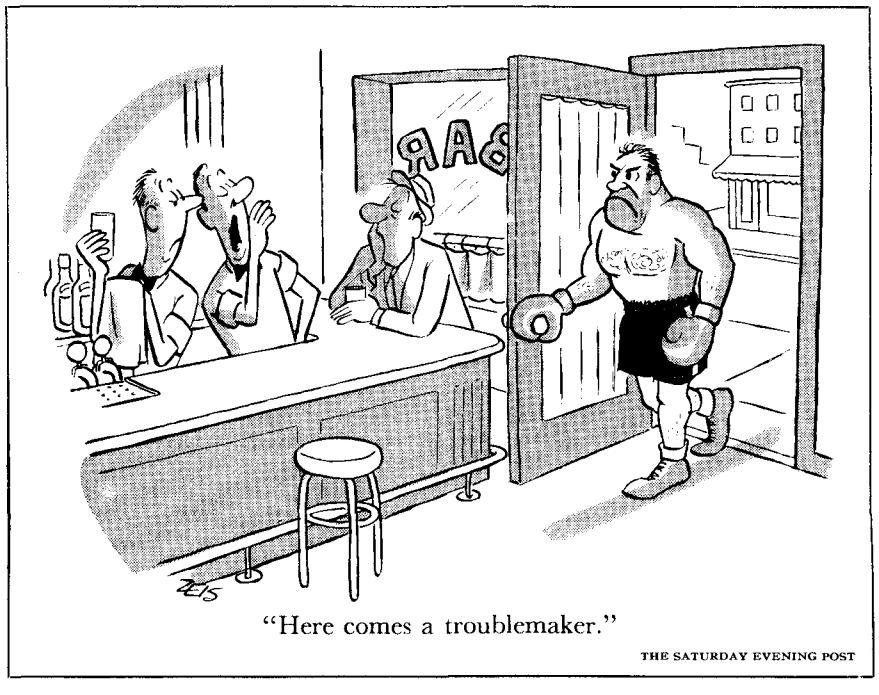
Each night after the boys were asleep, one of us would write to the parents a detailed account of the day's activities, with the funny little incidents and the jumbling of word meanings so precious to parents of small children.

Meanwhile, Tom, though out of danger, was still almost completely paralyzed. Lora was still hospitalized, but able to get about in a wheel chair. Her letters went from one extreme to the other: "Today Tom's morale hit rock bottom. They wheeled me in beside the lung, and the tears rolled down his face while he talked of the future, which seems so dark just now." Then the next week: "Tom was out of the lung for two hours yesterday and is cheerful again. He has always been so proud and independent that it almost breaks my heart when his times of depression come. He is so ashamed for anyone to see him cry. It is good to have him more like himself."

The Thanksgiving vacation arrived, and we took the boys to Baton Rouge for the first sight of their father since he became ill. Almost two months had elapsed, and the air was full of excitement. Tom, now out of the lung more than half the time, was being given various types of therapy. No one had given us any prediction as to the probable extent of his recovery, but changes in his routine were occurring which caused us to be hopeful.

Jerry was prepared for his father's incapacity, but Mark was vague about the situation. His first sight of Tom on the rocking bed puzzled him, but he accepted it as one of those incomprehensible adult activities which he was continually encountering. Jerry spent a great deal of the time we were in the hospital sitting near the bed demonstrating his newly acquired reading skills. It was a tender father-and-son relationship that was very gratifying to us.

We had come to the point where some thought must be given to the future. Tom's employers were most co-operative during this trying period. They informed him that, whenever he was able, he would be given every consideration for one of the less physically demanding jobs in the company. Much has been said about the soulless corporation, but to us the corporation was represented by company chief forester Mr. Paul Garrison and Tom's immediate superior, Mr. Leonard Thomas; and nothing could have been more heartening than the personal concern and sympathy shown by these men and their families.



"Here comes a troublemaker."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The time from Thanksgiving until Christmas passed quickly, and again we made the trip to Baton Rouge. By this time Lora had been discharged from the hospital, with no crippling, and was staying with friends temporarily while she searched for an apartment. Tom was now out of the lung entirely, but used two breathing aids—the rocking bed and the Monaghan, a modified respirator covering only the chest. Several hours a day he was completely without aids, but his paralysis was still almost complete.

Lora had decorated the room with a small Christmas tree, countless greeting cards, Jerry's letters and his drawings and Mark's more primitive productions. Christmas spirit pervaded the hospital; carol singers went through the corridors in the evenings; the hospital authorities showed considerable lenience concerning visiting hours; and we were as relaxed as it was possible to be. The festive atmosphere, the flood of gifts from relatives and friends and the reunion of the family caused anxiety for the future to be pushed into the background for the moment.

We stayed a few days beyond Christmas, then returned to our home in Jonesboro to resume the role of parents, leaving Tom and Lora with their problems. Lora's mother made the trip from Waterloo, Iowa, to be with her and to assist with the packing and storage of the furniture which had to be moved to make the house available for Tom's successor as area forester. They rented an apartment, but spent much time with Tom at the hospital. Lora's letters indicated a closeness and understanding between the young parents which tempered their constant anxiety.

New problems arose. Doctor Luikart was of the opinion that Tom's involvement required certain types of therapy not available in Baton Rouge. He suggested a transfer to the Texas Medical Center in Houston. Tom's friends lived in the Baton Rouge area, and he was not happy about moving. His morale had been bolstered immeasurably by their solicitude and encouragement. But he accepted the inevitable. By the first of March an O.K. from Houston was received. Lora and her mother went there to find an apartment and get settled, and arrangements were made by the hospital for a MATS plane to transport Tom, who was a veteran.

The Medical Center is wonderfully equipped. Tom was placed in a ward with five other patients and was soon in a wheel chair. Breathing aids were limited to sleeping hours, and the day was filled with physical and occupational therapy. He and Lora both felt that he was making progress. Tom had never abandoned the idea that his recovery would be complete, and his improvement here was heartening. One rule seemed to be uniformly followed—no word of sympathy was ever uttered. No hint was given that anyone on the staff thought a patient was unfortunate. Nurses and attendants never told a patient destined to spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair that he was doing fine and would be walking in no time. Rather, when some attention was requested, an orderly would perform the service efficiently and considerately, but with a kind

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of simulated gruffness. This sort of spurious complaining and good-natured insult caught on. Patients kidded one another, and if anyone felt sorry for himself, the fact was successfully concealed.

Within a month after the removal to Houston, the doctor was ready to make an appraisal. The picture was far from encouraging. It appeared that Tom would be confined to a wheel chair for the rest of his life. He would not be able to propel the chair himself and would be able to sit erect only with a back rest. His arm muscles above the elbow would be virtually useless. The fingers of both hands were closed, but with the aid of splints he could manipulate them sufficiently to grasp small objects. Swivel braces attached to his chair would support his forearms so that he could learn to write, shave himself, operate a calculating machine and do a limited number of other manual operations.

Tom had continued to be confident of very substantial improvement and had been strengthened in this belief by the fact that he had learned to stand alone in the swimming pool with the water up to his armpits, even to take a few steps. Gradually the true nature of his predicament came home to him. None can know, except the two people most directly affected by the tragic facts, just what went on in their minds and how they fortified themselves to take up the broken pieces of their lives to rebuild a home on a new and radically different basis. The hospital staff assured them that Tom would be able to handle the job which his company had open in Bogalusa, Louisiana. This had a steadying effect, but could not solve a hundred inescapable problems lying ahead.

Early in May we were told that Tom would be discharged near the first of July. Jerry and Mark had already been promised that they would go to Houston at the close of the school term in June and they had been checking off the days on the calendar. A postponement seemed unwise, so we loaded their toys and other belongings into the car and took them to their mother.

In the few days that we spent in Houston we observed numerous symptoms of difficulties to be faced. Mark, now almost four years of age, was very disturbed. He seemed to fear the hospital and accompanied his mother and Jerry on their daily visit under vigorous protest. After our departure, he became more difficult and showed a hostile attitude toward the world in general. At any moment, without warning, he would attack another child with unreasoning rage, striking out with any implement at hand. Jerry, on the other hand, retired within himself, talked little and cried a great deal. Tom was being brought to the apartment on weekends, but there seemed to be little progress toward anything resembling normal family life.

Lora's only sister and her husband came from Iowa to assist with the moving to Bogalusa. The company had arranged for the furniture to be taken from storage to the small house which they had located for Tom to rent. One of Tom's forester friends took time out to go to Houston to drive the family to their new home.

Now they were all together again, but in a new and very different environment. The little boys missed their home in the woods. Mark particularly found it difficult to adjust. Somehow he seemed to feel that his father, who had been so close to him, had deliberately deserted him. Children can be very cruel, and I think this was probably as trying as any in the long series of disappointments.

After two weeks of rest, Tom entered upon his new duties as forest mensurationist. This involved statistical work, analysis of field data and preparation of reports. At first he became very tired even with two-hour sessions. The work was in the general area of his specialization, but involved many phases which were new to him. Gradually he grew stronger and more skillful and within two months was working a full eight-hour day.

Their finances were not in as bad a shape as they might have been. A catastrophic-illness clause in their health insurance had covered all of Lora's $3500 medical expenses, and $5000 toward Tom's. The National Foundation had paid $13,242. The rest of the costs were minor.

Lora's mother had paid for moving, as well as furniture storage for those long months. Emma and I had bought the necessary equipment to care for Tom at home, including a hydraulic lift to move him from wheel chair to bed, another to move him in and out of the car, a third for the bathtub.

Thus they had been able to start anew with a clean slate, but a heavy burden fell on Lora. Tom could do virtually nothing for himself, except shaving and eating, and required daily periods of muscle stretching. In addition, Lora had to take him to and from work, care for the boys, shop and cook and do minor repair jobs normally performed by a man. Her physical condition following her own bout with polio was not up to par. As soon as possible, arrangements were made for a part-time maid to come in for six hours a day.

The modern girl never puts all she has into clothes.

CY N. PEACE

Tom's doctor and drug bills were large because of the necessity of warding off any cold or other minor ailment which a person in normal physical health would just live with until it ran its course.

Gradually the boys began to accept the situation, with an immense amount of patience and love from their parents. They made new friends, and Mark slowly became his former happy self. Jerry had some difficulty adjusting to the new school, but worked out his problems like an adult. He takes things seriously and learns quickly.

Now all of us are thoroughly aware of what we face. There will be dark days full of weariness and discouragement, moments of remembering and of regret. For Tom there will be thoughts of romps with his boys, tennis, swimming, outings with his friends, camping with his troop of Boy Scouts, carrying his full share of the responsibility of the home. Not the least of the regrets of both is that if they had had Salk polio shots, as their children did, all this suffering could have been avoided. But we all try not to let our minds dwell on that. And it has spurred a number of young couples in the community to get their shots.

Fear of the future may be frequently at the edge of consciousness. Tensions will build up. Fatigue and worry will lead to sharp words. More than the normal amount of forbearance and understanding will be required to heal the rifts and keep them from becoming too frequent.

This is a forbidding array, but when the impulse to self-pity seems overpowering, there are a great many rather wonderful things to remember. There are the innumerable generous acts of friends. Fellow employees came to the house daily to take Tom to and from work, lifting him in and out of the car until the acquisition of the lift enabled Lora to take over this chore.

These men also arranged to him to the various forestry meeting that he could continue his professional contacts which meant so much to him. On one occasion arrangements were made for him to attend a Boy Scout Court of Honor at which members of his former troop were to receive special awards. The evidence of appreciation and affection from these boys and their parents gave his spirits a great lift.

We have just returned from a week's visit with Tom and his family in their new home. I took him to his work in the morning, took his lunch to him at noon and brought him home at the close of his workday. I watched him in the process of learning a new aspect of his profession. He had loved the freedom of the woods and had said many times that he did not want to be tied to a desk. Now he was powerless to leave his desk without help from his associates, and was finding a challenge in the task far greater than he had anticipated. He was meeting challenge with courage and optin He is even planning for the building a new house within a few years.

In the home I witnessed the ministrations of a courageous and devoted wife who brings to her task an understanding of peculiar poignancy because of her experience with the disease which has crippled her husband.

I saw a six-year-old child—who not long ago had seemed to feel himself alone in a hostile world—climb into his father's lap to listen to a story and demonstrate his affection. I saw the more serious eight-year-old receive with pride the plaudits of his parents for the excellence of his progress in school.

The experience has done something to our family which is a little hard to describe. There is a closer bond holding the family together—not only ourselves and our children but aunts, uncles and cousins as well. They have remembered Tom and Lora and the children with encouraging and sympathetic letters and many stantial gifts. This also holds true host of friends, many of whom we h not seen for years. Emma's family and mine are scattered throughout the United States, and letter writing had been sporadic. In the last two years our contacts have become more frequent, and the closeness of our youth has been restored to a great extent.

I think we can understand and sympathize more fully with the grief of others who suffer. We feel a kinship with thousands of people we have never known personally, whose lives have been touched and in many cases blighted by disaster. Our prayers for these, our fellow men, no longer have the perfunctory character I fear they once had.

Finally, we have come to appreciate more fully the divine quality of compassion, which is so much more widely distributed among the human race than we realize. Bigotry there is, and greed selfishness enough to cause one t cynical. Most of us are a mixture of ma nanimity and meanness, but the good that men do shines with greater brilliance in the perspective of our lives than it ever did before.

So we are now somewhat settled in a new way of life. The ordeal of these years has, I believe, stiffened our determination to make our lives count for something, to savor our joys to the full and to meet adversity with the confidence that, with the help of God and our fellow men, we will overcome it. THE END

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The Haunted Dancers (Continued from Page 20)

along with their costumes and make-up ·ause, except for being seven years :r and a heck of a lot better dressed, ·ncy and Hopper were the same awkward, odd-ball pair who had dropped out of Chellan High in their senior year. Nan crunched a fellow's foot as they edged between tables. As she stopped to apologize, Hopper bounced off her hip and spilled the champagne cocktail the fellow's girl was nursing. The way they looked at us was the same too—as if I were still the big football wheel and Vera the most popular girl in school. Anxious, if you follow me. Not too sure of their welcome.

We brought Nan and Hopper up to date on the home-town news, and learned they were married and had two children, a boy and a girl, the same as we. New York would be their next stop, and their agent was kicking a Hollywood deal around. It was plain they were big league, headed for the top of the tree.

I'd got to gabbing about our holly farm and was telling Hopper how we ·ep a flock of geese to take care of the ·ds when Vera's curiosity reached flash ·nt. "How on earth," she burst out, "or off it, did you two learn to dance like that? You must have sold your souls to the devil!"

Hopper glanced at his watch, managing at the same time to knock an ash tray off the table. His voice came to us muffled as he scrunched to grope for it.

"Souls," he said, "are a glut on the market these days." He came up with his hair mussed and his tie crooked. "I doubt you could give one away, much less sell it." He looked at Nan, and the magic that had been on them while they danced seemed to touch them again, turning them into a downright handsome couple.

"Very well, darling," Nan said, "tell them if you like. Only don't expect Vera and Jim to believe you."

"Certainly we will!" Vera said.

"Oh, no, you won't!" Nan answered, with her green-blue eyes smiling.

"How can you believe it," Hopper said ·uietly, "when we've never been able to selves?"

·he way they laid it out for us, Nan and Hopper got their feet untangled the same night Vera and I became engaged, which was at the midwinter prom seven years ago exactly. Hopper had meant to go to that dance, but felt his courage drain away while he was still jolting along River Road in the farm jeep.

He parked a couple of blocks from Legion Hall and leaned against the jeep in his shiny blue-serge suit and thick-soled black shoes. Dance music drifted down to him from the hall; couples were passing the windows, kids he had gone to school with half his life, and he yearned so hard to be among them, be one of them, that the wanting dried his mouth. It wasn't just the clumsiness which went with a loose-coupled frame and outsize hands and feet that kept him away. His dad was Prophet MacCutcheon, a wild-eyed ·ump rancher who raised his family on iet of belt leather and wrath-to-come. eighteen turned, Hopper was too big for the Prophet to push around, and had long ago decided that dancing was no sin. But the twig had been bent. The minute he set foot on that Legion Hall floor, Hopper MacCutcheon would feel his dad's eyes drilling him, and he'd stiffen as if the Prophet's belt were about to crack across his shoulders.

Finally the pull of the music became more than flesh could stand. Hopper trudged down the empty street to the hall, eased around back and climbed the rail of the old-fashioned veranda that boxed the place. Down near the end, deep in the shadows, he spotted a shape which turned out to be Nan Drummond standing on a bench with her arms crossed on a window sill.

"You, huh?" Hopper greeted her.

"Any law?" Nan came back at him.

Hopper didn't need to ask why she wasn't inside. The girl's aunt was one of those who are happiest when they have a young, helpless creature to torment. Other girls wore skirts and sweaters or blouses to school. Nan Drummond, at seventeen, was forced into dresses—frocks, her Aunt Bess called them—the like of which hadn't been seen on mortal back in fifty years. The only boys who ever asked Nan to a party were those whose folks owed her aunt money, and at the moment the old miser's account book must have been clear.

"Shove over," Hopper said and hoisted himself onto the bench beside her.

They peered in at the dancers, Hopper cussing himself for a coward, Nan busy with her own bitter thoughts.

"Nice band," Hopper said once, feeling he ought to make conversation for politeness's sake.

"Shut up," she told him. "I'm watching Jim Avery and Vera Hubbard. Trying to learn how they make those turns."

Hopper watched, too, elbow to elbow with Nan at the window. Inside was a world they both longed to be part of. He twisted around toward Nan. The bench jiggled, and she said, almost snarling, "Careful, you ox!"

"Well," Hopper said, "we owe but one death, as Sir Philip Sidney said, or maybe it was Sir Walter Raleigh. No point in freezing here. You want to go in and stumble around?"

The bench teetered again as Nan faced him. "Gallantly put," she said. "Sir Philip couldn't have done better." She was crying, the tears making her plain face plainer. "Thanks, Hopper. At least I can tell Aunt Bess a boy asked me without his arm being twisted. But will you please look at me? Take a *good* look!"

She flung her pinch-waisted coat wide. What Hopper saw was a frilly white dress that might have been cute, in a quaint way, on a child of eleven.

"A blue sash goes with this little number," Nan said. "The finishing touch. I have it wadded down inside." The tears were flowing faster. "If I let you take me in, do you know what would happen?"

"I can guess," Hopper mumbled.

"In ten minutes," Nan told him in a shaking voice, "ten horrible minutes of tramping your feet and bumping other couples, my stomach, if you'll pardon a word Aunt Bess considers unladylike, would have tied itself in a knot. I'd retreat to the powder room and throw up. So you see ——"

Their bench, at that point, decided to fight back. It flipped them to the veranda floor. They rolled under the rail in a tangle of arms and legs to land in an inch of January slush.

"So you see why I won't accept," Nan said drearily, as Hopper helped her to her feet. She stared at him, soaked and muddy, weeping still. "Oh, Hopper," she sobbed at him. "Clowns like us! Why don't they just take us out and shoot us!"

A long haul from Las Vegas and a feature spot at the Twin Palms. Our waitress was beside me in her little red skirt. I ordered, while Vera dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"You poor, poor kids," she said. "How cruel we all were to them, Jim. Believe me, if we'd had the least idea you were out there—I'm so glad things have turned out wonderfully for you!"

"It's as well you didn't come out," Hopper said, with his farm-boy grin. "I'd probably have picked a fight with Jim and spoiled his suit out of pure meanness. But no one came out."

They stood with the music taunting them, the jive of seven years ago, Hopper mad at himself, mad at Nan in her silly dress, at the lucky ones in the hall and the whole uncaring world. "I'm still asking you to dance," he growled at Nan, and caught her by the wrist and started off with her down the street.

"Let go!" she snapped at him. "Where do you think you're taking me?"

"To a place I know," Hopper told her, "with a better dance floor than the Legion Hall." He was striding so fast the girl had to trot or be dragged. "And this I promise you," he said as he boosted Nan into the jeep. "No one will bump us there!"

The jeep lacked top and heater, since Prophet MacCutcheon didn't hold with luxury. Hopper endured Nan's shivering till they were several miles out on River Road, then reached an arm and fetched her across the seat to huddle against him.

... ...

Psychology of the Turtle

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Abandoned by his heartless
mater,
A foundling egg, he hatches
later,
Poor little turtle, by a sea
Of boundless insecurity,
To face a childhood empty of
A proper home and mother's
love.
Which should explain, and very
well,
Why he withdraws into his
shell!

... ...

Dully, as if she didn't much care any more, Nan asked him again, "Where are you taking me?"

Hopper didn't answer till they were past his dad's stump ranch, off the blacktop and jouncing fast over pot-holed gravel. Then he said, "Did you ever hear of the Altenschloss?"

Nan gave him a sullen "No."

"It's a log house, a lodge I guess you'd call it, in the woods west of Black Lake. My grandpa bossed the crew that built it in 1911. I happened on it a few years ago while I was gathering cascara bark."

"Who owns it?" Nan asked without interest. But she had stopped shivering, and was fixing up her tear-streaked face from her handbag.

"Nobody, now. Count Wilhelm and Countess Maritza von Altenberg used to. He was German, an army type with a monocle and a saber scar. She was Viennese, grandpa told me. The count killed another officer in a duel over her, and they had to skip Germany with only a very few million marks for pin money."

"Romantic," Nan said, applying lipstick as best she could in the bouncing jeep. "What a nice comic-opera touch you have. So they fled to the woods and lived in a log cabin with a ballroom—happily ever after, no doubt."

"Just for two years," Hopper told her. "They'd have fifty guests at a time, mostly titled. Grandpa used to take them in by sleigh or buckboard. The parties they threw, he said, you'd have to see to believe. Dance bands from Seattle. Drinkables by the cases. Caviar and that sandwich spread they make from goose livers. Even when the count and countess were alone in the Altenschloss, life was a ball."

The gravel tongued out from under the tires. A side road bored into a black wall of timber. "Rough from here on," Hopper said, and put the jeep at the tunnel mouth. "Did I tell you they loved to dance? When I stumbled on the Altenschloss that day, their phonograph was still in the ballroom, the biggest you ever will see, an old-timer with cylinder records and a morning-glory horn." He chuckled, steadying Nan with an arm tight around her waist. "So I oiled the phonograph," he said, "swept the floor and set out to learn to dance with the broom for a partner."

"A pillow's better," Nan said. "It doesn't trip you." Her head stirred against Hopper's shoulder. "Now that you mention it, I do seem to recall something about your Prussian and his Maritza. They went home to Germany just before the First World War, didn't they? And showed up here again around 1920?"

"Uh-huh." Hopper skidded the jeep to a halt, climbed out and set to with jack and chains. When he swung back in, his suit was muddier and he sucked a skinned knuckle. "They'd lost just about everything. Crossed the Atlantic steerage and came west by day coach. Von Altenberg hoped to find work in the district, but what Chellan gave them was rotten eggs."

"And tomatoes," Nan said. "My aunt was one of the children who threw them, and how she must have enjoyed it!" She sounded almost interested now. "At least they still had each other. What happened to them, Hopper?"

"Grandpa took them out to the Altenschloss," Hopper said. He shifted on the seat, frowning into darkness that bent the headlight beams back on themselves. "Look, Nan, maybe I'd better keep my mind on the driving."

Their side road dwindled to a trail that dipped into an alder swamp and labored over a ridge. Brush flogged the jeep sides, the wheels churned unbroken snow. The track branched, then forked again. Twice, Hopper winched the jeep through stretches too tough even for chains and four-wheel drive.

"You can see why people leave the Altenschloss alone," he said after another half hour of bushwhacking.

"One reason," Nan said. She gave him an uneasy side glance. "Are you sure there isn't another?"

"You mean the yarn those deer hunters brought out seven years back?" Hopper spared the girl a grin. "What happened, they found the hidden stairs to the count's wine cellar. The shape they were in by midnight, they were ready to see anything you care to name."

Ahead, the woods thinned. Of a sudden Nan jerked erect with her spine gone broom-handle-stiff. "Hopper MacCutcheon," she squalled at him, "you turn this car around and take me out of here! I remember the rest of that story now! I'm not dancing where people have committed suicide!"

Hopper made no move to swing the jeep, although there was room and to spare on the wide, winding driveway under the wheels. "Let me tell you something, Nan," he said. "When I step onto that dance floor, something happens that doesn't anywhere else. The music moves out of my head and into my feet. All right, suppose it did end that way? There's not a thing in the Altenschloss to harm you. Just a darn good old windup phonograph and the best springy maple floor in the county." His arm tightened protectively. "You're not stupid enough

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to believe in ghosts and stuff like that, are you?"

"Of course not," Nan said. She ran her tongue over dry lips. The jeep was plowing through wind-drifted snow toward a great log house lovely as a fairy tale or a dream. Snow blanketed the angles and slopes of its roof. Giant icicles hung from carved gables. Moonlight turned the windows to watching eyes as the jeep labored onto the terrace that fronted the lodge.

But friendly eyes, Nan decided. "All right, Hopper," she said, "if you can take it, I can." Her mouth quirked in a bitter smile. "At least I might be an improvement on your broom!" And he—although she didn't tell him this—would be a better partner than a pillow, which was dandy to cry into, but less comforting than a husky blue-serge shoulder.

The brass-studded log door creaked open to Hopper's push. "Better stay here," he told Nan, "till I light us some candles."

Waiting, with the frost nipping at ears and nose and her nerves taut as fiddle strings, Nan heard an owl call from deep in the woods. "Oh-no . . . no-no . . . oh-no!" the owl seemed to be warning her, and she felt her courage ooze. But deep inside the house Hopper was whistling. "This way," he called, his voice booming, hollow. Nan breathed deep, swallowed twice and stepped into the Altenschloss.

The ballroom was exactly as Hopper had described it to her. The hardwood floor under her shoes was smoother than any she had ever trod. She saw the huge old phonograph with its morning-glory horn, the candles burning yellow in wall sconces and the dusty wine-red curtains drawn back from tall windows. A chandelier hung by chains from the ceiling. On the floor under it was a cross-shaped splotch, a stain too dark for any shadow. Nan, guessing what that mark was, allowed herself a shudder. Then she crossed to Hopper with her wet shoes squishing, but never a creak under her feet.

Hopper turned from cranking the phonograph. He said to her, loud and cheerful, "That crystal chandelier used to hold a hundred candles. Grandpa found the count and countess lying under it when he drove in next day with a quarter of beef and a sack of carrots and spuds. The countess wore a pink-colored gown with a low neckline and no back at all. Von Altenberg was in his dress uniform of the Black Uhlans. The way it looked, he had shot her while they were dancing—through the heart with a Luger—then killed himself." Hopper blew dust from an ancient record. "Grandpa told me the sight of them brought tears to his eyes. Even with a hole in his forehead the count was a mighty fine-looking man, and the Countess Maritza had never looked more beautiful. She died smiling."

Music, thin and scratchy, seeped into the room. "*Blue Danube*," Hopper told Nan. "Same record that was on when Grandpa found them." He clumped forward on size-12 feet. His hand splayed against the small of Nan's back, large, warm and reassuring.

"O.K.," he said, "latch on." His left foot thumped heavily. "Let's try to hop off on the big beat."

The floor shone, the prisms of the chandelier caught the light and shattered it in diamond twinkles. They moved in a mist of moonlight and candle glow, to *The Blue Danube* and their own loud breathing and the scuff and shuffle of their shoes.

"Loosen up, will you?" Hopper said crossly in Nan's ear. "You're stiff as a mummy."

She snapped back at him through set teeth, "Lead with your left foot, dope."

They tackled a turn, and it came off, after a fashion.

"Listen," Hopper said, "you're all swelled out like a pouter pigeon. Why don't you haul that sash out and put it on? I could get a proper hold on you, your dress wouldn't slither."

Nan obliged. They resumed, becoming bolder, attempting variations they would never have dared in Legion Hall.

"Hopper," Nan said, "I do believe you're right! It's different here. The music does get into one's feet!"

"Sure," Hopper grunted. "But how do we break out of progressive? Tell me before we crash the wall."

They pulled off several waltz boxes without stumbling, a series of left turns and an almost creditable hesitation. Hopper was screwing up his nerve for a shot at a conversation corkscrew when he saw Nan's lips part and her eyes open wide and wider, until the whites showed. At the same time her fingers dug at his collarbone and her other hand gripped his in a clutch gone clammy.

"Take it easy," he told her. "It's only the grandfather clock in the hall." Except it did strike him odd that the clock should be chiming like that, spaced and solemn, when the deer-hunting vandals of seven years ago had riddled it with .30–30 slugs.

He counted twelve strokes, Nan all the time gaping over his shoulder and trying to find a voice. When it came it was a rusty squeak. "Hopper. Behind you. It's them." He had a confused impression she was about to climb him like a tree. "It's the count and countess."

"Nan," Hopper said, nape prickling, "you're nuts." He bullied her into a lurching left turn. In his ears, as he finished his ragged swing, a light, amused voice made music of its own.

"Willi," it asked, charmingly puzzled, "what is it these children do?"

The answering voice was a man's, clipped and slightly guttural. "Who can say, *Liebchen?* One of the barbarous new American steps, perhaps. It seems vaguely related to the waltz."

They poised under the glittering chandelier on the dark stain which was their heartblood, arm linked through arm, a tall, scarred, monocled officer in a dress uniform all midnight black and red and a slender woman in a pink ball gown that curved from her hourglass waist in a cascade of looped flounces. Her high-piled hair was the bronze of an autumn chrysanthemum, and her eyes under arched flyaway eyebrows were the green-blue of a mountain pond. And even with his heart pounding sick and slow in his throat and Nan's wet hand crushed in his, Hopper MacCutcheon knew the Countess Maritza, or her ghost, was the loveliest creature he had seen in all his life.

"What can we do?" Nan breathed at him.

"How would I know?" Hopper croaked. The record should have played itself through long ago, the phonograph spring run down. But the horn was still giving out with Strauss; in fact it had picked up volume and a mellowness he wouldn't have believed possible from the warped old cylinder.

He muttered to Nan, "Maybe if we shifted into progressive, and danced our way to the door ——" And seconds later, savagely, "Get with it, Nan! For cat's sake, will you let me lead?"

"I can't!" It hit him in an agonized whisper. "Oh, Hopper, I've forgotten the step, I can't do anything but the Rocking Chair!"

They joggled to and fro, trapped and helpless. Over the top of Nan's head, Hopper saw the countess smile at her husband.

"Ah, the poor darlings," she said in her voice that was silvery music. "Willi, come. We must introduce ourselves."

They advanced from under the chandelier, the countess's hand light on the count's arm. "I," she said, "am the late Maritza von Altenberg, and with me is my dear departed husband, Count Wilhelm Gustavus Holtzwig-Cassen von Altenberg." The turquoise eyes hinted of laughter, the rich mouth gave name and titles a dancing lilt. "You may call him Willi."

The count bowed from the waist with a soundless click of heels. Hopper ducked his head; Nan, he saw, was bobbing like a goose in a weed patch, doing her darnedest to curtsy.

"And now," the count said briskly, "since you appear to be in error on certain minor points, perhaps you will allow us to repay the honor of this visit with a—shall we say, a demonstration?"

He bowed again with the noiseless heel click, this time to his wife. Hopper watched, Nan's hand still in his, both of them enchanted beyond fear. This they were witnessing, this waltz in a mist of moon and candlelight, was perfection. It was lovelier than a flight of sea gulls, as intricately faultless as the courting play of swallows.

At the end Nan spoke to the countess with her face all aglow. "I'd sell my immortal soul," she cried, "and I know Hopper would, too, if we could dance like that!"

Maritza von Altenberg smiled at her. The chrysanthemum head nodded. "So? Then, my dear, let us change partners."

This part of it, his waltz with the beautiful ghost, Hopper MacCutcheon could never clearly remember. He only knew he was caught up in that same perfection, one with it and part of it, and that he could have cried like a baby when the music whispered off into silence.

He realized they were alongside the black stain under the chandelier.

"Warm work," the count said. "My man does not seem to be about. Pray excuse me."

He dimmed away, but only for a minute. Then he was standing tall at his wife's side with the monocle screwed into his eye, holding a cobwebbed enormous bottle under his arm and four crystal glasses between spread fingers.

"The best in our cellar," he said, and shot the cork so that it set the chandelier pendants tinkling. "Even for a vintage year, Maritza, it has kept its life remarkably."

They waltzed the night away, in the misted light, with vintage champagne to refresh them. Toward dawn they toasted one another in the last of the magnum.

In a gesture all grace the countess stooped to upend her glass beside the bottle. She straightened, gazing at Nan with her smile gone wistful and a brightness in her eyes that might have been tears.

"How sweet," she said through a sigh, "to be a *jeune fille* once more in a pretty white frock with a blue sash, in a warm, mortal body. To be dancing with one's first love, and hoping, knowing that after the last waltz. . . ." Her words were lost in a blush and a murmuring. Her upward glance at the count was sheer bewitchment; he cleared his throat twice, and spoke a trifle stiffly.

"In friendship," he said, "and to oblige my wife, a romantic as is every Viennese, may I prevail upon you to lend us yourselves for one waltz?" He added with the merest hint of a smile in his cold blue eyes, "I assure you we will return you unharmed."

What took place then, Nan and Hopper could remember hardly at all. Except that they were no longer an awkward stump-ranch boy and a clumsy, lonely girl but two other people—dancers with feet that moved light to the music as drifting leaves and hearts that glowed with a joy and a hope and an eager yearning they had never felt before.

Far away on River Road, a roc crowed to the morning star, and they w Nan Drummond and Hopper MacCutcheon, waltzing together, themselves again, more or less.

"How marvelously you have improved, *mes petits*," the countess told them. "But it is always so where love is, or the seeds of love."

"Come, Maritza," the count said. "Our ball ends. A stupid convention, this of cockcrow, but rules are rules and must be obeyed."

"One moment first," the countess said gravely, but with the smile lingering. "There is the matter of two souls deeded to us, Willi."

"Return them," the count told her, with a glance at the graying windows. "Have we become—how is it said in America?—mere hucksters?"

"Very well," Maritza von Altenberg agreed. "But allow me one last small pleasure, Willi. We shall give each to the other. 'My true love hath my soul, and I have his,' as the English poet, Sir Ph Sidney, puts it."

"Heart, dearest," the count corrected her indulgently, his saber-scarred face turning again to the windows. "Heart, not soul. You're forever misquoting."

"Heart, soul," his wife said, "it makes no matter." She began to dim out like mist dissolving—eyes, smile, slim body and chrysanthemum head. Her voice touched them sweetly across a widening distance. "Not to dance for seven more long years, Willi. So stern a penance! But perhaps at the end we shall find our young friends and waltz again."

"And that," Hopper MacCutcheon said, heaving up from our table with a lurch that sent a glass rolling, "was that. Nan and I never did go home. We hocked a case of the count's Napoleon brandy to a bootlegger down the line—we knew the von Altenbergs wouldn't mind—and took a bus to Reno and got married."

"And here we are," Nan said brightly. . . . "Hopper, we're almost on We'd better hurry!"

They blundered off between tables change for their second show. After a considerable silence Vera said in a testing voice, "Quite an account, Jim."

"Sure," I said. "One for the book, huh?"

"Dancing with ghosts in a haunted house," Vera said. "I suspect that bottle of champagne was tapped rather earlier than Hopper claims."

"Quiet, hon," I told her, for the music had started, *The Blue Danube*, it was, and The Belancas were waltzing in a circle of amber light. At least I guess it was they, although Hopper in the black-and-red dress uniform and Nan in a frothy pink ball gown with her hair bronze in the spotlight looked—well, like two other people. But this I was sure of as we watched them dip and whirl and glide like swallows in a mating flight—we'd never seen waltzing to match that before, an wouldn't again.

Vera didn't speak till The Belancas h gone on to their Latin numbers. Then she said all of a rush, "I don't care, I still won't believe it. Why, Jim, if I did, it would shatter me. I'd be a changed person."

I don't want my wife to change; I like her as she is. So I saw no point in telling Vera how I happened on the Altenschloss while grouse hunting last fall and found, plunk in the middle of that fine sprung-maple floor, on the cross-shaped stain under the chandelier, a champagne bottle—a magnum—and four glasses. THE END

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Our New Super-Road System

(Continued from Page 25)

The Interstate as it is commonly called, is only a tiny fraction of our total road mileage and only part of a broadened road program activated by Federal legislation in 1956. But it is a vital and central part of our highway plans, and it will carry twenty times its proportionate mileage share of traffic. Surprisingly, the Interstate has lived its first five years in an atmosphere of bickering and criticism. It has been charged that the cost was badly underestimated, the work delayed and corruption discovered. All these charges have a little merit, and at the same time they are broadly untrue. Balanced against the scope of the project, the defects are flyspecks, the criticism niggling.

For this is a magnificent national work. It is a hugely beneficial investment which should have been made many years ago and is warranted for defense mobility alone. It is not only urgently important to our national life, but in life, property, equipment and fuel savings it is going to pay off double its cost almost at once, and over its longer life perhaps ten times. According to the conservative United States Bureau of Public Roads, the Interstate will save 4000 lives annually. The American Automobile Association uses the figure of 5000 lives and 160,000 accidents. The Automobile Manufacturers Association commissioned a penetrating 400-page study of the Interstate and its impact by Wilbur Smith and Associates. The Smith report estimates that the Interstate will save 9000 lives a year.

The 41,000-mile network will cost $41,000,000,000 divided between the Federal Government (90 per cent) and the states (10 per cent). It is a whopping bill. Simple arithmetic says that this is a cost of $1,000,000 a mile. But nothing about the Interstate is simple. It is a fantastically complex and varied job, and the apparent million-a-mile cost is not accurate nor is anything else said about the Interstate likely to be the precise truth. The $41,000,000,000 will buy less than 38,000 miles. The rest is paid for by users of toll roads or by other public funds. It is true that on January first of this year construction of the Interstate was behind schedule, but by a small fraction of the target percentage. Some areas are way ahead, and finished pieces have already scored sharp benefits for their respective regions. There have been scandals in contract fulfillments, and there may be more. But those already claimed are not always clear-cut, and they affect few of the 1,500,000 people directly involved in building the new network. The Interstate is designed to very high standards, capable of accommodating the hugely increased volume of traffic expected in the 1970's and 1980's.

Over long distances, touring drivers may anticipate time savings of a quarter to a half of prior requirements. Thus a family from New York City with just enough vacation time to reach the Rockies may, in 1972, go on to the Pacific Coast. Minnesotans who now find the Ozarks their vacation limit will later be able to consider the Gulf Coast. On shorter recreational trips the usual Interstate top speed of sixty-five miles per hour will allow cruising at about that speed, and hence an extra hour will take boat owners to new waters, campers to new campgrounds.

Faster roads extend the automobile's per-hour travel range, but the road progress is coming and will come in such piecemeal fashion it is difficult to visualize the great final difference. In fact, some present disjointed road conditions present the illusion of slowdown rather than speed-up. I have experienced this illusion in driving more than a third of the completed portions of the Interstate and over a period of time 90 per cent of its basic pathways. Crossing Ohio, for example, on alternate stretches of U.S. 40 and new I-70, I have swept past Dayton and through Springfield with not a moment's interruption of top cruising speed. But then to come head on against the old Main Street traffic crawl in Zanesville and Cambridge is so frustrating that the whole trip seems longer than before any of I-70 was opened.

Apparent leaders in Interstate progress on March thirty-first were Oregon and Washington, both with more than 40 per cent of their allotted mileage complete. North-south I-5, inland coast route from Canada to Mexico, is largely completed through both states, and it is a double blessing. Skimming the base of the Sierras much of the way, it is one of the country's finest scenic treats. It is also saving time, fuel and wear and tear for those who use it. According to Oregon's state-highway engineer, this saving is 5 per cent of the road's cost annually, not counting savings in accident costs, which should triple the total.

Oregon and Washington appear to put California to shame along I-5. California has completed very little of her I-5 mileage. But Interstate figures are never what they seem. The two northern states completed rural sections first. California chose to complete more difficult urban sections first. California also, very wisely, has acquired more right-of-way mileage ahead of need than any other state.

On March 31, 1961, the longest single piece of continuous Interstate was a 200-mile stretch of I-94 from above Detroit to below Benton Harbor, Michigan. I found this freeway, except for desert and mountain, offers a broad sample of the impacts that may be expected from the completion of an Interstate highway. It includes, for example, the western piece of Detroit's Edsel Ford Expressway, which is not acceptable by 1975 standards, but falls into a substantial category of present Interstate—roads meeting traffic standards for present conditions but no more. The Edsel Ford's future inadequacy leaps to the eye. It is Detroit's oldest, and it is loaded.

West of Ann Arbor, on a newly opened stretch, the lessons of a new freeway are spread out for motorists to learn. And, incidentally, the difference between expressway and freeway is that the former may have some uncontrolled access, whereas a freeway—most of the Interstate—will have all entrance and exit points controlled. The first lesson of the freeway is that, unlike toll-road Interstate sections which offer roadside services, it is completely devoid of on-the-road services—don't risk an empty gas tank or cigarette package. Motorists must leave the right of way to find fuel, food and lodging.

Chelsea, Michigan, is the largest town between Ann Arbor and Jackson. In late March I had to drive three quarters of a mile off the freeway at Chelsea for fuel, a round-trip travel interruption of one and one-half miles. The Interstate signs said there were fuel, food and lodging at the exit. They did not say how far or how good. In time this blindness will be partly overcome, and no one knows it better than the service-station operator whom I found nearest to the exit. "Hell's poppin'," he said. "Four oil companies have bought land here, and three of them are closer to the exit than I am. The problem for all of us is how many people are going to pick this particular exit for service, and why. But we're better off than the guys on the old road through town. Their transient business is gone. Nobody coming off the Interstate just for gas is going to pass us up to reach them."

The Chelsea exit leads to full services within a mile or so, but a little farther west is another exit whose sign merely says FUEL. There is no adjacent community here, and the fuel is obtainable only from a forlorn semigarage and filling station a half mile off the freeway, whose operator is definitely troubled. In March he had not yet calculated the probable denudement of traffic on his road, which here parallels I-94.

"I hate to think of it," he said, "but I know I've lost half my business right now, and I don't think the local trade is enough to keep me going."

These samples are along a brand-new stretch of I-94. Along an older section, at the exit north of Jackson, sufficient time has passed to launch the sort of satellite community that may be expected all over the national network. Here there are new motor inns, restaurants and service stations which are not only settled in business but whose facilities are announced by signboards before the exit is reached.

Among the installations at the Jackson exit is a highway inn of a well-known chain, whose manager is quite optimistic about his location. "We consider ourselves a part of a very important Chicago-Detroit growth corridor, and I-94 has been giving us all we expected. It will be even better when the road is finished to the Indiana line and connected with the Indiana Toll Road leading into Chicago. People who cater to truckers may do especially well. Truckers are sensitive to toll roads, and on I-94 they can now operate free from Detroit most of the way to Chicago."

It's a wise employer who knows whom he can really beat at golf.

JOHN J. PLOMP

Interstate highways are necessarily closed tracks, isolated from opposing and cross traffic and disturbances along the right of way. It is the only way they can function as sites for uninterrupted, high-speed, safe travel. Access and egress points are carefully engineered for blending-in or easing-out operations which will not seriously interfere with the main high-speed flow. Such points, under Bureau of Public Roads standards, may never be less than 6000 feet apart, a minimum that is not often seen. On nonurban freeways exits may be twenty miles apart, which imposes new strictures on both the motorist and those who supply him.

Much more than before, the motorist will be required to anticipate his needs, something which in degree is complicated by the prohibition on commercial signs within the Interstate right of way. Those offering services will be compelled to do so with larger billboards that may be seen at greater distances. Small establishments may not be able to afford this advertising and, since they cannot place themselves right on the edge of Interstate freeways to inspire impulse stops, the Interstate is effectively lost to them. The business opportunities for Mom and Pop hot dog stands, one-pump gas stops or tiny motels will thus disappear from 41,000 miles of highway.

This may tend to relieve parents with small children who have high soda-pop-per-mile requirements. It is likely, however, to push the motorist further in the direction of known names and brands, the ones most likely to announce their presence well ahead of an approaching exit.

The distance traveler, to minimize the risk of what he will find off the road, is likely to consider two factors. First, his natural reluctance to leave the good road will induce him to take the step only where he can find all he needs at a single stop. Second, since he must choose his stops in advance, he may require the assurance of finding well-known lodging chains and restaurants and the super-stations which oil companies are building on an increased scale. It is safe to say that all the merchants involved in these three fields are aware of and planning for these conditions.

The long-distance vacationer, however, even though his recreational vistas will be greatly expanded by the Interstate, is not the top customer of the new national network. In use, the Interstate will be more urban than nonurban. The fine, fast roads between cities are looked upon as mere linkages, necessary but less useful than those parts of the system to be built in urban areas. The greater urban need may be expressed in terms of money. An average urban mile costing $4,000,000 to build is worth, in terms of the wheels that will pass over it, the same as a rural mile which costs only $700,000. An extreme example is a piece of Interstate across the Bronx in New York City. It will cost $71,000,000 for only seven tenths of one mile. A rural stretch of the same length would cost only $490,000. But in dollar cost per passing car they would cost the same.

City and suburban areas right now carry about half our vehicular traffic on only a tenth of our road mileage. The Interstate anticipates a much greater imbalance in the future. The Wilbur Smith report makes this quite clear. It is largely centered on the predicted doubling of urban population in twenty years. At that time less than one quarter of total Interstate mileage, which will be in urban areas, will carry 60 per cent of the system's traffic. Urban travel will double while rural travel rises only a third.

If this trend sounds fatal to metropolitan central business districts, it is not necessarily so. On the contrary, the new network of Interstate, plus some locally built freeways, are expected to produce only a 10-per-cent traffic rise in city centers in twenty years, and this volume will be so much more expeditiously handled that central business districts will be able to breathe again. The Smith report determines that now only half of downtown city traffic is actually concerned with downtown, and in very large cities no more than a fifth. Future belts of freeways around city centers will free central business districts of huge amounts of traffic which wish to avoid downtowns. Some relief may also be obtained by shuttle service from parking areas along the belts to downtown, although the use of mass transit in general is anticipated as no higher than at present.

At this time no large city has completed its urban Interstate sections, so no full example of future benefits exists. As a rule those freeways which have been built are radial roads leading into and out of business centers. They often increase, rather than decrease, center congestion. But they also remove traffic from other city streets. An Evanstonian using a lake-front route into downtown Chicago reveals that Chicago's new Northwest Expressway has so lightened traffic on old Sheridan Road that "we save a third of our driving time.

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Friends north of Evanston speak glowingly of using the expressways to get into town in twenty minutes where it used to take an hour. The bus schedule from the Loop to O'Hare Airport used to be seventy-five minutes. Now the airport is twenty minutes away."

A professional man in Oklahoma frequently uses a Tulsa bypass (I-44) which happens to have incurred notoriety for alleged substandard construction (seven grand-jury indictments, quashed for venue reasons). Of this presumably less-than-perfect road he says, "It certainly drives 'smooth,' and has cut my time through Tulsa from over an hour to less than half an hour."

The famous metropolitan freeways of Los Angeles have inspired jokes that appear to be critical, but are really complimentary. They reveal that throngs of cars move along freeways at fast speeds, which is good, not bad. Moreover, according to an official test, they are saving 25 per cent in gas consumption and more than a third in time, compared with street routes. It is forgotten that for the city's booming population a major fraction of its freeways has not yet been built, and that prior to the present freeways Los Angeles streets were on the point of strangulation.

Most urban freeway systems in the next decade or more will be included in the Interstate system and will logically extend the range of commuter travel, permitting the downtown worker to live farther out, which in turn will expand suburban areas. This further flight to suburbia need not be alarming. The migration has made central-city redevelopment more logical, more necessary and at times cheaper. With future street traffic reduced, cities may be in a better position to make themselves attractive for residential and business populations. They now know they are in direct competition for residents with suburbs and satellite communities.

A man who is strongly in favor of both the Interstate system and the spreading out of population is Rex Whitton, Federal Highway Administrator and present chief of the Bureau of Public Roads. Whitton is a Missourian who has "enough country boy in me to want everybody to get way out on the back roads and see what living is really like." One of the top values he assigns to the big new road program is the chance it will give millions of people to get acquainted with other parts of their own country and other millions to work in out-of-town industrial plants. He has a sincere faith in completion of the Interstate by the target year of 1972.

A major element in the Interstate's probable influence on city, suburban and rural changes is the network's capacity for influencing industry. From dozens of examples already available, it is clear that the opening of a freeway lifts land values along its course and, after a period of hesitation, benefits business areas along roads which it supersedes. Industry which formerly piled up in midtown now finds open places adjacent to freeways where it may maintain landscaped, parklike surroundings. Los Angeles's Santa Ana Freeway has had this experience. And a classic example of the industrial pull of an expressway which is not even up to Interstate standards is Massachusetts 128, Boston's belt route. In a few years Massachusetts 128 has attracted more than 400 new plants worth hundreds of millions.

Part of the lure to industry is improved and hence less expensive transportation by truck. The Interstate will provide a giant new railroad-without-rails country-wide system. It will intensify competition between railroads and trucks as well as giving overland bus companies a boost. There is one possible counter-balancing factor for trucks, however—higher taxes.

For many months the American Association of State Highway Officials has been mercilessly testing miles of pavement near Ottawa, Illinois, to determine the comparative damage done to road materials by all classes of vehicles. The information obtained, combined with Bureau of Public Roads studies, has not yet been issued in final form. But it is the broad opinion now that passenger cars and very light trucks return to governments an amount approximately equal to the damage they cause in using roads. Heavier vehicles do not. These cost-allocation studies no doubt led to President Kennedy's suggestion last February that imposts on heavy trucks be brought more closely into line with the cost of their use of roads.

"Two cents once, two cents twice—three. Three, three, three. Do I hear four?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The President also requested that the fourth cent of the Federal tax on gasoline, a temporary tax scheduled to expire this midyear, be extended. These moves are a part of the broad subject of who will and who should pay for the Interstate and the rest of the 1956 road program, the latter financed on a fifty-fifty Federal-state basis. It is a rather bitter controversy. A moot factor in it is what proportion of the benefits of the highway program accrue to the community in general and hence should be paid for by the community and not by taxes paid directly by users of the roads or owners of vehicles. This is a frightening factor. The benefits of the Interstate to the general welfare are probably so great that no one dares to admit their size. For convenience the conservative Bureau of Public Roads figure of 8 per cent is used as the public's share of Interstate benefits and hence the public's rightful share of the cost.

It has to be assumed that the Interstate will somehow be adequately financed and completed on time. The penalty for delay would be lost lives and dollars. The major pool of construction money is the Highway Trust Fund, set up to receive and disburse fuel and vehicle taxes. The Trust Fund at present is inadequate, and Congress is in the process of sweetening it. The question of where more money is to come from is properly debatable. Taxes on vehicles and on fuel are so high they may well be influencing the type of cars we drive.

Wrangling over the money problems is a large factor in the negative atmosphere which has afflicted the first five years of the Interstate. There are other factors, however. One is location. No one is against the Interstate freeways. But everyone thinks the road should not go here, but over there. Actually the road locations are very sound. Their general outlines were established a couple of decades ago, more closely mapped years ago and now almost completely fixed.

A few site squabbles are left. I-71, for example, is a Cleveland-Columbus-Cincinnati freeway in Ohio. On its northward course it stops abruptly four miles east of Medina, Ohio, and eighteen miles away from a connection with the Ohio Turnpike. Turnpike gatemen have to hand out printed instructions on how to reach I-71 from the nearest Turnpike exit.

An authority on this abrupt interruption on I-71's course north to Cleveland is a service-station proprietor on U.S. 42 in Brunswick, Ohio. The validity of his opinion may be clouded by the fact that he believes the new Interstate, which generally follows the U.S. 42 pathway, will not take any business away from him, which is pure delusion. But he is still knowledgeable about I-71.

"The new Interstate?" he says. "Oh, it'll go by a couple of miles over that way. Nobody knows just where. The politicians are still fighting about it."

There are other dissatisfactions. Around the country are many unsuccessful bidders on construction contracts and many successful bidders who feel that contracts were let in a tight period when margins were too thin. A number of small contractors, overestimating the speed of the program, bought too much equipment and went broke. Chicagoans consider I-294, the Tri-State Tollway arcing around the city, too expensive. Tolls exceed two cents a mile. During daylight hours on the Sunshine State Parkway in Florida, part of I-95, tolls also exceed two cents a mile.

Even the motorist can expect a minor annoyance. He will have to learn a new code on new shield-shaped red-white-and-blue signs. Long roads will carry double numbers. If they are even to 90—they run east and west. If are odd—5 to 95—they run north ... south. But there are also triple numbers, which are loops through or around cities and spurs which lead off to dead ends. Triple numbers in which the first digit is even are loops—I-680 cuts around San Francisco.

If the first digit is odd, the road is a spur which doesn't return to the road which it leaves. Thus I-195 is a spur off I-95 and winds up at the tip of Cape Cod. The same number, I-195, at Miami leads out to Miami Beach.

The brighter side of the Interstate is that it will provide a breath-taking new experience in travel, thousands of miles of complete freedom from local interference, a nationwide nonstop boulevard. And every day this network creeps forward. In the last three months of 1960 Interstate mileage was completed at a rate which, if continued, would finish the job ahead of schedule. At least some w... has been done on much more half of the total 41,000 miles. And t... are some areas where the Interstate is not complete but is linked with existing good roads. The combination of I-44 and U.S. 66 from St. Louis to the Oklahoma line, for example, is already good driving.

In the first five years there have been definite advances in construction techniques and engineering. Contracts are averaging longer in individual mileages; road-construction machinery, planning and operation are more efficient. The Caterpillar Tractor Company calculates that the cost of moving a cubic yard of dirt has risen only a couple of cents in two decades, which in real money is a substantial decline.

Each mile of the Interstate that is completed and put into service immediately starts contributing to the savings of lives and dollars. Each urban mile lessens a commuter's troubles, relieves city streets, helps stave off downtown decay. Each rural mile brings closer the day w... daily driving progress will be predict... and dependable. Chains of motor ... are preparing to capitalize on this dependable future. They will offer round-trip transcontinental bookings during which the tourist will know in advance that his nightly stop is ready for him.

The scenic prospects are lush indeed. I-15 from Sweetgrass, Montana, to Los Angeles will float the tourist through endless mountains and desert. I-90 from Boston to Seattle will almost be a scenic handbook of the whole country.

One sobering possibility obtrudes. For six decades the American automobile has been consistently underestimated. No major traffic forecast has ever accurately prophesied as much travel as has actually developed. We may very well be making the same mistake again. Some engineers are saying that by 1972 we may need at least 6000 additional miles of Interstate. They could be right.

Meanwhile, a Washington, D.C., ... cial recently dropped a shocking li... note into the vista of future driving. He was discussing the many years in which bumper-to-bumper traffic on old roads had prevented him from enjoying a particular part of the country near Washington. But there is a new piece of Interstate out that way now which has cleared the way for his enjoyment of the countryside. "But," he said with a slight overtone of horror, "do you know what this has done to me? After many years I have reverted to something awful. I'm a Sunday driver again." THE END

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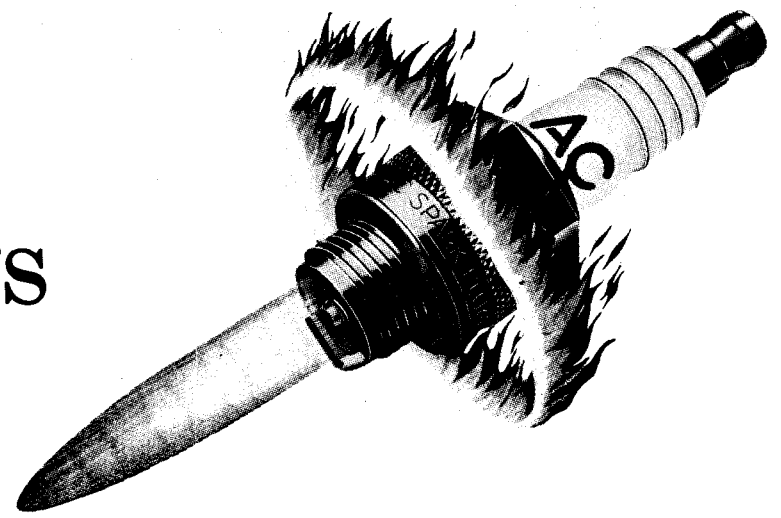

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Keeping Posted

Our Dauntless Reporters

At work in L.A.: Frank McCulloch.

Frank McCulloch, forty-one, once labeled "a thrower, not a pitcher" by a major-league scout, went the distance for the Los Angeles Sportswriters in their May and June three-inning benefit games with the Radio-TV Stars. McCulloch lost both games. In one he gave up a home run to ex-football star Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch; in the other he had had a 3-0 shutout going in the final inning with two out and two strikes on the batter. Then the floodgates opened and eight unearned runs crossed the plate. Final score: 8-3. "McCulloch," reported the Los Angeles *Times* the next morning, "got as much support as a deserted wife."

The *Times* had reason to shift the blame from McCulloch: He is their day managing editor. This veteran newspaperman of the Far West (Winnemucca and Reno, Nevada; Susanville, Woodland and San Francisco, California) makes his *Post* debut with WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER? (page 18). He joined *Time* magazine in 1953 and was their Western bureau chief last December, when he took his present job.

While toiling for *Time* in Los Angeles, McCulloch frequently fell behind in reading the wire-service dispatches—as is illustrated in the photograph at left by **Davis Thomas**, then a *Life* correspondent, now one of *The Post*'s photography editors.

THE MYSTERY OF DE GAULLE (page 26) is our first article by free-lance correspondent **Joseph Kraft**, thirty-six, since I SAW THE ALGERIAN REBELS IN ACTION, a 1958 two-parter which won the Overseas Press Club award for that year's Best Magazine Reporting From Abroad. The De Gaulle article is drawn from Kraft's book, *The Struggle for Algeria*, to be published in October by Doubleday. Kraft, a Kennedy speechwriter of last fall, studied diplomatic history at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, and has seen De Gaulle in action on many occasions.

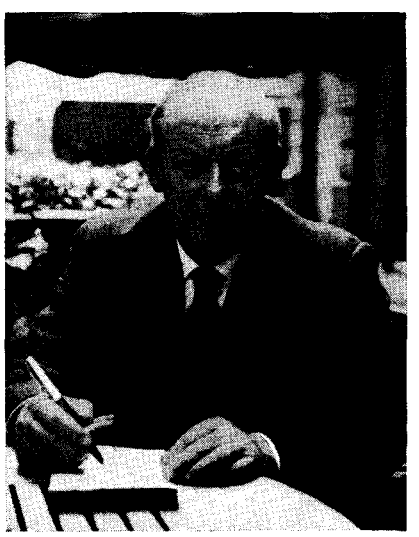
You might say **James Joyce Donahue**, forty-one, and his wife Betty, age undisclosed, stumbled onto FATHER DAN'S BIG ADVENT (page 13); or you might say were pushed into it. While in Venezuela on a South American trip, the Donahues met a Trinidadian cabdriver with a fondness for Americans. When they mentioned that their itinerary included Peru, the cabdriver said one of his wife's relatives in Peru wrote often of an American padre who had become a hero to the Indians of the Andes. Donahue listened politely but quickly forgot the padre. Later, in Lima, Peru, when the Donahues were arranging for a trip to the Inca ruins

Parked in D.C.: Jim Donahue, Father McLellan.

at Cuzco, a guide suggested, "Why not go farther on to Puno? The American padre there, he fights the bull." Finally, Donahue, a veteran news sniffer of Pittsburgh, Boston and New York, sensed a story.

Reporter Donahue visited "Father Dan" again in Washington, D.C., recently (see photo above, at a Farragut Square bench). The Peruvian prime minister had come to negotiate a loan for housing development and he thought the persuasive padre would be a good man to have along.

Loopy Ladies, Ancient Autos



In the sun in Holland: H. E. Bates.

H. E. Bates of The Granary, Little Chart, Ashford, Kent, England—and of such distinguished *Post* fiction as FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE, THE PURPLE PLAIN and THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY—writes: "Not the least enchanting thing about life in the English countryside is the extent to which it is populated by large numbers of eccentrics. These are mildly loopy and mainly female. Occasionally they form tenacious if innocuous attachments to some male of the species, notably parsons or retired officers. I find these people more fascinating to write about than bright beauties, sex-twisted teen-agers or unwashed beatniks. They ought to be figures of fun; somehow they aren't. They haunt me and they're often tragic." Two such "figures of fun" may be found in MISUNDERSTANDING of page 24.

At right please find **Prentiss Combs**, author of the antique-car opus, TREASURE ON WHEELS (page 16), and owner of a 1950 station wagon. (The treasure on wheels pictured with him belongs to his wife's cousin.) Combs was a salesman in Puerto Rico when he sold us his first *Post* story in 1955; since then he has been a full-time writer. He and his family are residing temporarily in Scottsdale, Arizona, where he is busy expanding his 1957 *Post* novelette, THE MAN ON THE BEACH, into a full-scale novel for Harper and Brothers.

In the sun in Arizona: Prentiss Combs.

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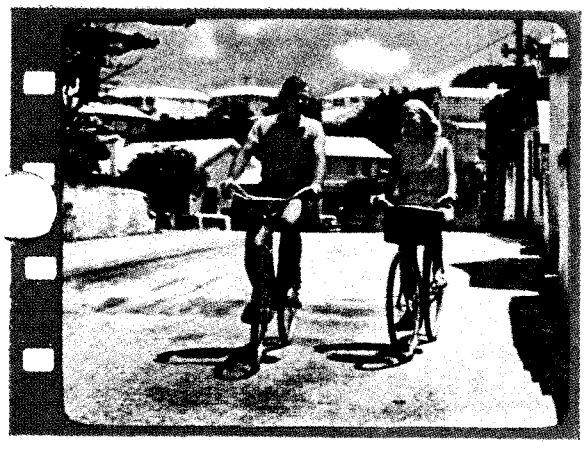

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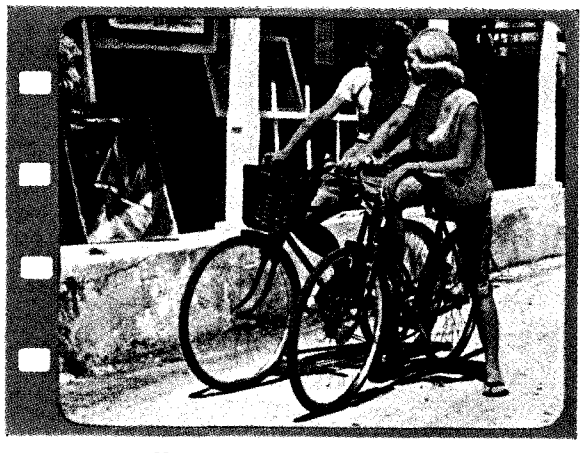

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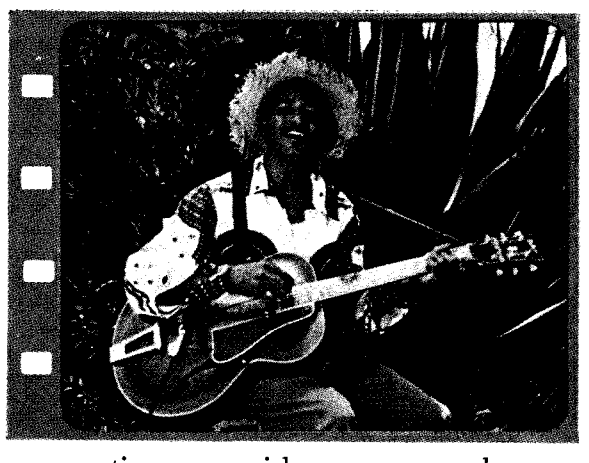

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